Aug.3,1963

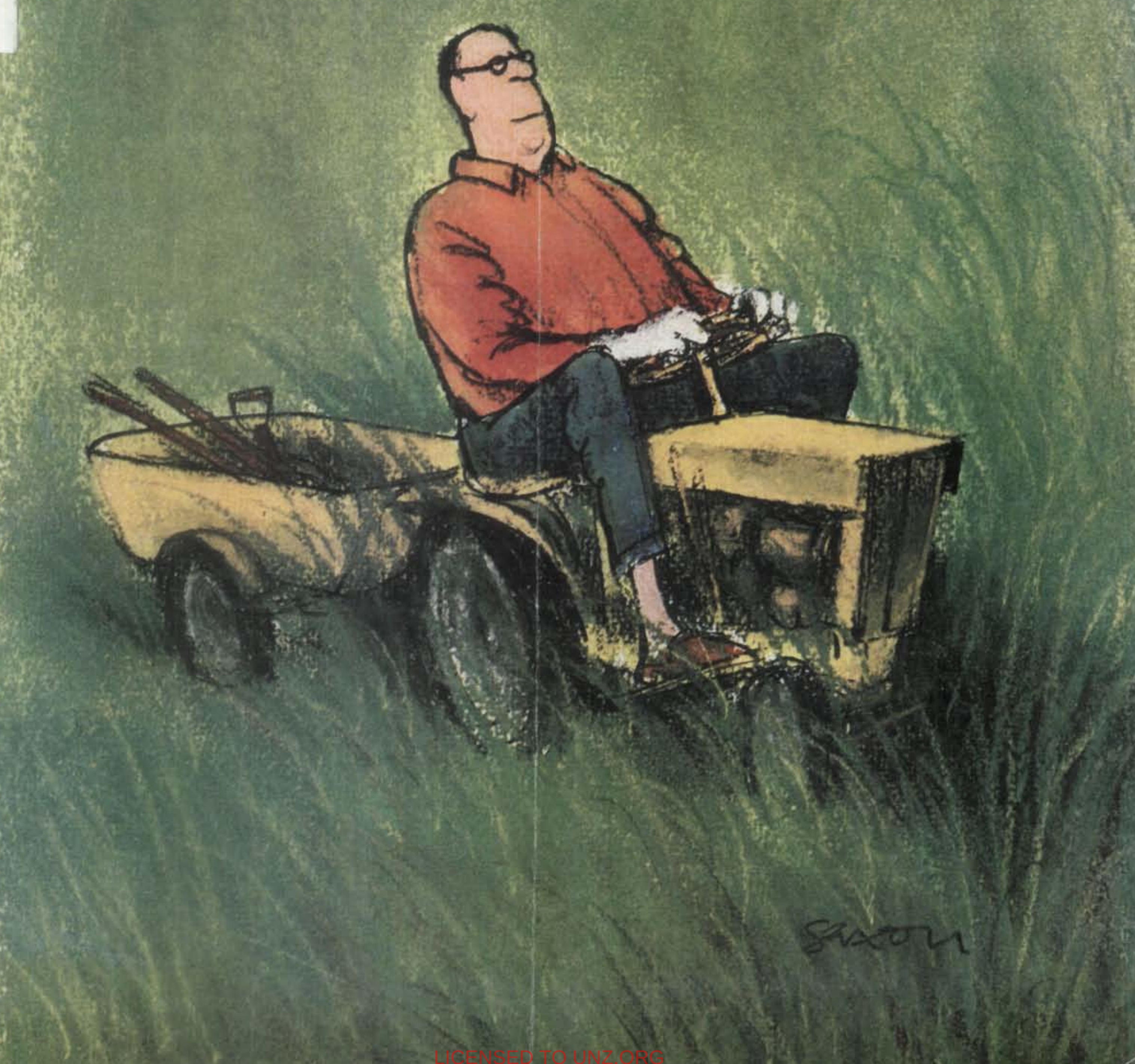
THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

[illegible] COLLEGE LIBRARY

AUG 1 0 1993

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

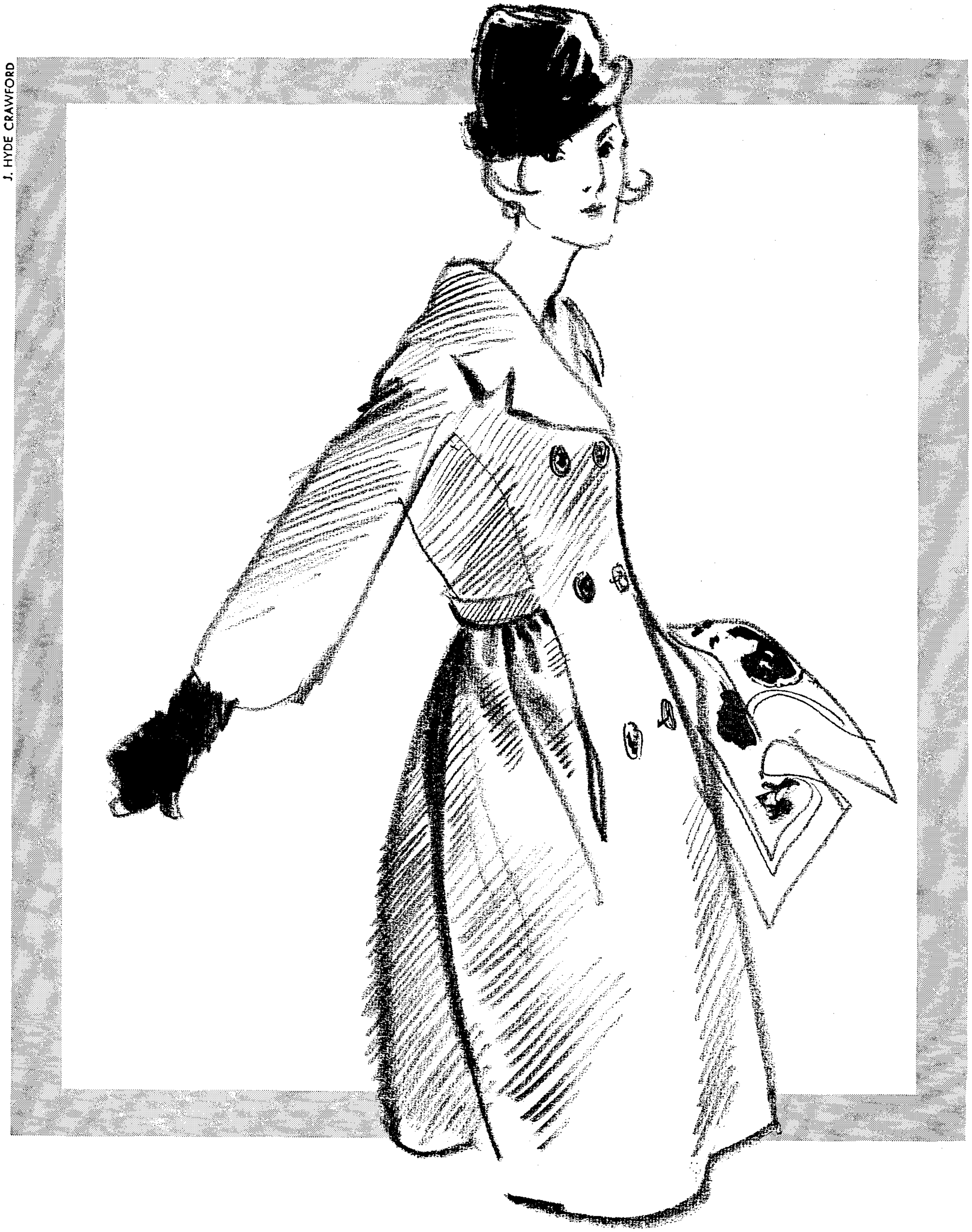


COPYRIGHT © 1963, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. "COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS WHICH IDENTIFY ONLY THE PRODUCT OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

Coke
TRADE-MARK ®
Coca-Cola

Refreshing New Feeling! Coca-Cola, crisp and cold, with the spirited taste that's never too sweet. New fun way to enjoy same! With berries, cherries, mint and lime...captured in ice!

Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK ®



J. HYDE CRAWFORD

MISS BONWIT'S COAT MILITAIRE Our brass-buttoned exclusive in diagonal wool twill, snappy as a full dress salute. By Modelia. Taupe, red or black, 6 to 14 sizes, 75.00 Mail and phone orders filled. Attention-commanding fashion from our Miss Bonwit Coats, it has, above all . . . **THE BONWIT TELLER TOUCH**

New York Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

BONWIT
TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Enter Laughing—Adapted by Joseph Stein from a novel by Carl Reiner, this comedy is made up of pretty thin material, but it is funny nevertheless. It's about a Jewish boy, wonderfully portrayed by Alan Arkin, who wants to escape from the world of commerce into the theatre. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, and Meg Myles are effective in various other roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Never Too Late—Maybe there's only one joke in this play about a sixty-year-old gentleman dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life, but it is a good one, and Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon tell it with spirit. The direction, by George Abbott, is brisk, and the author, Sumner Arthur Long, has supplied some highly diverting dialogue. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BEYOND THE FRINGE:** Four English comedians (Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook) in a revue. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Biff McGuire, Patricia Smith, and Michael Evans are now in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?:** Edward Albee's account of some events at a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Nancy Kelly, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Elaine Stritch, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. Shepperd Strudwick will replace Mr. Hill for two weeks starting Monday, Aug. 5. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Oliver!—Dickens' "Oliver Twist" in a loose adaptation for the stage by Lionel Bart, who also did the music and lyrics. The result is by no means as moving as the Master's novel, but there are several good production numbers. Clive Revill, as Fagin; Georgia Brown, as Nancy, the beloved of Bill Sikes; Paul O'Keefe, as Oliver; and David Jones, as the Artful Dodger, are all fine people to have around. Robin Ramsey will take over for Mr. Revill for two weeks starting Monday, Aug. 5. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

She Loves Me—An adaptation of a romantic Hungarian comedy that first appeared here in 1940 as a movie called "The Shop Around the Corner." The songs (Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick), dances (Carol Haney), and book (Joe Masteroff) are pleasing, though not especially distinguished, but the performance, as directed by Harold Prince, is a model of style and taste. Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, and Jack Cassidy head the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tovarich—The Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy about Russians, Red and White, reworked into a musical that hasn't much to recommend it except the performance of Vivien Leigh as a grand duchess. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Plautus, that jolly old Roman, as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The players include Jerry Lester (substituting for Zero Mostel, who will return on Monday, Aug. 5), David Burns, Jack Gilford, John Carradine, Raymond Walburn, and assorted cuties. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Robert Morse plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NO STRINGS:** Barbara McNair, as a model for Paris *Vogue*, in a Richard Rodgers show. Howard Keel plays an expatriate American novelist. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 3.) . . . **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF:** Kenneth Nelson (filling in for Anthony Newley, who will return on Monday, Aug. 5) and about a dozen young ladies doing the seven ages of man in song, mime, and patter. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

	Page
BOOKS	70
THE CURRENT CINEMA	50
LETTER FROM LONDON	65
THE RACE TRACK	62
THE SPORTING SCENE	52

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1513
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

The American Dream and **The Zoo Story**—A pair of Edward Albee revivals. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday evenings, Aug. 1-2: "The Gondoliers." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Aug. 3: "Ruddigore." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Aug. 4, and Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Aug. 6-7: "Patience." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Aug. 8-9: "Ruddigore." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Aug. 10: "The Pirates of Penzance." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées at 4.)

Best Foot Forward—A revival of the 1941 musical about a movie actress who comes to a prep-school dance. The songs still sound fine, and the attractive young cast makes up in breeziness what it lacks in professional finesse. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:40. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A thoroughly satisfying revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. The book, an adaptation of "The Comedy of Errors," gets a bit tiresome, but who cares? (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

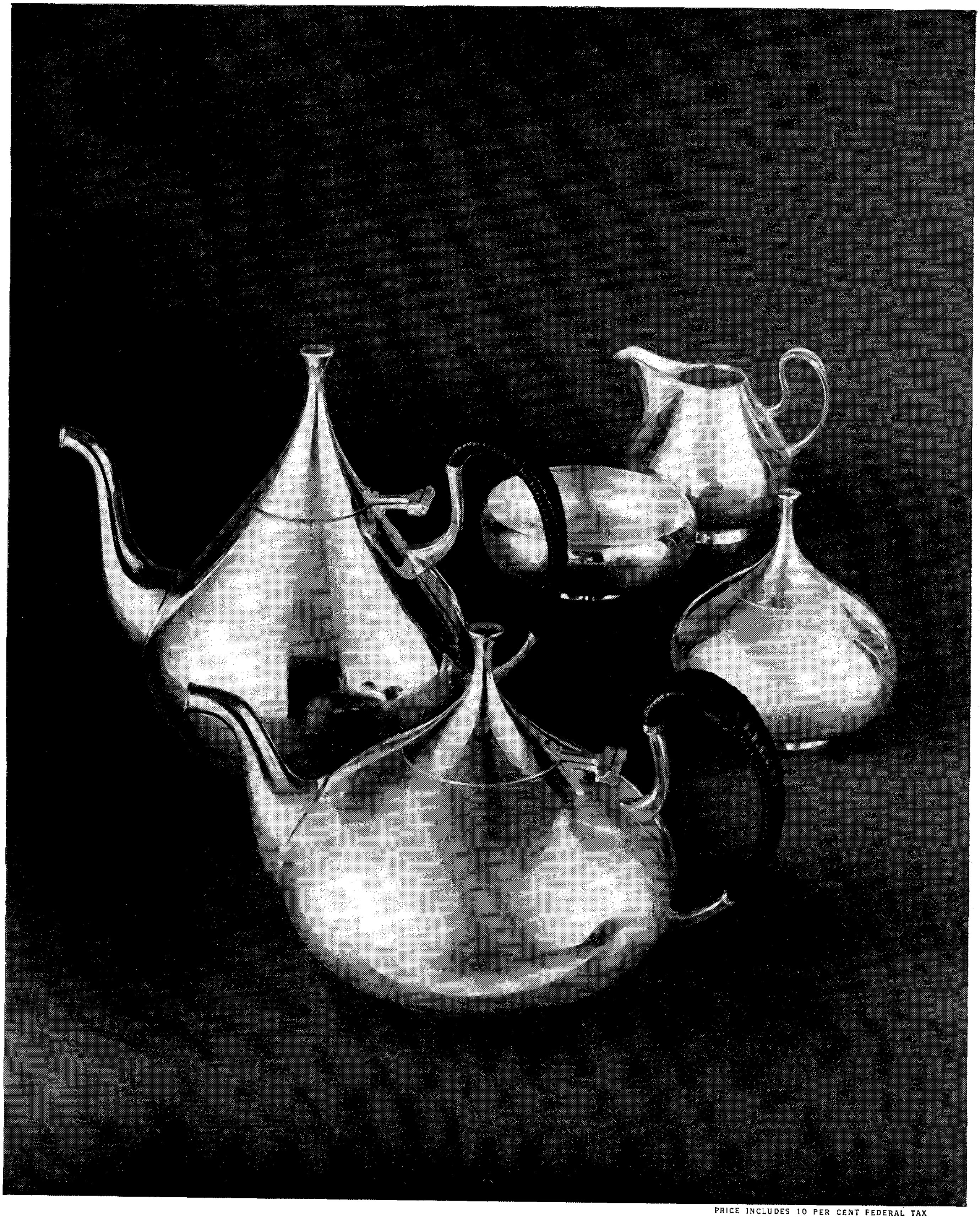
Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brig—A strong and merciless record, as convincing as a documentary, of a single day in a U.S. Marine Corps prison. The acting of almost everyone concerned, and the direction, by Judith Malina, couldn't be better. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cages—Two one-acters with Shelley Winters and Jack Warden. Mercedes McCambridge will replace Miss Winters for six weeks starting Tuesday, Aug. 6. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—Carl Low plays the old New England farmer who takes a youngish wife, and Betty Miller plays the two-timing bride in this high-pitched but undeniably animated revival of the O'Neill melodrama. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sun-

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. W.1. Vol. XXXIX, No. 24, August 3, 1963. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1963 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.



PRICE INCLUDES 10 PER CENT FEDERAL TAX

DIMENSION, AN INTERPRETIVE FORM OF THE FUTURE, NOW IN A TEA SERVICE OF HEAVY SILVER PLATE. 44-OUNCE TEA POT, 50-OUNCE COFFEE POT, CREAM PITCHER, SUGAR BOWL AND WASTE BOWL, $195.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

days, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—A pair of dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—An appealing and tuneful musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by a new composer named John Jennings. The setting is a rustic motel in Indiana; the dramatis personae are the garrulous proprietress and three couples in various stages of attachment; and the performances by all hands are considerably more than adequate. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A brisk and buoyant production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Typists and **The Tiger**—A couple of funny one-acters, each for two characters. Now with Milt Kamen and Janet Ward. The promising dramatist is named Murray Schisgal. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "As You Like It," with Paula Prentiss and Richard Jordan. The second in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 3.)

Dance Recital—Paul Taylor and Donald McKayle with their companies. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Tuesday, Aug. 6, at 8:30.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by Fritz Weaver, Robert Clary, and Elaine Malbin. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Carmen Cavallaro, owner of a glissando piano and voice, is trying out both of them in the vast recesses of the Royal Box, a province of the Americana's Never-Never Land. Betty Madigan, a bumptious lass, gets to sing, too, but with the house dance band, which is Charlie Fiske's. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The cast of this summer theatre is subject to change without notice. For details, see the daily columnists. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra play dance music to encourage anyone for whom pageantry is not enough. In the Champagne Room, the loudest noise is Freddie Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's small band makes small talk in the dignified Café Pierre. Renato Rossini, whose guitar always skirts the shores of the Mediterranean, is also on tap. Mondays, another band is the whole deal.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Kaye Ballard, a fine collection of midsummer-night's madness, is in full cry on the stage of the Persian Room, where she makes her farewell appearance on Saturday, Aug. 3. On Monday, Aug. 5, a much more formal state of affairs will begin with the advent of Dorothy Sarnoff, a regal soprano. Mark Monte's life-of-the-party band and Milt Shaw's orchestra will keep on doing the dance music. The evening stars appear at ten during the week, twice a night Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court (which is silent Mondays and closed Sundays) from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room (which is silent Mondays) from seven to nine.

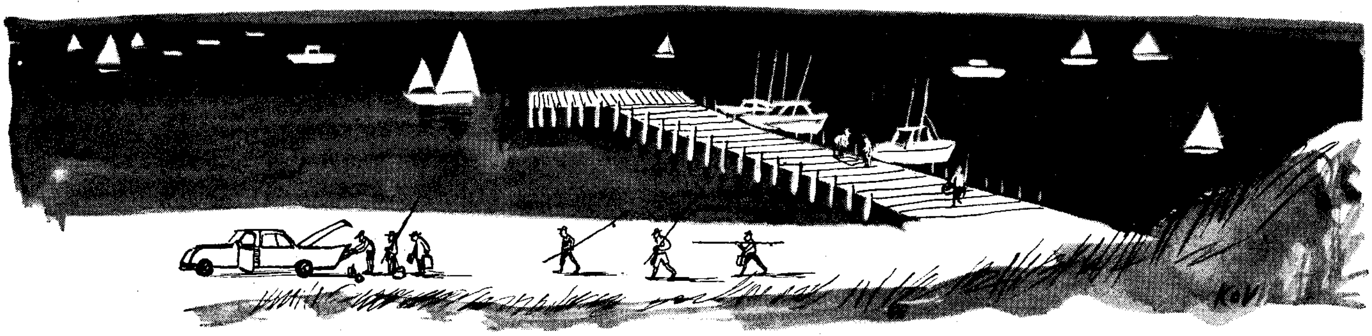
St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A vault of heaven, pink as can be, beneath which the band of Charles Turecamo, who usually estivates in the Hamptons, and the small group of Walter Kay keep their minds on their work (dance music) the whole evening long. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In Peacock Alley, a Meyer Davis trio does prancing music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The days of our childhood—giddy, chockablock, and ceaseless. The sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton sits in at the piano from five-thirty to eight, before taking leave for Downstairs at the Upstairs; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as harum-scarum double-deck pianists. Closed Fridays through Sundays.... **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Cloak-and-dagger drama once or twice a night by such well-known villains as Scarpia, with more than incidental music by Puccini, Leoncavallo, et al. The maestro is Aldo Bruschi, whose piano is the orchestra. Thursday through Sunday, he expands into a casual dance trio. Closed Mondays.... **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Wizard of Oz had something to do with the interior decoration of this castle keep. Paul Gurevich is the court violinist, from dinner through supper. No sound on Sundays.... **King Henri IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The set would do for a London Christmas pantomime of the lives of kings. Through it drifts George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin. No music Sundays.... **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays.... **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays.... **Méditerranée,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): The leisure class is called to order at six every night but Saturday in an alcove of this pampered fish hatchery by Ralph Strain, whose piano makes life seem considerably more than bearable. Class dismissed at one.... **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A verdant little throne room, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte dissertations between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays.... **Ritz Bar,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Ship of state is the mood. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano converses from five until one every evening but Sunday.... **Liborio,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): The small stage is too great a temptation for a set of Latin (a term that in this case includes Caribbean) singers, dancers, and instrumentalists, who rise en masse to it now and then for some tribal ceremonies. Dancing, too, for the guests every evening, and on Sunday afternoons from two to seven. ... **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays.... **Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Upper are most of the echelons on display here. Karl Inwald's piano is old-Wien without ever being old hat. Closed for summer vacation after Saturday, Aug. 3.... **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Roman holidays here don't end before early morning. Among the keepers of the late hours are Herman Honigsberg, past master of the fiddle, and his rout of musicians. After Saturday, Aug. 3, the shutters will be up for a month.... **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with the bit in its teeth; the music (guitar) and its maker (José Luis Franco) are unalterably Spanish. No music



this part of our rug department is pretty hard to beat

Deep, sensuous rugs from Morocco, Kermans and Sarouks from Iran, Rajah, Chindia, Kailash and Barnaras beauties from India, Alpujarras from Spain, needlepoints from Portugal—you'll want to take off your shoes. Many took six months to make by hand. Many were woven to our original designs. The size, color and pattern selection is so vast, you may look around for the flying kind, too. When you're in Chicago this summer, plan to visit Field's and sink into Floor Coverings, Ninth Floor.

Marshall Field & Company
CHICAGO
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT BACK HOME

The Candlelight Dress
eases its way into fall,
romantically sleeved dress
by N & S, of Celanese
acetate crepe; the gentle
skirt falls from a
high-low waist, velvet
banded and back-bowed.
Zipper closed back is
detailed with self buttons
from neck to hem. Black.
6-14 sizes. 90.00

Mail orders to Dallas Add 70c mailing

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mondays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti tones his piano down until it's almost subliminal. He's there from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys from television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio every night but Sunday, when solo piano fills in. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin is making one of his infrequent pilgrimages to New York. He's in the Regency Room cocktail lounge from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Monday, carefully constructing his own special fugues for piano.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Donn Arden has discovered a new never-never land (it *looks* like Camelot-on-the-Nile), and in it he has set a revue, "The Venus Touch," where nearly every prospect (which is usually dressed to the ceiling with young ladies) pleases. A reminder that life can be earthbound, and even earthy, is presented by the burdensome chatter of Jack Durant; the duets of François Szony and Nancy Claire remind one that ballet can be beautiful. The Sportsmen, who are part of Jack Benny's musicale in real life, depart on Tuesday, Aug. 6, and so does Mr. Durant; among next evening's arrivals is Dominique, an all-in-fun pickpocket who's happy to prove to any volunteers that his hand is quicker than their eye. Dancing.

CABARETS

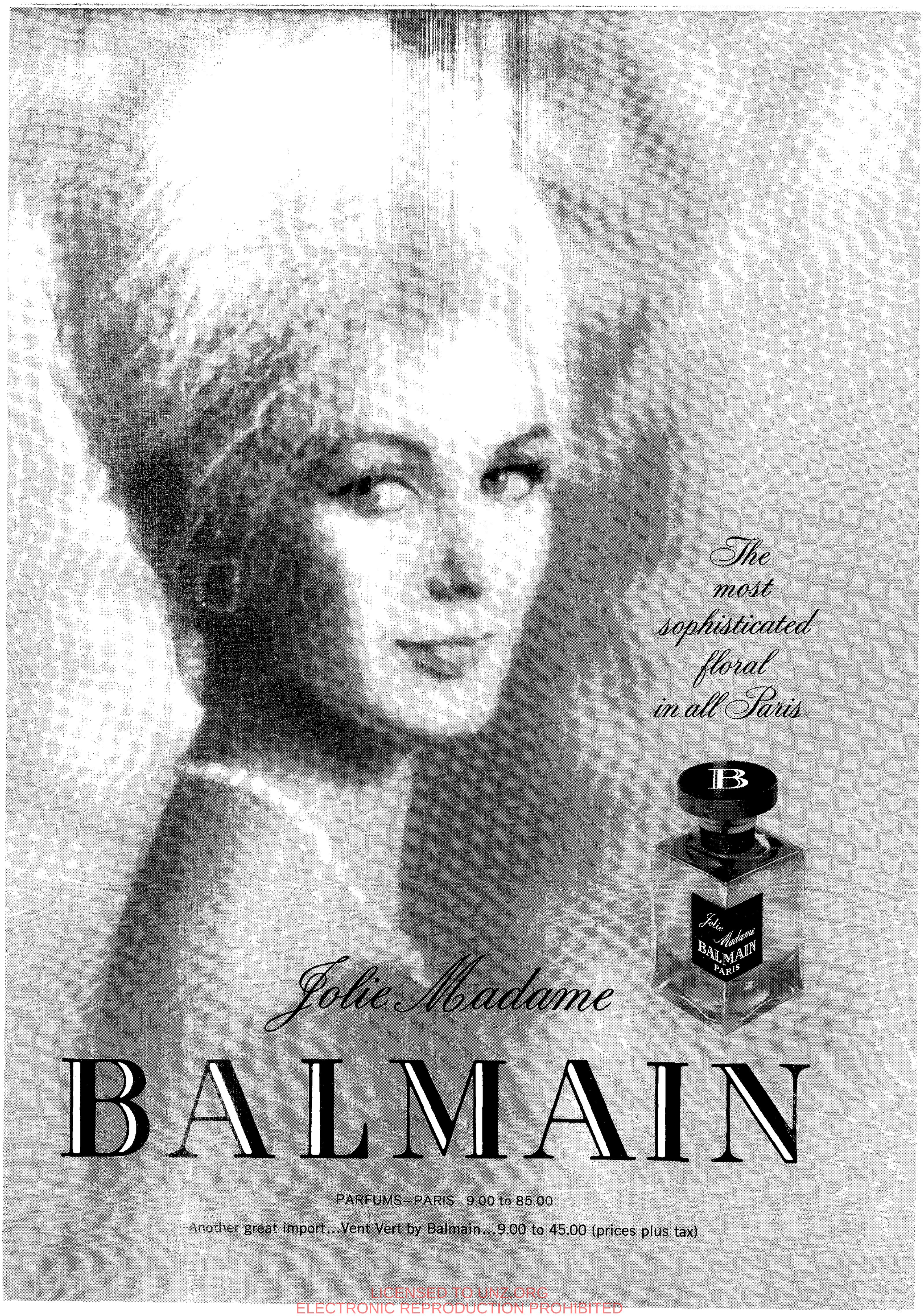
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Dime a Dozen," this season's Julius Monk revue, is a game of darts that wing their way to the designated targets lightly but accurately. Our winged friends are Gordon Connell, Jane Connell, Gerry Matthews, Carol Morley, Susan Browning, and Rex Robbins, and the game begins at nine and midnight every night but Sunday. The pit band is Steinways in the hands of William Roy and Robert Colston; supplementary piano issues from Carl Norman in the lounge. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "To the Water Tower," which could just as well be called "To the Four Winds," is like its predecessors here in spirit (mockery) and scope (the whole U.S.A.), but it contains a new departure—a whoop-de-do play-within-byplay that can obligingly mean anything that one wishes it to. Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Paul Dooley, Bob Dishy, Barbara Harris, and MacIntyre Dixon are the members of the cast. Tom O'Horgan's music, mostly on the harp, is the accompaniment. Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; and Sundays at eight-thirty. . . . **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): A couple of pressing public problems are ironed out, sometimes with an exceedingly hot iron, by a cluster of players who are young but also earnest. All this comes across a set of footlights, and nothing harder than coffee is served the occupants of the half-dozen rows of theatre seats. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven, Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The entertainment is a minute musical comedy that's the complete antithesis of musical comedy as we know it—all about how a fool and his honey are soon parted. Honey is the delectable Barbara Quaney, the fool is tripartitely played by David Rounds, Jon Stone, and George Coe. The quaint quadrille was written by David Axlerod and Tom Whedon, the music was composed by Sam Pottle, and the wry direction is the work of Ronny Graham. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ "Life still hath one romance that naught can bury," say the eclectic lyrics of Mabel Mercer, though not necessarily in those mossy words. With the navigational aid of Sam Hamilton's piano, she cants her soliloquies after ten-thirty, in her celebrated bittersweet fashion in the **DOWNSTAIRS.** Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): All velvet and a yard wide is the Mexican tenor of Pedro Vargas, but this velvet glove conceals a passion not easily requited. He's surrounded by Los Duendos Gitanos, three furies who sublimate their fever in flamenco. This occurs at both dinner and supper. Emilio Reyes' band, which gives the customers, too, a chance to unwind, can incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances, which go on for hours, are just as much by fury possessed. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, the guitar of Pedro Cortes and the flamenco songs of José Moreno carry you back instantly to old Madrid. . . . **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE,** W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): The considerable virtues of the protean Kurt Weill are the entire substance of the evening. Will Holt, a folk singer and folk composer of considerable virtues himself, and Martha Schlamme, whose ventures into Weill are already inscribed in wax, are his interpreters. Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): A world that can often be too much with us, but it does offer Matt Dennis, intoning the what-care-I? ballads that have made him famous, scampering across a piano, cajolling Ginny Dennis (Mrs. D.) in their occasional duets, and putting a trio up to all sorts of tricks.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Gerry Mulligan is conducting his health-through-hornpiping campaign with vigor, and leading a quartet to boot; Bill Evans, whose piano has something terribly abstruse to tell us, owns a trio. A new deal begins on Tuesday, Aug. 6, when (for one) a sort of skiffle outfit—Dave Van Ronk's Ragtime Jug Stompers—reports for duty. Sunday matinées from four-thirty to seven; closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Weekends only is the current rule. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3, Duke Ellington (who can still muster up such as Harry Carney, Cootie Williams, Johnny Hodges, and Lawrence Brown) will have fifteen or so sidemen on hand, and the firm of Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan will sing their bab-and-badinage ballads, which are full of public and private jokes. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Herbie Mann's flute-and-fanfare corps plays around the novelty counter with *bossa nova* and such; sombre is the modernity of Roland Kirk's quartet. Regulations require folk music, so Casey Anderson and the Realists have their song and say. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Best foot forward is the mood right now of this coffee shop, what with Juan Serrano on Spanish guitar and Mike Settle, a gentle and genuine folkster, on the Blue Ridge Mountains. They are off Tuesdays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Sol Yaged's band, in which Dick Wellstood has found a home, is wishing it were in Dixie. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Rant-and-roll music prevails from three until eight-thirty. After that, there's Lionel Hampton's band, which will give way on Monday, Aug. 5, to Maynard Ferguson's band, which, in turn, will give way on Friday, Aug. 9, to Woody Herman's Herd. Sundays, visiting outfits have the use of the place. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The quintet of Dizzy Gillespie, the antic blower of antic horns, is in first place; the trio of Ramsey Lewis is in second place. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular army is out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, and two or three friends are again debating whether the new music should be representational or abstract. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): An old Village meet-


The most sophisticated floral in all Paris
B
Jolie Madame
BALMAIN
PARIS
Jolie Madame
BALMAIN

PARFUMS—PARIS 9.00 to 85.00

Another great import...Vent Vert by Balmain...9.00 to 45.00 (prices plus tax)

I. MAGNIN & CO

SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • CARMEL
FRESNO • SACRAMENTO • PORTLAND • SEATTLE
LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA • LA JOLLA
SAN FERNANDO VALLEY • SANTA BARBARA • SANTA ANA

new fashion edition in silk tweed, leather bound...a relaxed overblouse dress designed by Peggy Thayer with slim skirt on silk camisole top. Cranberry red and black or black and white, black leather trim, 8 to 16 sizes 60.00

MAIL ORDERS (ADD 55¢ FOR SHIPPING) TO UNION SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO OR TO 3240 WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES OR TELEPHONE YOUR NEAREST I. MAGNIN & CO. STORE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

inghouse given over to forward-looking musings. So many vanishing acts are booked that there's no use forecasting, but Theolonious Monk's quartet is presumably on hand every night but Monday. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones and his quartet can generally outspeak the ringside visitors. Tyree Glenn's quartet takes upon itself this strenuous task on Monday, Aug. 5. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Martial Solal, the first French Algerian pianist to come this way, is not at all bound by any tradition. Two sidemen work with him. Howard Reynolds is the interlude pianist. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the old 52nd Street rifle range. On Fridays and Saturdays he is joined by Danny Barker's trio. No music Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LYNN CHADWICK, HENRY MOORE, AND JACK ZAJAC—Sculptures and drawings; through Aug. 15. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Still-lifes (paintings and sculptures) by twentieth-century artists, among them John Heliker, William Glackens, and Leonard DeLonga; through Friday, Aug. 2. . . . **LEWISON**, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Ralph Blakelock, George Inness, George Luks, and others, plus sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Friday, Aug. 9. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such artists as William Palmer, Siegfried Reinhardt, and Jason Schoener; through Aug. 30. . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Participants in a showing of drawings and water colors include August Mosca, Jacques Hnizdovsky, and Raphael Soyer; through Saturday, Aug. 10. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, and John Singer Sargent are three of the artists represented in a showing of turn-of-the-century paintings; through Aug. 30.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Jannis Spyropoulos, Earl Kerkam, and Bernard Reder; through Sept. 21. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BIANCHINI**, 16 E. 78th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by André François, Gérard Koch, and Ronald Searle (to name a few); through Sept. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **FINDLAY**, 11 E. 57th St.: Landscape paintings by Roger Mühl, Maurice Brianchon, Bernard Cathelin, and other School of Paris artists; through Friday, Aug. 2. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Contemporary paintings and sculptures by leading exponents of figurative art in France, among them Bernard Buffet, Bernard Lorjou, and Paul Belmondo; through Aug. 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan exhibition of paintings from private New York collections, composed chiefly of French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist pictures by Renoir, Monet, van Gogh, and others; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures (bronze, marble, terra cotta, and plaster), drawings, water colors, and prints, dating from 1863 to 1917, by Auguste Rodin; through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ "Americans 1963," a fifteen-artist exhibit of paintings and sculptures. Among those represented are David Simpson, Chryssa, and Michael Lekakis. Through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by André Derain (1880-1954); through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Eleven Spanish old-master paintings, by (for example) El Greco, Goya, and Murillo, from the collection of the late Oscar B. Cintas; through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Prints and drawings (1948-63) by John Paul Jones; through Saturday, Aug. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Contemporary Japanese calligraphy; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Cézanne and Structure in Modern Painting," comprising Cézannes borrowed from six private collections, supplemented by works (from the Museum's collection) of artists influenced by him—Braque, Gleizes, Mondrian, and Picasso, to mention a few; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Emergence: Student-Craftsmen," examples of work from six representative schools; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—The collection assembled by Robert and Lisa Sainsbury, of London, made up of items from around the world—Greece, Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands, Oceania, Benin, Alaska, and so on; through Sept. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Twenty-six American Artists from the Collections of the Whitney Museum and Its Friends," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by Charles Burchfield, Jackson Pollock, Alexander Calder, and others; through Sept. 8. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

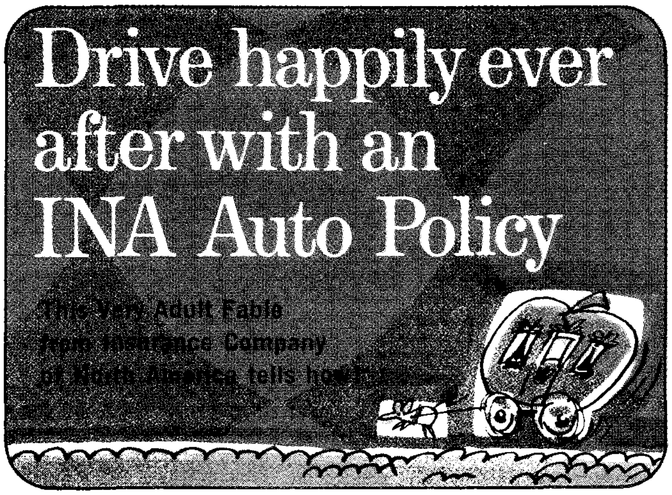
LEWISOHN STADIUM CONCERTS—Final performances of the season by the Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, Aug. 1: Joseph Rosenstock conducting an all-Brahms program, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3: Zoltan Rozsnyai conducting, with Nora Kovach and Istvan Rabovsky and their company of gypsy dancers and instrumentalists. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 6: Joseph Rosenstock conducting an all-Wagner program, with Ingrid Bjoner, soprano; Jon Vickers, tenor; and Norman Scott, bass. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 7: Joseph Rosenstock conducting a Mozart-Ravel program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 8: William Walton conducting a program of his own works, with Berl Senofsky, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10: Salvatore Dell'Isola conducting a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Bonnie Murray, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Frank Porretta, tenor; and Jack Russell, baritone. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:06 P.M. over WQXR.)

CANTATA SINGERS—The final concerts in a series with the Festival Orchestra. Friday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: Paul Callaway directing Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Lois Marshall, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Justino Diaz, bass. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: Thomas Dunn directing a program of symphonies. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center.)

GRANT JOHANNESEN—Piano, in a program of German and American music. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Aug. 5, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—In the first in a series of three Bartók-Beethoven programs. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Aug. 7, at 8:30.)

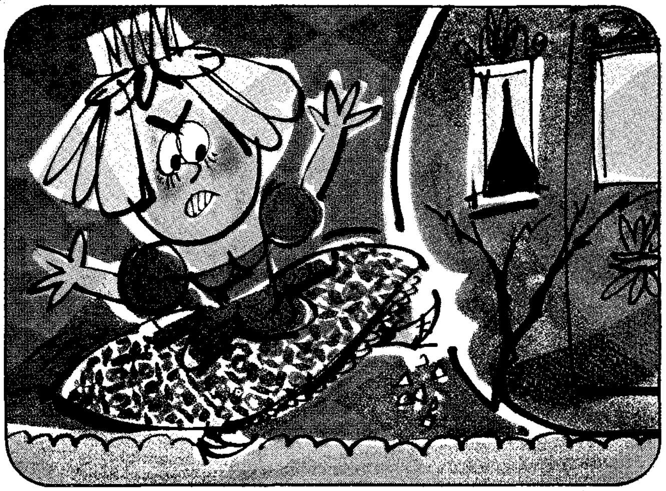
CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 16.) . . . ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Yoko



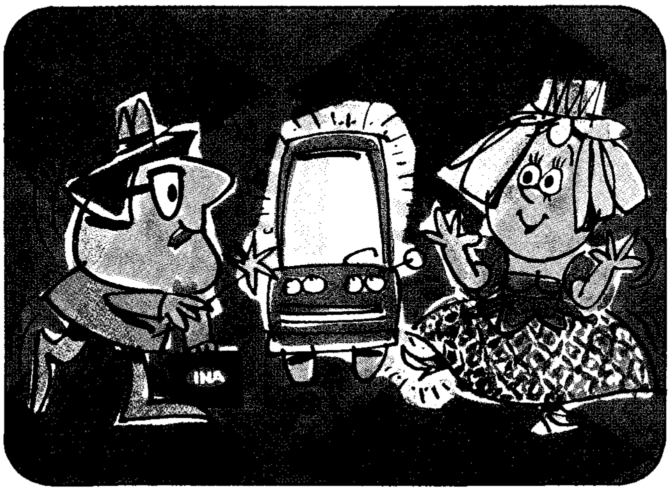
Drive happily ever after with an INA Auto Policy

This Very Adult Fable
from Insurance Company
of North America tells how it

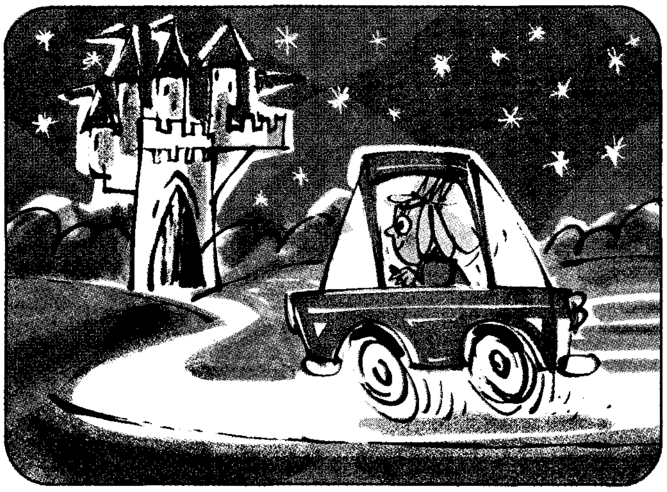
One night, as Cinderella was on her way to a palace ball, her coach hit a bump and came undone. Unruffled, Cinderella emerged from the coach . . .



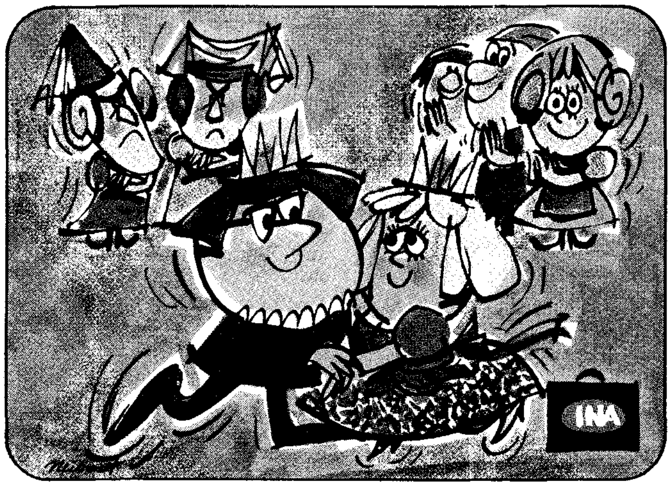
. . . and calmly studied the situation. Then she suddenly remembered her coach was covered by an INA Auto policy, a thrifty Package of protection.



"Hi," piped an INA agent, materializing in a flash of light. And without another word, the INA man went to work, fixing everything, even her slipper.



Then he reminded Cinderella that INA auto rates can save plenty for careful drivers. So with all legal speed, Cinderella hastened to the palace.

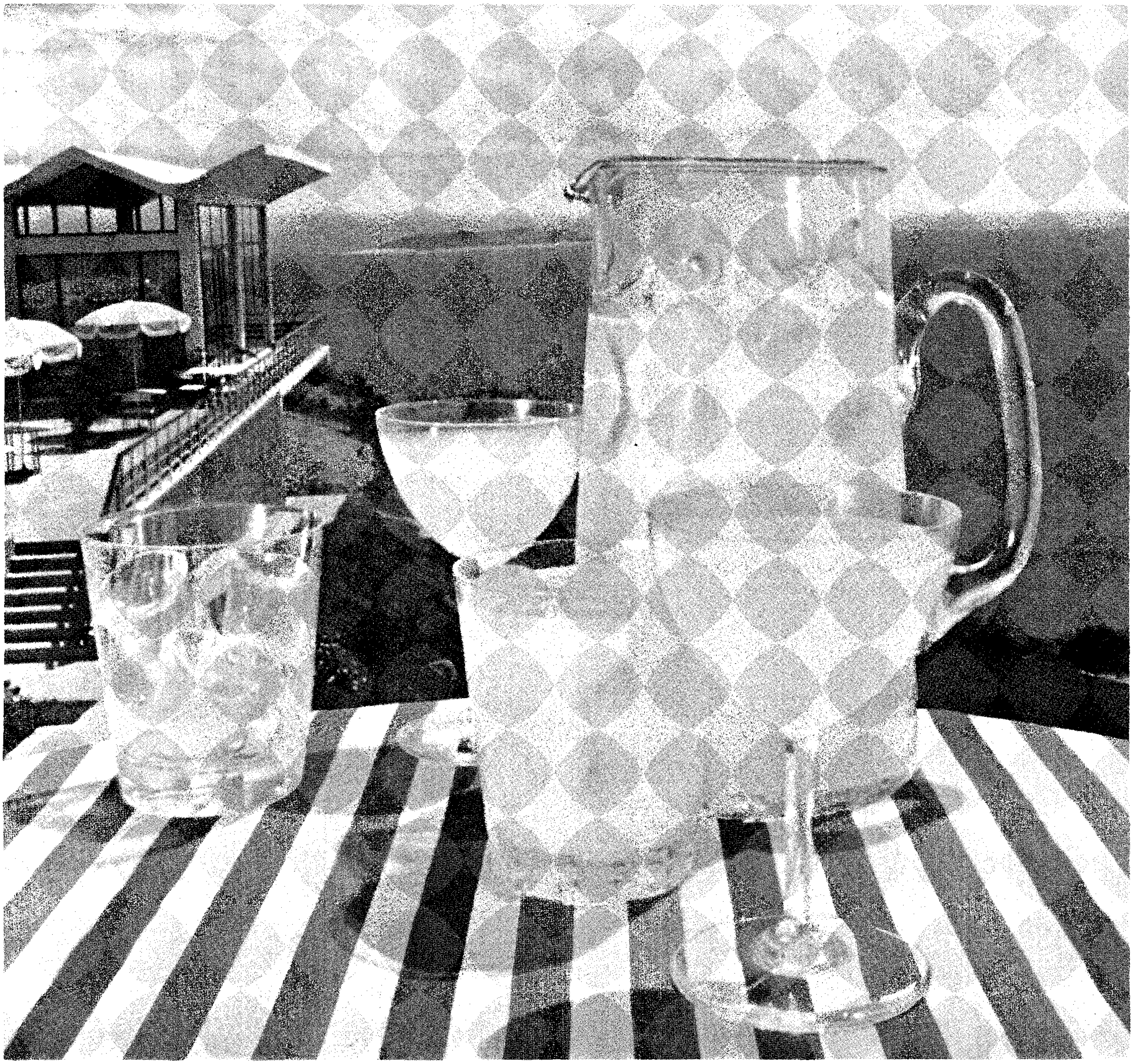


There Cinderella met and married and lived happily ever after with the handsome prince (who looked amazingly like the INA agent, a prince forsooth).

INA

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA
World Headquarters: Philadelphia

Moral: Be sure, insure with INA. Just phone your INA agent or broker about a thrifty INA Package Auto policy. Driving happily ever after is fun!



Party pitcherful of Daiquiris awaits thirsty guests on terrace at El Conquistador Hotel, Las Croabas, Puerto Rico. John Stewart photograph.

How anyone can make 12 perfect Daiquiris in one fell swoop with dry, light Puerto Rican rum

—a tip from the Daiquiri experts at Puerto Rico's new El Conquistador Hotel.

DAIQUIRIS make a great party drink. For two reasons. They're delightfully light and dry. And you can make them by the pitcherful in seconds.

All you need: new Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix and light Puerto Rican rum.

Why Puerto Rican rum? "Because a Daiquiri must be *dry*," say the experts, "and Puerto Rican rums are distilled at high proof for extra dryness. It's the law."

Why Daiquiri Mix? Saves you the bother of squeezing limes. And its pure tropical lime juice gives you *true* Daiquiri flavor.

Next time you entertain, serve Daiquiris —and have time to enjoy your own party.

30-second recipe: for 12 Daiquiris, fill pitcher ¾ full with ice cubes. Add 1 can of Daiquiri Mix—1 can of water—2 cans of white Puerto Rican rum. Stir and serve.

NOTE: If Daiquiri Mix is not available, use 1 can frozen limeade concentrate plus 1 can frozen lemon juice. Omit water.

Daiquiri
Mix

NEW: Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix—for foolproof Daiquiris in 30 seconds. At food or liquor stores. Daiquiri Mix is distributed by Wilbur-Ellis Co., 800 Second Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

FREE: 20-page color booklet with 31 rum recipes. Write: Puerto Rican Rum Recipe Booklet, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 19.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Matsuo, violin. The first in a series of four weekly concerts. (Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK CONCERTS—The third and fourth in a series of five weekly concerts. Thursday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: George Seuffert conducting the Seuffert Band.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Richard Korn conducting the Orchestra of America. (In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, *222* E. 76th St.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Budd Johnson's band and Ben Webster's quartet. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, Aug. 2, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Malcolm Frager, piano.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8: Charles Munch conducting; no soloists.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4, at 2:30: Pierre Monteux conducting; no soloists.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 6, at 8: A chamber-music concert by the Juilliard String Quartet.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 8: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Jeanette Scovotti and June Genovese, sopranos; Joseph Silverstein, violin; and Samuel Mayes, cello.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Folk and jazz concerts—Saturday, Aug. 3, at 3:30: Sabicas.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: Dave Brubeck's quartet.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 3:30: The Weavers.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Duke Ellington's orchestra. (Lenox, Mass.)

NOTE—**JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL:** Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 3: Marjorie Tallchief and George Skibine, Myra Kinch, Alonzo Rivera, and Geoffrey Holder and his company of men dancers.... ¶ Tuesday, through Saturday, Aug. 6-10: Inge Sand and Fred Bjørnsson, the Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre, and Carola Goya and Matteo. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3.)... **AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL:** Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Donald McKayle and his company.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: Paul Taylor and his company. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, Aug. 2, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 3, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 4, at 2 (doubleheader).... **POLO GROUNDS:** Mets vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, Aug. 6, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 7-8, at 2.... ¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, Aug. 9, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 10, at 2.

BOXING—José Stable vs. Stanley (Kitten) Hayward, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Saturday, Aug. 3. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 8-11.)

HORSE SHOW—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 10.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase.... **BETHPAGE POLO FIELDS,** Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—At **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Test, Thursday, Aug. 1; the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 3; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 10.... **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)... **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Monday, Aug. 5, through Tuesday, Oct. 1. (A train will leave Penn Station at 9:30 and connect with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)... **LAUREL-PIMLICO,** Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24.

SOCCER—International Soccer League: Final game of the 1963 championship playoffs. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Sunday, Aug. 4, at 4.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Aug. 3, at 1.

TENNIS—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 4.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, Aug. 1, through Monday, Sept. 23.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 26.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities for the next month will be more or less centered around the meetings of the Security Council, to which the public is admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person *at the admissions desk in the public lobby* no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock"—Through Aug. 3: "Saboteur" (1942), with Priscilla Lane and Robert Cummings.... ¶ Starting Aug. 4: "Shadow of a Doubt" (1943), with Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. (Showings at 3 and 5:30 and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Aug. 11, Aug. 13-14, Aug. 16-18, Aug. 30-Sept. 3, and Sept. 10-15.... **YANKEE STADIUM:** Aug. 20-25, Aug. 27-29, and Sept. 4-8.

DOG SHOW—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sept. 8.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Girls' Junior Championship. (Wolfert's Roost Country Club, Albany. Aug. 12-16.)... ¶ U.S.G.A. Women's Amateur Championship. (Taconic Golf Club, Williamstown, Mass. Aug. 20-24.)

HORSE SHOWS—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)... ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Sept. 5-8.)... ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Sept. 12-15.)

HUNT RACING—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Sept. 7 and Sept. 14.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Sept. 14-15.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: Aug. 26-Sept. 28.

SOCCER—International Soccer League: American Challenge Cup. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Aug. 11.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At **THOMPSON RACEWAY,** Thompson, Conn.: Aug. 17-18 and Aug. 31-Sept. 1.... **WATKINS GLEN, N.Y.:** Aug. 23-24.... **BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT,** Bridgehampton, L.I.: Sept. 14-15.

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Aug. 12-18.)... ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Aug. 18-25.)... ¶ National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Aug. 28-Sept. 8.)

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Aug. 20-25.)

BALLET—New York City Ballet, at the City Center, Aug. 27-Sept. 29.

OTHER DATES—Ice Capades, at Madison Square Garden, Aug. 28-Sept. 15.... ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Aug. 30-Sept. 22.... ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 2.... ¶ Third-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Monday, Sept. 16.

Long on color
—our plaid
shift robe,
15.00

Bold blocks of color reach to the floor in our woven cotton plaid. Great way to greet the day with dolman sleeves, deep slits and an easy back zipper. To rope or not, small, medium or large sizes. Young Elite® Robe Collections.

Saks Fifth Avenue

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Cleopatra—Oh, go ahead and see it! (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Divorce—Italian Style—An exceedingly funny farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Dr. No—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. Wonderful nonsense, with Sean Connery as Bond, and Ursula Andress as his sullen blond plaything. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 6.)

8½—A very successful, if curious, work of art—an *apologia pro vita sua* by the brilliant Italian director Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo, among many others. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Four Days of Naples—A vivid re-creation of a gallant episode of the Second World War. The director is Nanni Loy, and the cast consists mostly of unnamed Neapolitans. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 4.)

Heavens Above!—Peter Sellers, Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, and Ian Carmichael play disrespectful but not at all dangerous ducks and drakes with the Church of England. Produced and directed by the Boulting brothers, who are funny and bright. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Hud—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. A bleak, strong story, distinguished by the superb performances of Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; through Aug. 6. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Aug. 6, tentative.)

Lawrence of Arabia—David Lean has ably directed an enormous cast (Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, et al.) in this stirring chronicle of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero, who, like most of our heroes, is often unlikable, and still more often incomprehensible. The natural backgrounds—Jordan and Spain—are breathtaking. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The List of Adrian Messenger—John Huston in top directing form in a nice, complicated thriller, with a cast that includes George C. Scott, Kirk Douglas, Clive Brook, Dana Wynter, and a number of passing stars in heavy disguise. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Aug. 7, tentative. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Aug. 7, tentative.)

The Longest Day—Darryl Zanuck's painstaking rendition, on vivid black-and-white film, of the well-known account of D Day written by Cornelius Ryan. The scale is so big that one gets a sense mostly of surface, on which heroically crawl many hundreds of tiny figures, among them Richard Burton, John Wayne, Henry Fonda, and Red Buttons. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

Love at Twenty—Five studies of young joy and sorrow, as observed from French, Italian, German, Japanese, and Polish points of view. The French and Polish studies are fine, and make the whole curious experiment worthwhile. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Aug. 6.)

The L-Shaped Room—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell as a couple of lonely young people in London who find that love is more trouble than they expected, though not more trouble than it's worth. Sad and funny and well worth seeing. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Mutiny on the Bounty—A five-hundred-million-dollar spectacle about low deeds on the high seas and romance among the Minsky maidens of Tahiti. Marlon Brando with a B.B.C. accent is Fletcher Christian, and Trevor Howard is a devilish Captain Bligh. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; through Aug. 4. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

My Name Is Ivan—This Russian movie about a twelve-year-old boy who acts as a spy against the Germans is shocking, sad, and frequently quite beautiful. It could have been perfect if only those responsible for the script had not tried quite so hard to convince us of the obvious—that war is undesirable. Kolya Burlaiev gives a remarkable performance in the title role, and Andrei Tarkovsky is responsible for the effective direction. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Sparrows Can't Sing—Joan Littlewood's first crack at directing a movie, and it's a triumph. Comic carryings-on in the lower depths of London, with James Booth and Barbara Windsor as a couple of Cockney lovers who are also more or less husband and wife. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 7, tentative.)

This Sporting Life—A violent movie about the violent rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris gives a stunning performance as the turbulent, sensitive hero, and Rachel Roberts is fine, too, as a widow who doesn't love him back. David Storey adapted the good script from his own novel; Lindsay Anderson, the director, seldom lets you forget that he's around. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-6300; and Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

The Trial—Orson Welles has perversely brought his best gift to bear on the worst possible material. Kafka's eerie novel is deliberately non-pictorial, and Welles' fancy camera work falsifies it at every turn. The cast includes Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, Elsa Martinelli, and the Master himself. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Aug. 6.)

Two Daughters—Sufferings of youth and age, as experienced in the steamy back country of Mother India. Written and directed by Satyajit Ray, from a couple of touching tales by Rabindranath Tagore. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Aug. 7.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's views of medieval warfare. In Russian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 2-3.)

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 1.)

Aparajito (1959)—A sequel to the Indian film "Pather Panchali," accompanying the family through further trials and misadventures. Directed by Satyajit Ray. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 4-5, last showing on Aug. 5 at 3:10.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 6.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, derived from a story by James Thurber. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 2.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 3.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 2-5.)

Chaplin Comedy—"The Bond," a memento from the silent past. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 5, at 7 and 9:30.)

Compulsion (1959)—Dean Stockwell, Bradford Dillman, and Orson Welles have joined forces in representing, respectively, a pair of killers and a defense attorney in this reënactment of the Loeb-Leopold case. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Aug. 5-6.)

The Day the Earth Caught Fire (1962)—An English thriller, laid in a future that, thanks to our having set off too many bombs, threatens not to last very long. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 1.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 2.)

It Happened in Broad Daylight (1960)—Heinz Ruhmann as a police inspector who dedicates his life to tracking down an insane murderer of little girls. A Swiss film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 5.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 6.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

Pather Panchali (1958)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 2-3.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 6-7.)

The Quiet One (1949)—The documentary story of a young colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 3.)

Rouge et Noir (1958)—The Stendhal novel, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi. A French film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 6.)

Secrets of Women (1961)—A comic study of the horrors and rewards of married life, written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 5-6.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut wrote and directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 7.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a dishevelled New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 7.)

The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Alida Valli. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 2-5.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 5.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 2.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 11.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Toys in the Attic," Dean Martin, Geraldine Page.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:45. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through Aug. 6: "Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Aug. 7: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
8½ (in Italian).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Aug. 6: "A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor.
From Aug. 7: "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Donovan's Reef," John Wayne, Elizabeth Allen.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Aug. 4: **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.**
Aug. 5-6: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 7: "Jason and the Argonauts," Todd Armstrong, Nancy Kovack.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"My Hobo" (in Japanese), Hideko Takamine.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Aug. 6: "Greenwich Village Story," Robert Hogan, Melinda Plank.
From Aug. 7: "Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through Aug. 6: "PT 109," Cliff Robertson, Ty Hardin.
From Aug. 7: Theatre closed.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 7 (tentative): **SPARROWS CAN'T SING.**

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Aug. 6: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish), revival.
From Aug. 7: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival; and **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Aug. 6: "Savage Sam," Brian Keith, Kevin Corcoran; and "Wings of Chance," revival, James Brown.
From Aug. 7: "Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 6: **DR. NO**; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.
From Aug. 7: To be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 6 (tentative): **HUD.**
From Aug. 7 (tentative): **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
MY NAME IS IVAN (in Russian).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-6300)
THIS SPORTING LIFE.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Aug. 6: "Donovan's Reef," John Wayne, Elizabeth Allen.
From Aug. 7: "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
HEAVENS ABOVE!

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Burning Court," Nadja Tiller, Jean-Claude Brialy.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 6: "Savage Sam," Brian Keith, Kevin Corcoran; and "Wings of Chance," revival, James Brown.
From Aug. 7: "Tammy and the Doctor," Sandra Dee, Peter Fonda; and "Paranoiac," Janette Scott, Oliver Reed.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE L-SHAPED ROOM.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Queen Christina," revival, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
Through Aug. 6: **HUD.**
From Aug. 7: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Toys in the Attic," Dean Martin, Geraldine Page.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
DR. NO.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Aug. 6: **HUD.**
From Aug. 7: To be announced.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 6 (tentative): "Spencer's Mountain," Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara; and "The Hook," Kirk Douglas, Nick Adams.
From Aug. 7: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE LONGEST DAY.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 6: "Savage Sam," Brian Keith, Kevin Corcoran; and "Wings of Chance," revival, James Brown.
From Aug. 7: "Tammy and the Doctor," Sandra Dee, Peter Fonda; and "Paranoiac," Janette Scott, Oliver Reed.

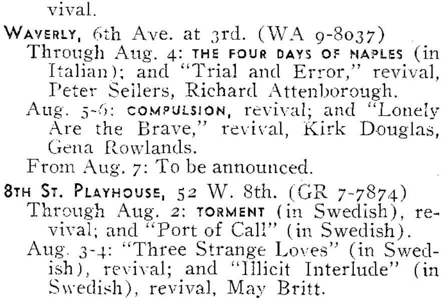
Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 6: "Cattle King," Robert Taylor, Joan Caulfield; and "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," revival, Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom.
From Aug. 7: "Duel of the Titans," Steve Reeves, Gordon Scott; and "Tarzan the Magnificent," revival, Gordon Scott.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 1: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (silent).
Aug. 2-5: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **THE THIRD MAN**, revival.
From Aug. 6: **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French), revival; and **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 4: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES** (in Italian); and "Trial and Error," revival, Peter Sellers, Richard Attenborough.
Aug. 5-6: **COMPULSION**, revival; and "Lonely Are the Brave," revival, Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands.
From Aug. 7: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 2: **TORMENT** (in Swedish), revival; and "Port of Call" (in Swedish).
Aug. 3-4: "Three Strange Loves" (in Swedish), revival; and "Illicit Interlude" (in Swedish), revival, May Britt.
Aug. 5-6: **SECRETS OF WOMEN** (in Swedish), revival; and "Monika" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.
From Aug. 7: "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson; and "A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand.



5th Ave Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Aug. 7 (tentative): **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER.**

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 6: "Cattle King," Robert Taylor, Joan Caulfield; and "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," revival, Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom.
From Aug. 7: "Duel of the Titans," Steve Reeves, Gordon Scott; and "Tarzan the Magnificent," revival, Gordon Scott.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 6: **LOVE AT TWENTY** (five episodes, five languages); and **THE TRIAL.**
From Aug. 7: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali); and "The Playboy of the Western World," Siobhan McKenna, Gary Raymond.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Aug. 6: "A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor.
From Aug. 7: "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"She Didn't Say No!," Eileen Herlie, Niall Mac Ginnis.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
8½ (in Italian).

Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THIS SPORTING LIFE.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Hand in the Trap" (in Spanish), Elsa Daniel, Francisco Rabal.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Aug. 6: "Cattle King," Robert Taylor, Joan Caulfield; and "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," revival, Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom.
From Aug. 7: "Duel of the Titans," Steve Reeves, Gordon Scott; and "Tarzan the Magnificent," revival, Gordon Scott.

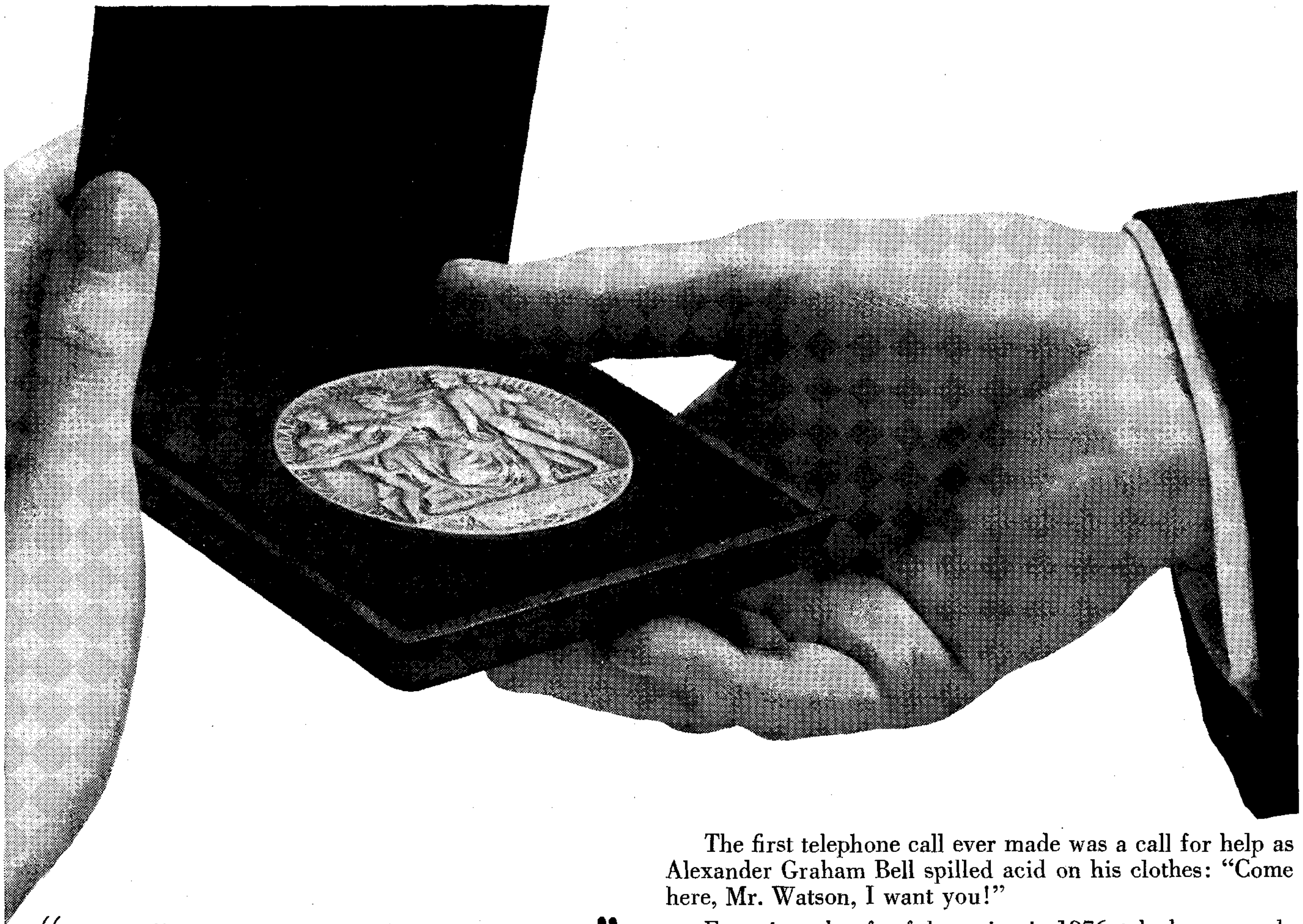
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 1: **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE**, revival; and "Battle in Outer Space," revival, Ryo Ikebe.
Aug. 2-3: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **PATHER PANCHALI** (in Bengali), revival.
Aug. 4-5 (last showing on Aug. 5 at 3:10): **APARAJITO** (in Bengali), revival; and Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible, Part II" (in Russian), revival.
Aug. 5, at 7 and 9:30: **CHAPLIN COMEDY** (silent); and "Lilac Time" (silent), Gary Cooper, Colleen Moore.
Aug. 6-7: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and "The World of Apu" (in Bengali), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 6: "Ben-Hur," revival, Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins.
From Aug. 7: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 1: "Eugene Onegin" (in Russian), revival; and "The Grand Concert" (in Russian), revival, a film made up of selections from various Russian operas and ballets.
Aug. 2: **THE ENTERTAINER**, revival; and **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES**, revival.
Aug. 3: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and **THE QUIET ONE**, revival.
Aug. 4: "Flamenco" (in Spanish), revival; and "Stars of the Russian Ballet" (in Russian), revival, Galina Ulanova.
Aug. 5: **TIGER BAY**, revival; and **IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT**, revival.
Aug. 6: "Black Tights," revival, a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier.
Aug. 7: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Aug. 6: "Savage Sam," Brian Keith, Kevin Corcoran; and "Wings of Chance," revival, James Brown.
From Aug. 7: To be announced.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 6: **LOVE AT TWENTY** (five episodes, five languages); and **THE TRIAL.**
From Aug. 7: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali); and "The Playboy of the Western World," Siobhan McKenna, Gary Raymond.



"For Courage and Devotion"

Telephone men and women fulfill a long tradition

The first telephone call ever made was a call for help as Alexander Graham Bell spilled acid on his clothes: "Come here, Mr. Watson, I want you!"

Ever since that fateful evening in 1876, telephone people have been responding to calls for help—and training to supply it.

A tradition of service—a knowledge of first aid—an instinct to help—these keep operators at their posts in fire or flood—send linemen out to battle blizzards or hurricanes—and save lives many times in many ways.

Over the years, the Bell System has awarded 1,896 medals to employees for courage, initiative and accomplishment—for being good neighbors both on the job and off it. Here are some recent winners:

Kenneth E. Ferguson, Installer-Repairman, Newport News, Virginia. En route to a repair job, he came upon a burning house where a blind, bedridden woman lay helpless. Ripping out a window, he and a policeman entered the flaming room. They were forced out by intense heat and smoke. Mr. Ferguson ran to a nearby house for blankets. Wrapped in wet blankets, the two men re-entered and rescued the woman.

Mrs. Dorothy Crozier, Operator, San Rafael, California. She took a call from a frantic mother whose small son had stopped breathing. After notifying both ambulance and fire department, Mrs. Crozier realized that traffic was heavy and time short. Over the telephone, she taught the mother mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. The boy was breathing when firemen arrived. Doctors credit his life to her alertness.

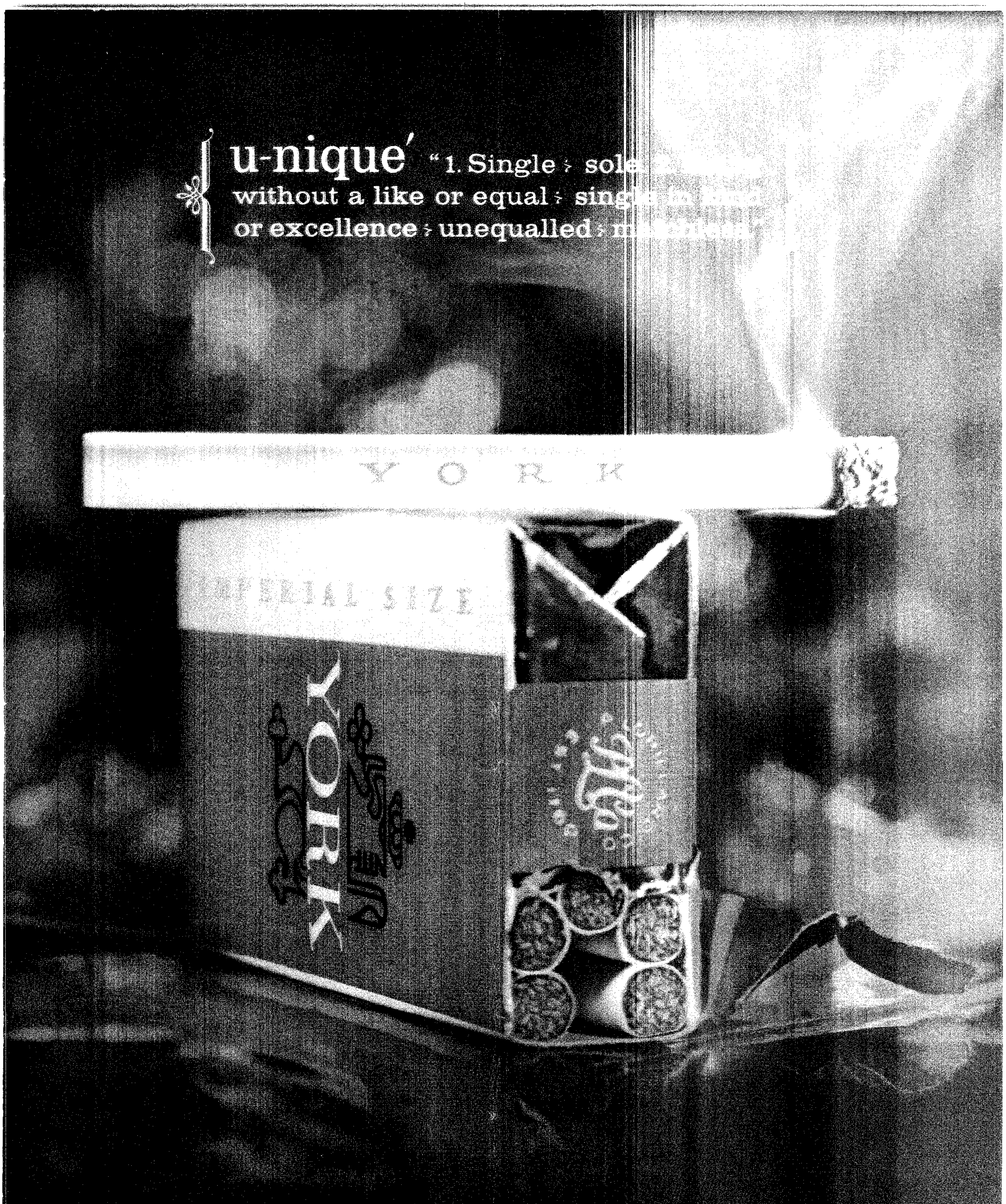
Charles J. Gilman, Communications Serviceman, Bellwood, Illinois. Driving to an assignment, he saw an overturned car and found a man under it bleeding profusely. Cautioning bystanders *not to smoke*, he helped remove the victim. The man's arm was almost severed below the shoulder and he seemed in shock. Mr. Gilman applied a tourniquet and kept pressure on it until an ambulance arrived.

Leonard C. Jones, Supplies Serviceman, Morgantown, West Virginia. He noticed a neighboring house on fire. Rushing to it, he helped a father rescue three young children. Then he plunged back into the burning building and, guided only by cries through the choking smoke, found and saved another child who was hiding under a couch in the blazing living room. Minutes after he left, the wooden house collapsed.

Franklin Daniel Gurtner, Station Installer, Auburn, Washington. He heard a request for emergency breathing equipment on his radio monitor and hurried to the address, where a baby was strangling. He found the child's air passage was blocked, cleared it, and successfully administered mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Then the fire department arrived and applied oxygen to help overcome shock.

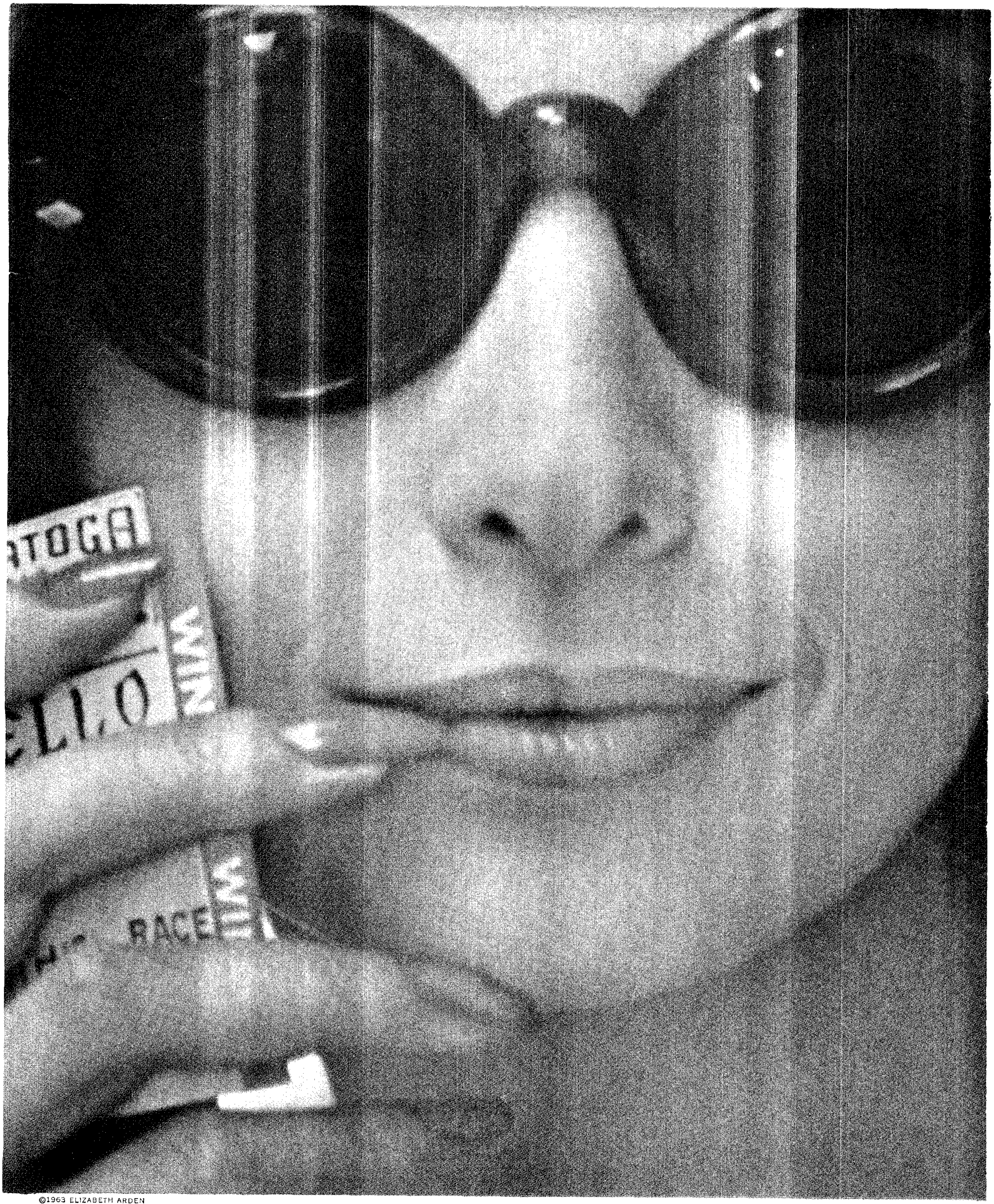
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Owned by more than two million Americans


u-nique′ “1. Single ; sole
without a like or equal ; sing
or excellence ; unequalled ; m
YORK
PERIAL SIZE
YORK

Matchless is no way to be when a York is in the offing. All that unfiltered pleasure, all that light, smooth taste waiting around . . . for a match. Seriously. York is unique. It has a slightly longer (perceptibly so) length that provides a smoother and lighter taste. Could it be because that added length travels the smoke that much further? Is that why a York somehow tastes mellower than any other unfiltered cigarette? Try a pack soon . . . and test your perceptions.

© 1963 P. Lorillard Co.



©1963 ELIZABETH ARDEN

Put $2.00 on a winning color. Elizabeth Arden's Saratoga Red.

Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth Arden's sure-to-win lip shade, Saratoga Red, $2.00 plus tax. And there's a nail lacquer to match. Both at stores here and abroad.

Two Great Fall Vacation Ideas!

(For about $35 a day)

1.

Go to a great resort hotel
relax
eat wonderful food
win at tennis
improve your golf game
swim
sun bathe
go night clubbing
meet fascinating people
buy new clothes
shop for gifts
have fun.

2.

Cruise on a great resort ship
relax
eat wonderful food
win at tennis
improve your golf game
swim
sun bathe
go night clubbing
meet fascinating people
buy new clothes
shop for gifts
have fun
sail the Caribbean
see San Juan, St. Thomas,
Martinique, Curaçao,
Nassau, Kingston,
Cristobal
and a lot of other
romantic places.
Buy at tax-free prices.
Learn to do the limbo
on America's most
popular cruise line.

It's your vacation.

So make it the best—choose the cruise line that's been America's most popular for decades. For a batch of detailed brochures describing the most extensive program of cruises aboard the s.s. Rotterdam, Nieuw Amsterdam, Statendam or Maasdam, see your travel agent or mail the coupon.

SAIL A HAPPY SHIP
Holland-America Line
609 Fifth Avenue (Corner 49th St.)
New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me a batch of brochures about your Fall and Winter cruises to the West Indies.

Name____________________________

Travel Agent________________________

Address__________________________

25W8

For a detailed list of cruise dates see page 71

Peck & Peck

Photographed by Jane Arnold in San Remo on the Italian Riviera

Dyed-in-the-wool for the Peck & Peck Girl:
Hadley cashmere and a matchmate skirt

Beautiful way to pair separates—with the unbroken line of a one-colour look. Here, understated simplicity in Hadley's new dressmaker cashmere—its only detail, a tiny cable-edged collar. Hunting Rose, Cheshire Cheese or Heather Purple. 34 to 40, 28.00
Matchmate colours in a slimline wool skirt, loomed for Peck & Peck alone. 8 to 18, 17.00

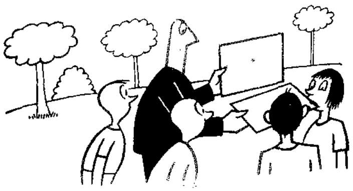
Peck & Peck—Fifth Avenue, New York

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

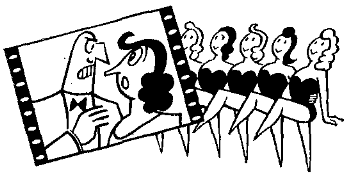
FOR various reasons, we watched the eclipse of the sun from a small park in the Bronx overlooking the Polo Grounds. We were almost alone, because the barrage of ophthalmological warnings from the press and television led most people to lock themselves up in their apartments until the eclipse was over, lest exposure to sunlight cause total blindness. Following instructions, we had drilled a tiny hole in a piece of cardboard, and after a few minutes of jiggling about we focussed the image of the sun as projected through the hole onto another piece of cardboard. We saw many eclipses, since the sunlight was obstructed not only by the moon but by clouds, a pigeon, and a small boy. As the tiny spot of light on our cardboard changed from a circle to a crescent, a group of children gathered around us to watch, while the pigeons began settling down in trees for what they must have thought was the evening. Actually, it was five-thirty in the afternoon, but the mosquitoes were also confused, and began to whine about as if it were twilight. We felt very important, like an emperor's soothsayer, as we revealed the Blotting Out of the Sun with our mystic cardboards. But just as the moon reduced the sun to a hairline, our spectators left, and one announced he was going home to look at the eclipse on television. We sat there doggedly watching our own solar eclipse until we were quite certain the moon was not going to back up, and then we also went home and watched a Videotape of the eclipse. Television had gone all out and sent crews of astronomers, cameramen, and general-practice savants to Canada, where the eclipse was total, rather than our local eighty-nine per cent, and we thought there was a gloating tone in their presentation of "the diamond ring" and "Baily's beads"—ecliptic phenomena that were beyond anything we could hope to see in the Bronx. On several occasions, we were invited "to watch the eclipse on your television cameras, where the picture is always clear and the danger is taken out." The danger of possible blindness in watching an eclipse seemed particularly fascinating to the television reporters, and was again dwelt on by Carol Reed in her weather forecast (after the eclipse was over). Perhaps we had been made unduly sensitive when our spectators abandoned us, but we thought we detected a tone of pique among the television reporters that anyone should even consider seeing an eclipse for himself, rather than on television, and we picked up an implication, never explicit, that blindness was just what was coming to any scab who tried looking at the Universe directly instead of through Authorized Sources.



Unchangeable

BECAUSE, in the course of showing strangers about town, we're accustomed to pointing out the Music Hall as one of our newer marvels, it gives us a considerable shock to realize that its thirtieth anniversary is being commemorated this year. Can it possibly be so long ago that this department was advising its readers "The best way to get to the new Music Hall is via the Sixth Avenue 'L' "? That dingy, celebrated railway, which was dismantled in 1938, would seem to belong to a period much earlier than Rockefeller Center, but it's certainly true that our advice was offered a few days after we had attended, in a terrible rainstorm, the opening night of the Music Hall. The date was December 27, 1932—one of the final, gloomy days of an exceptionally gloomy year. The opening-night program was an extravagant vaudeville, lasting until the small hours; among the sixteen acts making up the program were the Wallenda aerial ballet, the Tuskegee Choir, Ray Bolger, Martha Graham's dance group, Weber and Fields, Dr. Rockwell, and the Roxyettes (who had first been known as the Missouri Rockets and were eventually transmogrified into Rockettes).

The Music Hall—indeed, the whole Rockefeller Center complex—had been conceived with the idea of providing a new home for the Metropolitan Opera (after three decades, the new home is still a couple of years away); when the opera project fell through, it was decided to make the Music Hall a sort of super vaudeville theatre, under the direction of a super-showman, Samuel Lionel (Roxy) Rothafel. Vaudeville being on the way down and sound pictures on the way up, the program proved to be an instant flop, and the Music Hall hastily switched to a policy of showing a feature movie and a fifty-minute stage show—a policy so successful that it has remained unaltered over the years. As for Roxy, he resigned after a few months, and in 1933 the management of the Hall was taken over by Rockefeller Center, Inc., which still runs it. The Hall, which grosses about eight million dollars a year, went into the black in 1935 and has been there ever since. This is all the more remarkable because its prices are so low; until noon, general admission on weekdays is ninety-five cents, which makes the greatest movie house on earth one of the cheapest movie houses in town.



The Music Hall isn't, of course, just a place of entertainment; it's a national object of pride, like the Grand Canyon, and as such has become a leading tourist attraction. It draws over six million paying customers a year, or almost twice as many as the Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, and the United Nations combined. In the past three decades, a hundred and eighty-eight million people, which is roughly the present population of the country, have visited the Hall. "Bye Bye Birdie," the movie that played during Easter this year, holds the record for the week's biggest gross—$233,825, with an attendance of 165,255. The three top-grossing pictures of the Hall's history are "That Touch of Mink," which ran for ten weeks last year and grossed $1,885,335; "Fanny," which ran for nine weeks in 1961 and grossed $1,573,580; and "The Great Caruso," which ran for ten weeks in 1951 and grossed $1,390,943. From "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," starring Nils Asther and Barbara Stanwyck, which was the first movie to play in the Music Hall, to "The Thrill of It All," the current attraction, five hundred and thirty-nine movies have been shown. The record for longest playing (eleven weeks) is held jointly by "Random Harvest" (1942) and "The Greatest Show on Earth" (1952), and the record for the most movie appearances at the Hall is held by Cary Grant, who has starred in twenty-five films there, playing a total of ninety-nine weeks. In honor of this feat, the Music Hall last summer presented Mr. Grant with a silver bowl.

Among the many superlatives that the Music Hall boasts of are these: that it is the world's largest indoor movie theatre (sixty-two hundred seats), that it has the world's highest proscenium arch (sixty feet), and that it draws the world's longest waiting lines. On some summer Saturdays, lines of several hundred people are a commonplace, while during Christmas Week and Easter Week ten thousand people are often to be seen patiently queued up at Sixth Aveue and Fiftieth Street, along Fiftieth to Rockefeller Plaza, and back and forth inside the Plaza between Fiftieth Street and Fifty-first Street. The Music Hall also takes pride in its unchangeableness, not only in respect to admission prices but also in respect to personnel, interior decoration, and the length of the stage show. The lobby and auditorium look almost exactly as they did on opening night; they were handsome then, and the management quite rightly believes that they are even handsomer now. In all these years, no babies have ever been born in the Music Hall and no popcorn has ever been sold. The Music Hall is, after all, supremely dignified, and if any ghost presides over it, it is the ghost of that very gentle and proper man John D. Rockefeller, Jr. New babies and hot buttered popcorn would be highly unsuitable in such a shrine.

Inspirational

A CITIZEN of Rockville Centre reports that a bottle of milk delivered to him recently by a local dairy had the following message inscribed on its glass:

The United States Air Force
Your Mattress to Opportunity

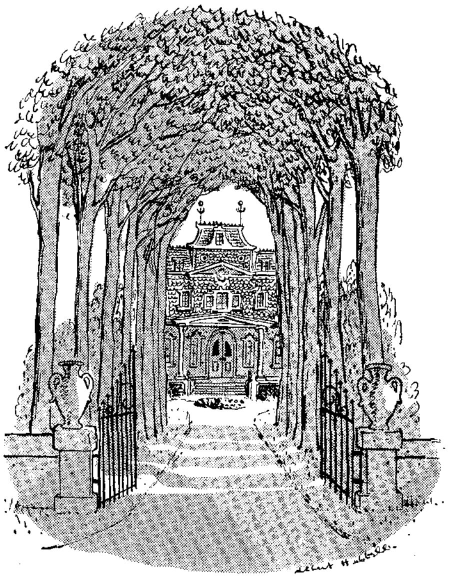
M—Money
A—Adventure
T—Travel
T—Training
R—Recreation
E—Education
S—Security
S—Satisfaction

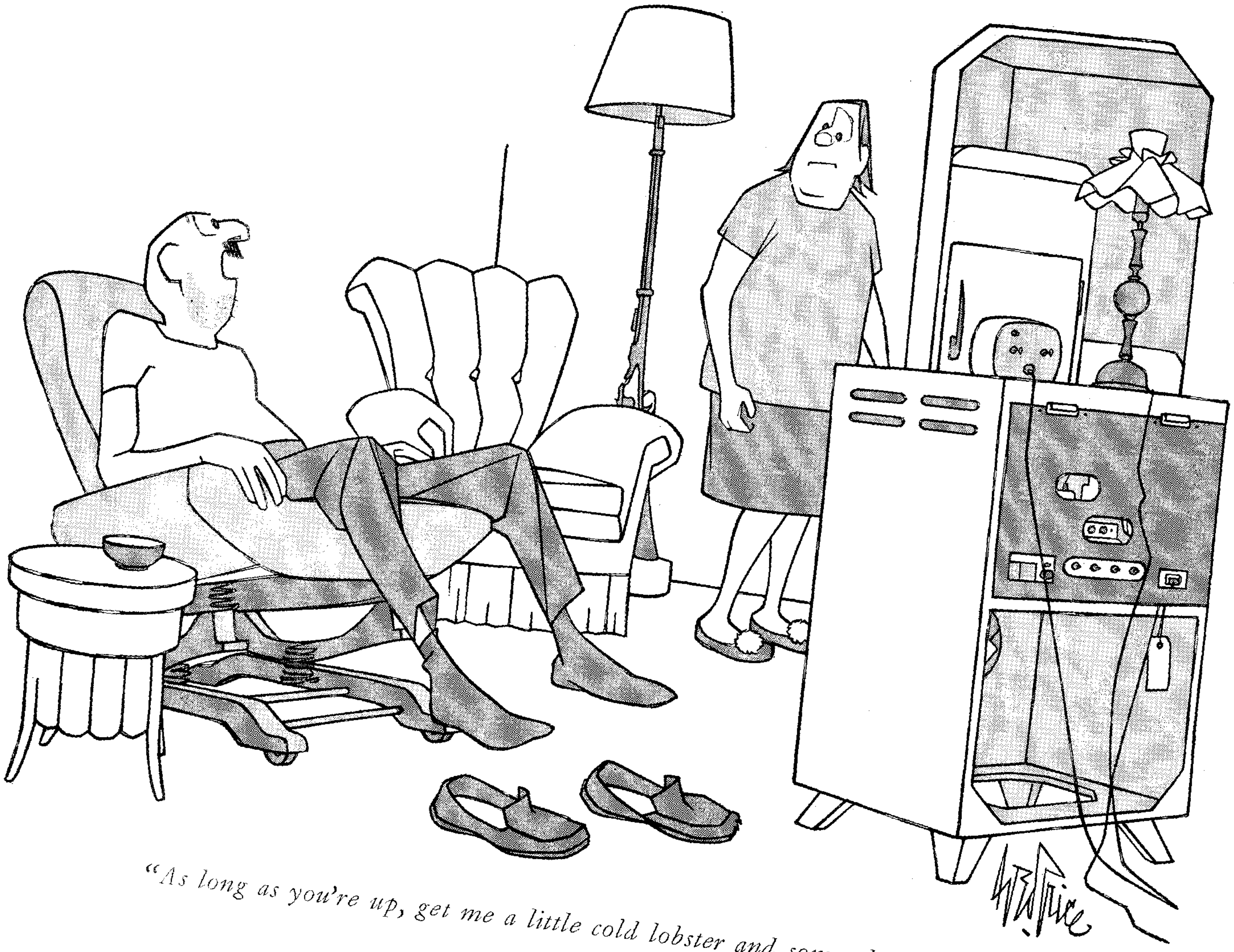
Ambassador from Ghana

Mr. Alex Quaison-Sackey, the Permanent Representative of Ghana to the United Nations, has written a book—"Africa Unbound: Reflections of an African Statesman"—and we've been to a reception that his publisher, Frederick A. Praeger, gave for him in the appropriately named Diplomat Suite of the Sheraton-East. Some two hundred guests, mostly United Nations dignitaries and their wives, milled around, drinks in hand, as Mr. Praeger made a speech presenting the guest of honor ("Extremely important day . . . most important book in the area of African affairs . . . towering figure in international relations . . . very proud to call him a friend"), to which the Ambassador responded gracefully ("This is a novel experience. . . . So many books have been written about Africa by European visitors to Africa that I thought it was about time for an African to write one. . . . I'm grateful for the constant prodding of my editor"). We obtained a copy of the book, and were struck by the novelty of some of its passages, such as:

> . . . Nor can I deny that good works entailing a great deal of sacrifice were accomplished by men and women of the Christian faith who came from across the seas to labor in various parts of Africa. Some of these missionaries had altruistic motives and sought neither gain nor fame; others returned to Europe, after their experiences in Africa, to pose as martyrs who had suffered under excruciatingly difficult circumstances with the "savages." I do not know, however, where to place Dr. Albert Schweitzer, who is, of course, famous for his selflessness and his self-sacrifice. There is no doubt whatsoever that he has done much good in Gabon, where he opened his little hospital and became known as the "father" of the Africans in that country, for he has saved lives and helped the Africans there in many ways. But does his sacrifice give him the right to regard Africans, as he so obviously does, as little children who must be patronized? Despite his erudition, he has apparently not appreciated how sensitive the Africans are to any slights to their dignity. That African culture differs from Dr. Schweitzer's or anyone else's does not make the Africans inferior, yet that seems to have been the assumption, unconscious or otherwise, on which most Europeans have long operated. . . . Such was the influence of the Christian missionaries . . . that all evidence of African culture was gradually suppressed or eradicated from living memory. Even our names were purposely Anglicized, in nineteenth-century Ghana, in order to indicate that the bearers had become Christians and therefore "civilized" as well. . . . To affect European clothes was another mark of civilization; and if you did not eat with a knife and fork, you most certainly remained in a state of savagery. You were expected to say "Sir" to every white man, for every white man in Africa, thanks to the colonial system, had a position of high trust and importance. . . . The African Personality is symbolic of the pride that all Africans now take, for example, in wearing their national costumes, in eating with their fingers without shame, in substituting African names for the European.

Operating out of curiosity, we caught Mr. Quaison-Sackey, by appointment, at his office a few days later, in order to learn more about him. He is a big, ebullient man, with a big mustache, a big smile, and an Oxford accent. He was born in Winneba, in 1924, in what was then the Gold Coast (it became the free state of Ghana in 1957), went to primary school there and to the Mfantsipim High School in Cape Coast (an ancient canoe-manufacturing town forty miles away), and then attended Achimota College (once known as Prince of Wales' College), near Accra. "My family name is really Sekyi—pronounced 'Sechi,'" he said. "It was Anglicized by a great-uncle who became a Methodist minister. My mother's





"As long as you're up, get me a little cold lobster and some champagne."

name was Quaison, meaning 'the son of Kwei.' I have another uncle, Nana Ayirebi-Acquah III, who is a chief, or traditional ruler; around 1925, he helped establish the Joint Provincial Council of Chiefs, which worked with Sir Gordon Guggisberg, the British Governor, to develop the country. He's now chairman of the Ghana Educational Trust."

The Ambassador went on to say that Winneba was a very old fishing port and that many of his relatives were fishermen. "I spent my childhood on the beach," he said. "The fishermen used dugout boats and nets, and went as far as Liberia after herring, mackerel, and so forth. Every Winneba child is a very good swimmer." In 1949, after a year as president of the Political Youth Organization in Winneba, he won a scholarship to Oxford, where he took an honors degree in philosophy, politics, and economics. "It was the first time I had been outside of Africa," he said. "It was a wonderful experience. Three stimulating years; I began to question so many things. I sometimes just shut myself up in my room and ruminated."

Back home in 1952, Mr. Quaison-Sackey was appointed Labour Officer, a position involving the organization of trade unions and the conciliation of strikes. 1957, the year of independence, found him in the Ghana High Commissioner's Office in London, where he later became Head of Chancery and Official Secretary; his U.N. post dates from the summer of 1959. "I believe in the concept of Negritude—an acceptance and affirmation of the quality of 'blackness,'" he said. "It is a psychological gathering together of all black peoples in the spiritual bonds of brotherhood. Its geographical boundaries are only those of the lands in which black people dwell. Africans and their descendants may well be proud of their past. The great empires of Ghana, Mali, and Songhai and the powerful kingdoms of Ashanti, Ife, and Benin all flourished centuries before the Europeans arrived in Africa. Timbuktu, in Mali, formerly the Sudan, was a seat of advanced learning in the fifteenth century; the records of the old university are still there. People tend to forget that Africa once was free, and that the modern movement toward independence is actually a reëmergence into independence, a movement toward both past and future glories at once. The policy of Apartheid—the view of the white South African that the African was made by God to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water—has produced much sadness. You know, after three years of friendship with a white South African at Oxford, I was told by him that he could invite me to his home only if I posed as his shoeshine boy."

Looking anything but sad, the Ambassador informed us that he and his wife, a girl from his home town, live in New Rochelle with four sons—Egya, Nana Bodo, Kweku Bondzi, and Nenyi, and a daughter, Awo. "One and a half years old up to twelve," he said. "I wrote my book in longhand. Its editor, Thomas Goethals, a grandson of your bridge builder, was a great help. He kept urging me to explain things more and to expand my thoughts. I tended to assume that the reader knew more than could be expected, apparently, and to deal in generalities. Mr. Goethals persuaded me to root the book in my own experience. I'm very happy about what is happening in Africa; I think African unity is around the corner. If America can solve her Negro problem, it will enhance her dignity and prestige in Africa immensely."

Dimensions

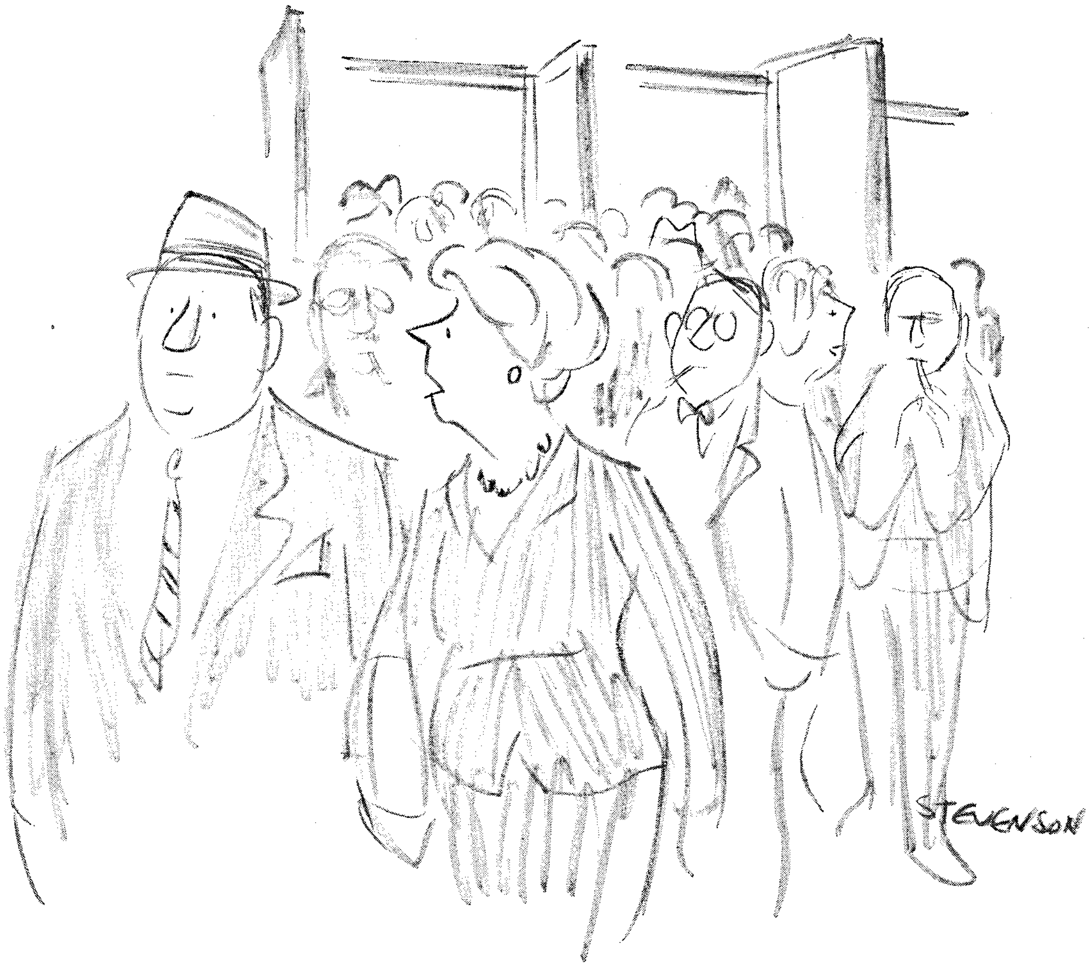
HAS Mr. Conrad Hilton, who is the chief of Hilton Hotels International (as well as domestic) and, in a way, a one-man Peace Corps, been bearing tall tales south of the Rio Grande? We are moved to this question by receipt of a multicolored postcard from vacationing friends in Acapulco ("The scenery from our patio is more beautiful than even Capri") which bears a photograph of an irregularly shaped swimming pool and the legend "Las Brisas Hilton. Pink cottages and cocktail-sized pools surrounded by Acapulco Blossoms." The pool, we should judge, is some eighteen feet long and about half as wide, or a good deal bigger than even a Yale Club Martini, said to be Manhattan's most ample. What must the Mexicans think of us and our gringo guzzles? Let poetic justice prevail. It remains for Mr. Cesar Balsa, of Acapulco and Mexico City, the lessor of the St. Regis, to launch in the King Cole Room a pool-sized Bloody Mary, properly celebrated on a postcard bordered by Orange Blossoms as big as the Ritz.

The Queens

A COUPLE of weeks ago, we reported on a bevy of beauty queens—five contenders in the Miss Universe contest—and now we are back with, of all things, another bevy. We got a chance to meet this new crop of beauties on a recent gray Monday. Twelve coeds, they were in town for a pageant that yearly supplies the public with its National College Queen, and on that particular day they were vying for points in a domesticity contest called the Seven Lively Homemaking Arts. (There was a time when beauty queens merely wore bathing suits and had shapely legs. Lately, however, the public's taste runs more and more recklessly to women with brains, or at least a winning facsimile of brains.) It was shortly before noon when we arrived at the N.C.Q. homemaking headquarters, in Central Park's Tavern-on-the-Green, and the girls, looking more wholesome than traditional in colored sneakers, cotton blouses, and madras skirts, were already deep in Coffee Serving, their kickoff lively art. They *were* wearing crowns, we saw—bright blue-and-gold and W-shaped, for Westinghouse, their homemaking sponsor and the supplier of the coffeepots—but the crowns were only cardboard, and bobbed quite casually as their wearers served up coffee to five judges and a thirsty A.B.C. News camera crew.

"We have a Fulbright Scholar here, and a Phi Beta Kappa, and the girls hold forty-eight scholarships all told," the homemaking hostess, who was wearing a beige turban, told us, and called our attention to Miss Manhattanville, a tall blonde, who wore a sizable gold Phi Beta Kappa key on a chain around her neck. Miss Manhattanville, who was tasting her coffee, made a face. The beige lady smiled nervously. She introduced herself as Pauline Bowie, an account executive at Grey Public Relations, Inc., and then, instructing three young secretaries from Grey—two English, one American—to re-

THE
"EXEC" SH
39
40
41
42
Whitney Darrow, Jr.



"I liked her better in 'National Velvet.'"

* * *

place the pots with Westinghouse electric frying pans, she said, "All right, girls. We're going to fry some marbles now, and later on we're going to make beautiful jewelry out of them."

The madras princesses giggled, but, on cue, they all went diligently to work on the marbles; the judges, nodding appreciatively, peered down into the hot pans. Then, clustering prettily for the A.B.C. crew around one large skillet, the girls turned to the more practical lively homemaking art of Frying Eggs. One by one, twelve eggs were cracked into the pan with enormous care. Two yolks broke. None of the eggs cooked. Miss Bowie, blushing beneath her turban, hurriedly confessed to A.B.C. that she had forgotten to pre-heat the skillet, and then apologized to the head chef of the Tavern, who had been standing by with a pepper mill. "If any of you news photographers want pictures of the finished eggs, wait here," she said.

The twelve beautiful brain-trusters meanwhile had moved on to tackle the art of Mixing Drinks, in a Westinghouse blender. Having each been presented with another egg, pineapple juice, milk, watercress, and chocolate sauce, they were told to combine the elements in whatever way they saw fit. "We're testing your imagination, girls," Miss Bowie said.

Miss University of Oklahoma switched on her blender, which, being empty, roared. This frightened Miss University of Washington, who jumped, and Miss University of Denver, who screamed.

"Ah'm puttin' in pineapple juice to make it fruitlike, and then Ah'm puttin' in watercress for health," Miss Florida State University informed us.

"I'm just adding chocolate till I get a color I like," Miss Quincy Junior College said.

Miss Manhattanville again tasted her handiwork and again made a face.

We had just begun to sample an egg-and-pineapple-juice at the blender of Miss Bucknell when Miss Bowie announced that the next lively homemaking art would involve the decoration of Westinghouse Beauty Bonnet Home Hair Dryers with various feminine odds and ends. We observed that Miss Bucknell put flowers on her bonnet, Miss University of Minnesota and Miss University of Washington preferred feathers, and Miss Florida State was partial to balloons, even though balloons, as she soon discovered, pop when sewed.

"These girls are pretty enough, but *my* daughter should be here," a woman who had dropped by at the Tavern for brunch told a man from Grey. "She's Miss Syracuse, you know."

"Syracuse University?" ventured the Grey man.

"I should say not! Miss Syracuse-the-whole-town," the Tavern guest replied, walking away.

It was now time for a "forum discussion" on the challenging art of Gracious Entertaining, and for this the twelve brainy beauties forsook their blue-and-gold cardboard in favor of glittering rhinestone crowns.

"What would you do," one of the judges inquired, after some thought, "if you gave a party and your chief rival arrived wearing *your* dress?"

"Oh, that's a good one! Let's play with that," Miss Bowie said enthusiastically. She called first on Miss University of Washington, who said that a gracious hostess makes the best of any tragedy, and then on Miss Purdue, who suggested that in some cases it is the girl, and not the dress, that counts.

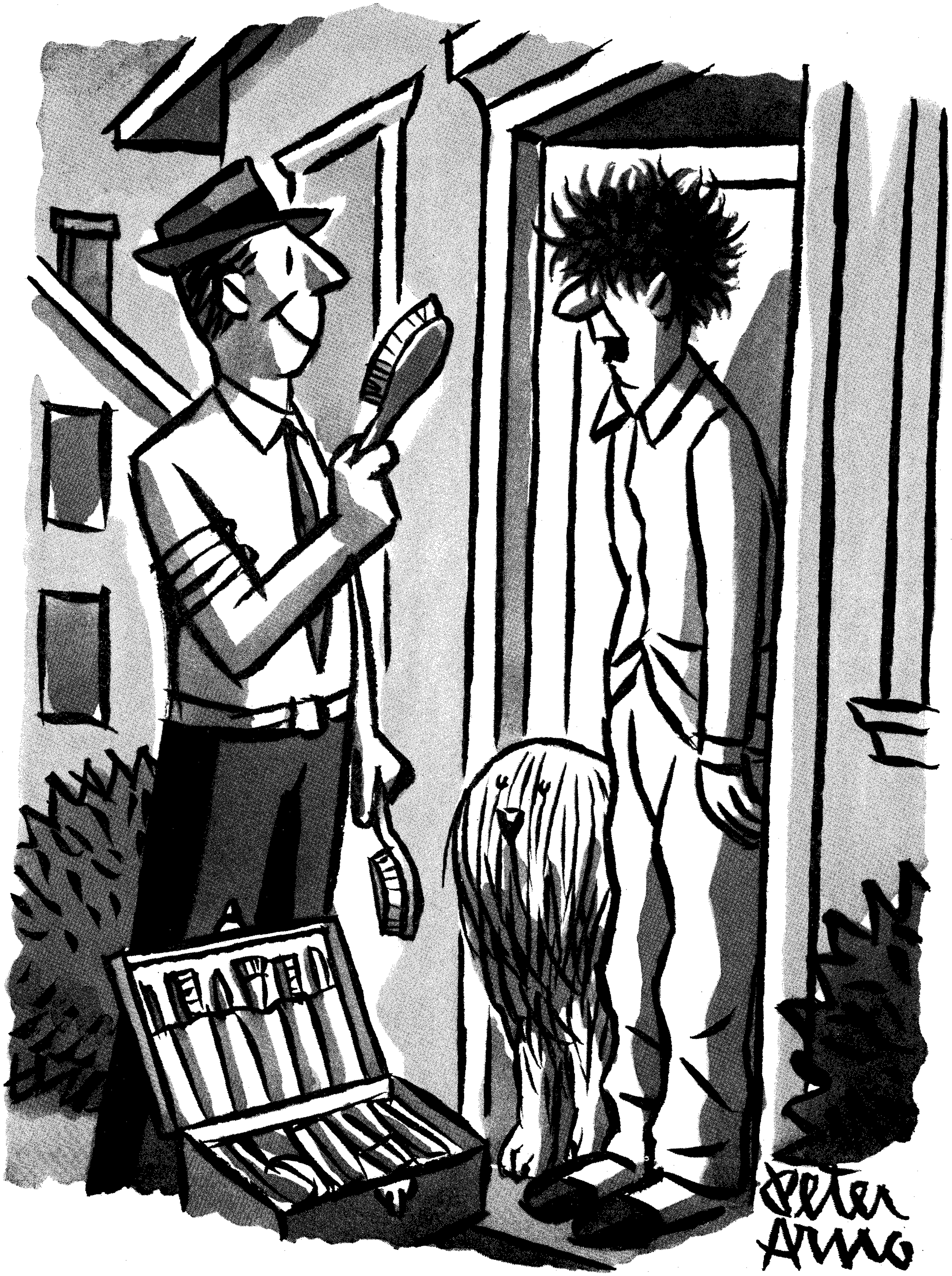
"And what *makes* a good party?" asked another judge.

Miss Minnesota had her hand up first. "Snacks," she said.

"I'd like to add, though, that the snacks should be good, all-round American snacks," said Miss Florida State.

Admonition

A FRIEND of ours reports that he was on a Madison Avenue bus late one rainy night recently when a man boarded it and told the driver that the only money he had with him was fourteen cents and a twenty-dollar bill. After a few moments, apparently taking the downpour and the lateness of the hour into account, the driver agreed to accept the fourteen cents. Then, as the man took his seat, the driver turned his head and said, "Next time, Mister, think ahead!"



"Boy! Are we glad to see you!"

A COLLISION IN THE CITY

WHATEVER a person may think of himself, he *has* to think he is nice. The conviction, I have discovered rather suddenly, is precious, and an injury to it can be an almost intolerable hurt. Niceness, of the sort I am talking about, is a part of the code in the city. It has often been remarked how well we all get along here—millions of us crowded together but managing somehow to follow our private paths without serious collisions. Intent on my own business, I walk along the sidewalk, crisscrossing the paths of others, sidestepping, hastening ahead or falling behind, but rarely do I bump into anyone. In elevators, I stand inches from others but manage, mostly, not to touch them. The system works, and the city survives, because we are all nice. I take care that I do not touch others. Everyone else takes care, too. When two people do bump, there may be a flash of irritation, sometimes even of real anger, because someone has not been nice, but usually the bump is small, unintentional, and quickly forgotten. To violate the code, to be not nice—even for good reason—and then to find that you have struck a person in a vital spot, is not so easily forgotten.

I found all this out when I was in what might be called a collision in the city. The episode concerned me, my sister and her newborn baby, and a cab-driver who cried. I made him cry. Of a number of things I said, only one made him cry. The episode showed me why we are all so careful, all of us nice people who are strangers to each other, not to touch each other in passing.

Some months ago, my sister had a baby girl in Lenox Hill Hospital. She had the bad luck to have it while her husband was away, and in his absence it was arranged that I was to fetch her from the hospital. I would go there and pick her and the baby up; we would take a cab to Grand Central Station, and then I would put her on a train to her home in the country. In prospect, this plan seemed simple and unlikely to involve strain for anyone; certainly it promised nothing that would be particularly emotional. I was surprised, then, at how I felt, standing in my sister's room while she shakily put on her clothes, when the nurse came in and put the baby on the bed. She stuffed a few oddments of equipment into a bag and told us that we were on our own. The baby on the bed was so small that it reminded me of a newborn mouse with big, red feet. It didn't seem particularly happy. I looked at my sister, who was working into her stockings as though it were a very difficult task, and found no comfort there. Suddenly the small stage of the journey of which I was in charge—the distance from Lenox Hill to Grand Central—appeared strangely larger. But I told myself not to be silly. I made myself go to the bed and touch the baby and wrap around it the blanket I had brought that was to protect it on the journey. The nurse carried the baby down in the elevator with us, and I carried the suitcase. The nurse went as far as the final glass door. With an encouraging pat and a farewell smile, she put the baby in my sister's arms, and at that moment, I think we both realized, all official responsibility ceased.

It wasn't snowing on the other side of the door, but snow might have been better. It was late afternoon, and a chill, smoggy rain darkened the winter twilight. People were hurrying along the side street, and cars were hurrying when they could, or, stopped by the light at the end of the block, they snorted white fumes while they waited. My sister stood under the door canopy with the baby, and I stood out in the street with my hand held out, waving, ungloved and cold, to signal a cab. At first there were no cabs, just cars, and then several cabs full of people, and then, darting furtively, it seemed, a whole flock of empty cabs that didn't stop. Most of them had "Off Duty" signs propped inside their windshields, and with a sinking feeling I realized it was the time of day when cabs change shifts. One after another, I glimpsed the gray, waxwork faces of the drivers who wouldn't look at us, and it was clear that they were not looking on purpose. I glanced at my sister, who had moved back up on the steps so that she could lean against the building, and I thought that if only I had a sign that said "Newborn Baby," then of course the drivers would know how important our journey was and they would stop. I also regretted that I hadn't lined up a particular cab or a hired car, but I hadn't thought of that sort of fussy precaution since the days, long ago, when my mother would telephone the stationmaster at Grand Central to make sure a redcap would meet her when she planned to take a train. Standing on the wet street, I realized that if we didn't get a cab soon the whole simple plan would fall into completely unmanageable pieces.

I went back to my sister and said, "The side street is bad for cabs. How are you feeling?"

"Not bad," she said rather whitely.

I said, "Maybe I'd do better on the corner of Park."

"I don't think you'd be able to hold the cab while I walked up there," she said. "And we're late already. I'd better go, too."

"Can you make it?"

"I guess I can."

She slung the baby up on her shoulder, pulled the wrap over its head, and put a foot, brave and trembly, down on the sidewalk, making final the break with the official, protective bulk of the hospital. It seemed to me that she was as dramatic as a heroine in a silent film—that everyone passing should have looked and stopped and said, "A newborn baby! Out in the rain! Let us help you! Let us find you a cab!" Several men and women went by and didn't look at me or my sister and the baby. But there was no way for them to know, and I excused them.

We walked the half block to the corner of Park Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street. My sister again leaned against the building, and I stepped into the avenue. The pavements glistened like coal. Streams of yellow headlights and cold, gleaming bodies of cars went past me on their way uptown. The stop light turned red and green, and red and green, but very few cabs went by. Most of them were going fast and hugging the lane nearest the center island. Then I saw one on our side, going rather slow; the driver was looking my way. I waved hard, and the cab slowed some more, but it was still moving a little as it came abreast of me. The driver leaned across to roll down the front window and say something.

I guess I knew exactly what he was going to say, because I put my hand quickly on the door handle while the cab was still moving and pulled the back door open wide. "Come on, quick!" I called to my sister, and the cab had to stop, because the door was open and the handle was in my hand.

My sister made it across the sidewalk and bent over and got in with her bundle. While she was doing it, I managed to edge away from the driver, who had his head stuck out of his cab like a turtle, so that we wouldn't be able to hear what he said. Then I jumped in quickly and slammed the door.

We both leaned back, but the cab didn't move. The cabdriver turned his head around, so we could see his whole youngish, dark-eyed, squarish, ordinary sort of face. "I said where are you going?" he said.

"Grand Central, please," I said.

My sister had given a sort of sigh as soon as the cab door had closed, and I was terribly relieved that she was so relieved. The baby was quiet, but to me its bundled presence was intense.

"I'm sorry, lady," said the cabdriver, not sounding sorry, "but I'm going uptown. I'm checkin' in. That's what I was gonna tell you when you two got in." His voice had a sullen certainty to it—a dangerous sound that registered with me even in what was still a moment of victory. I heard the sound, but I wasn't too disturbed by it. I thought, That will change when he finds out how important and special this whole thing is.

"I'm sorry, but we've *got* to get to Grand Central," I said quickly. "We've got to catch a train. We've just left the hospital and we've got to catch a train." At the last minute, I didn't mention the baby, because of a sudden fastidious qualm about how corny the words "newborn baby" would sound out loud. Besides, it seemed to me, the tininess of the baby and my sister's shaky steps had made the situation plain as day.

The driver didn't answer. He swept us with a hostile glance. Then he thrust his arm over the back of the seat and unlatched the door beside me. "You got to get out," he said. "I'm not moving downtown."

"Look," I said, "you don't understand. This baby is just born! It's only four days old! We haven't got time to get another cab."

There was an ugly pause. Then suddenly I had reinforcements. The lights had changed, and the cars behind us were honking. I pulled the door shut again. The driver ignored the horns. His face, still turned to us, was lit by the headlights of cars behind. It was still a square, ordinary, good or bad, sullen young face. But his dark eyes, shining in the light, were blank with anger and wouldn't look at mine. He just glared at the door and said, "Gwan! Get out!"

I said, "No!"

A car behind honked again and then gently bumped us. The driver turned forward and our cab began to move. I looked at my watch. We had twenty minutes—still enough time. I glanced at my sister. She looked frightened and white, even in the dimness of the cab.

We were all silent as the cab drove uptown for a couple of blocks. I assumed the driver was about to turn downtown, but he didn't even move into the left lane.

"Hey!" I said. "What are you doing?"

"Uptown, lady," said the cabdriver, without turning his head. "I told you I'm going uptown. I got to get this cab into the garage. You had no right to get in when I got to get this cab into the garage."

I began to plead rather wildly. I told him that I understood that he had to get to the garage but that this was an emergency, and if he'd only rise to the occasion I'd make it worth his while.

He turned it all down flat, with a sullen, contemptuous snarl. What followed was a long, incoherent wrangle while, inexorably, the cab sped on, going uptown. In short, bitter phrases, flung over his shoulder, the cabdriver sketched the difficulties that would ensue if he didn't get the cab to the garage on time. In equally bitter phrases I described the trouble we would be in if we didn't catch the train. Furiously, I offered him unspecified but large sums of money; he shrugged me off contemptuously. I said if he was trying to hold us up, O.K., we'd pay. He said it wasn't *his* fault if my sister had a baby. I said I would call the first policeman I could find and report him.

"I just bet you would, lady," he said bitterly. "But I got *my* rights, too. Go ahead and see how much good it'll do you."

I looked at my sister, whose tears were now running down to her trembling mouth, and I abandoned the whole argument. I leaned back and took out a pack of cigarettes and lit one and gave it to her, and then lit one for myself. Then I said to her, but speaking loudly enough, "My God, what a louse!" I tried to think of something that would be more accurate. "This," I said, in a

"A fool and his money are soon parted."

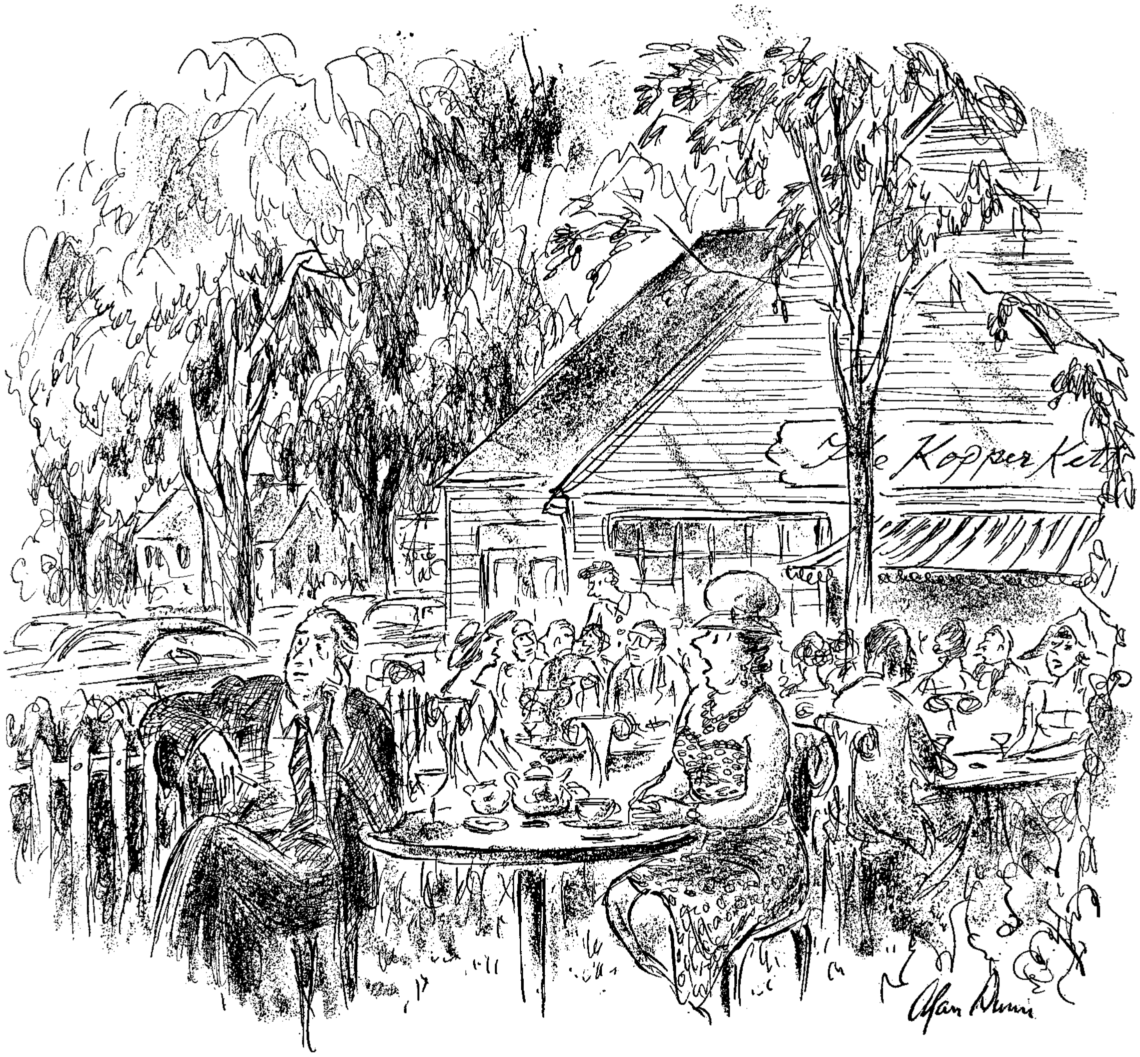
flat, precise tone, "is probably the worst, most horrible human being I have ever met."

I felt my words hang like fog in the silent cab. Another cross street flashed by—Ninety-second, I think—and then suddenly the cab pulled over to the left and made a quick turn on a changing light and we were driving downtown. The driver was bent over the wheel, silent as a rock. His broad shoulders, the back of his head, his short, angry neck gave away nothing about why he had turned. My sister and I were silent, too. We didn't know what to say.

At about Sixty-sixth Street, the driver spoke. He said, over his shoulder, "You said I was a louse. It ain't true!"

I murmured something.

"You got no right to call me a louse!" he cried furiously. "You got no right to say that to a person. I'm as nice a guy as the next one! Nobody got a right to say I'm a louse!"



"But, Terry, isn't it enough that I'm me?"

For the next few blocks, which we drove at top speed, so that canopies and cross streets flashed by and other cars, intimidated by our urgency, seemed to clear a path for us, the driver told us again and again that he was no louse, that he was a human being—a nice guy. "Things just push me too hard," he said.

I said that they pushed me, too, that things pushed *everybody* in the city. I said it was just a question of what pushed whom the most. And of taking turns.

"That guy up at the garage!" the driver shouted suddenly. "You think he's gonna be a nice guy when I pull in a half hour late?"

"Yes!" I cried, believing passionately in this unknown person. "He will! He will when you tell him what happened!"

"You don't know *nothing!*" the driver said. "But I ain't a louse. I got to look after myself, but I ain't a louse! That's what you shouldn't of said!"

I said that if he had been decent in the first place I wouldn't have *had* to say it.

"Maybe you ain't so nice yourself!" he cried, and at that the softer, conciliatory words I had been about to utter died on my lips.

We made it to Grand Central, still discussing it all in incoherent, hostile, unforgiving bursts. My sister found a Kleenex in her pocketbook and blew her nose. On my body the sweat of fear and anger turned cold, making me shiver inside my clothes. I don't know who said the last word, but then, suddenly, as we pulled up into the covered entrance to the station, on Vanderbilt Avenue, there was nothing more to say. My sister climbed out of the cab hurriedly. I got out and, standing by the front window of the cab, paid the fare and then put a five-dollar bill in the driver's hand. He crumpled the bill, scorning to look at it, but for an instant his eyes, dark and bitterly hurt, met mine, and I saw tears, quite a lot of them, gathered in the corners.

I turned quickly away. There wasn't time for me to put aside my anger and tell him that I knew he couldn't help what he had done. And that I couldn't help what I had done. Nor did I want to tell him—then. There was no time for it to dawn on me what happens when you injure a stranger, but I have understood it since then. Injure someone close and it can be undone. Injure a stranger and the deed remains with you—an ugly, hateful possession. There is no one to give it to, no place to put it down. It stays with you, marring your picture of yourself. I put my sister and the baby on the train. That seemed to close the episode. It was quite some time before I thought about the cabdriver again and began to wish so much that I had been nice enough to turn back and say the right thing.

—FAITH MCNULTY

•

I had an island known as Pompano Island. I chased everyone off the island and upgraded the area.—*From an article in Urban Land.*

Did you stay on the island or did you come off? We need to know that.

SEVEN POEMS

TWO CAMPERS IN CLOUD COUNTRY

Rock Lake, Canada

In this country there is neither measure nor balance
To redress the dominance of rocks and woods,
The passage, say, of these man-shaming clouds.

No gesture of yours or mine could catch their attention,
No word make them carry water or fire the kindling
Like local trolls in the spell of a superior being.

Well, one wearies of the Public Gardens; one wants a vacation
Where trees and clouds and animals pay no notice—
Away from the labelled elms, the tame tea roses.

It took three days' driving north to find a cloud
The polite skies over Boston couldn't possibly accommodate.
Here on the last frontier of the big, brash spirit

The horizons are too far off to be chummy as uncles;
The colors assert themselves with a sort of vengeance.
Each day concludes in a huge splurge of vermilions

And night arrives in one gigantic step.
It is comfortable, for a change, to mean so little.
These rocks offer no purchase to herbage or people;

They are conceiving a dynasty of perfect cold.
In a month we'll wonder what plates and forks are for.
I lean to you, numb as a fossil. Tell me I'm here.

The Pilgrims and Indians might never have happened.
Planets pulse in the lake like bright amoebas;
The pines blot our voices up in their lightest sighs.

Around our tent the old simplicities sough
Sleepily as Lethe, trying to get in.
We'll wake blank-brained as water in the dawn.

THE ELM SPEAKS

I know the bottom, she says. I know it with my great tap root.
It is what you fear.
I do not fear it; I have been there.

Is it the sea you hear in me,
Its dissatisfactions?
Or the voice of nothing that was your madness?

Love is a shadow.
How you lie and cry after it!
Listen. These are its hooves. It has gone off, like a horse.

All night I shall gallop thus, impetuously,
Till your head is a stone, your pillow a little turf,
Echoing, echoing.

Or shall I bring you the sound of poisons?
This is rain now, this big hush.
And this is the fruit of it: tin-white, like arsenic.

I have suffered the atrocity of sunsets.
Scorched to the root,
My red filaments burn and stand, a hand of wires.

Now I break up in pieces that fly about like clubs.
A wind of such violence
Will tolerate no bystanding; I must shriek.

The moon, also, is merciless; she would drag me
Cruelly, being barren.
Her radiance scathes me. Or perhaps I have caught her.

I let her go. I let her go,
Diminished and flat, as after radical surgery.
How your bad dreams possess and endow me!

I am inhabited by a cry.
Nightly it flaps out,
Looking, with its hooks, for something to love.

I am terrified by this dark thing
That sleeps in me;
All day I feel its soft, feathery turnings, its malignity.

Clouds pass and disperse.
Are those the faces of love, those pale irretrievables?
Is it for such I agitate my heart?

I am incapable of more knowledge.
What is this, this face
So murderous in its strangle of branches?

Its snaky acids hiss.
It petrifies the will. These are the isolate, slow faults
That kill, that kill, that kill.

MYSTIC

The air is a mill of hooks—
Questions without answer,
Glittering and drunk as flies
Whose kisses sting unbearably
In the fetid wombs of black air under pines in summer.

I remember
The dead smell of sun on wood cabins,
The stiffness of sails, the long salt winding sheets.
Once one has seen God, what is the remedy?
Once one has been seized up

Without a part left over—
Not a toe, not a finger—and used,
Used utterly, in the sun's conflagrations, the stains
That lengthen from ancient cathedrals,
What is the remedy?

The pill of the Communion tablet,
The walking beside still water? Memory?
Or picking up the bright pieces
Of Christ in the faces of rodents,
The tame flower-nibblers, the ones

Whose hopes are so low they are comfortable—
The humpback in her small, washed cottage
Under the spokes of the clematis?
Is there no great love, only tenderness?
Does the sea

Remember the walker upon it?
Meaning leaks from the molecules.
The chimneys of the city breathe, the window sweats,
The children leap in their cots.
The sun blooms, it is a geranium.

The heart has not stopped.

AMNESIAC

No use, no use, now, begging Recognize!
There is nothing to do with such a beautiful blank but smooth it.
Name, house, car keys,

The little toy wife—
Erased, sigh, sigh.
Four babies and a cocker!

Nurses, the size of worms, and a minute doctor
Tuck him in.
Old happenings

Peel from his skin.
Down the drain with all of it!
Hugging his pillow

Like the red-headed sister he never dared to touch,
He dreams of a new one—
Barren, the lot are barren!

And of another color.
How they'll travel, travel, travel, scenery
Sparking off their brother-sister rears

A comet tail!
And money the sperm fluid of it all.
One nurse brings in

A green drink, one a blue.
They rise on either side of him like stars.
The two drinks flame and foam.

O, sister, mother, wife,
Sweet Lethe is my life.
I am never, never, never coming home!

MIRROR

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.
Whatever I see I swallow immediately
Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.
I am not cruel, only truthful—
The eye of a little god, four-cornered.
Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.
It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long
I think it is a part of my heart. But it flickers.
Faces and darkness separate us over and over.

Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,
Searching my reaches for what she really is.
Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.
I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.
She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.
I am important to her. She comes and goes.
Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.
In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old
woman
Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.

AMONG THE NARCISSI

Spry, wry, and gray as these March sticks,
Percy bows, in his blue pea jacket, among the narcissi.
He is recuperating from something on the lung.

The narcissi, too, are bowing to some big thing;
It rattles their stars on the green hill where Percy
Nurses the hardship of his stitches—and walks and walks.

There is a dignity to this; there is a formality:
The flowers vivid as bandages, and the man mending.
They bow and stand; they suffer such attacks!

And the octogenarian loves the little flocks.
He is quite blue; the terrible wind tries his breathing.
The narcissi look up like children, quickly and whitely.

THE MOON AND THE YEW TREE

This is the light of the mind, cold and planetary.
The trees of the mind are black. The light is blue.
The grasses unload their griefs on my feet as if I were God,
Prickling my ankles and murmuring of their humility.
Fumey, spiritous mists inhabit this place
Separated from my house by a row of headstones.
I simply cannot see where there is to get to.

The moon is no door. It is a face in its own right,
White as a knuckle and terribly upset.
It drags the sea after it like a dark crime; it is quiet
With the O-gape of complete despair. I live here.
Twice on Sunday, the bells startle the sky—
Eight great tongues affirming the Resurrection.
At the end, they soberly bong out their names.

The yew tree points up. It has a Gothic shape.
The eyes lift after it and find the moon.
The moon is my mother. She is not sweet like Mary.
Her blue garments unloose small bats and owls.
How I would like to believe in tenderness—
The face of the effigy, gentled by candles,
Bending, on me in particular, its mild eyes.

I have fallen a long way. Clouds are flowering,
Blue and mystical over the face of the stars.
Inside the church, the saints will be all blue,
Floating on their delicate feet over the cold pews,
Their hands and faces stiff with holiness.
The moon sees nothing of this. She is bald and wild.
And the message of the yew tree is blackness—blackness
and silence.

—Sylvia Plath (1932–1963)

THE RAGMAN'S DAUGHTER

I WAS walking home with an empty suitcase one night, an up-to-date pigskin zip job I was fetching back from a pal who thought he'd borrowed it for good, and two plainclothes coppers stopped me. They questioned me for twenty minutes, then gave up and let me go. While they had been talking to me, a smash-and-grab had taken place around the corner, and ten thousand nicker had vanished into the wide open spaces of somebody who needed it.

That's life. I was lucky my suitcase had nothing but air in it. Sometimes I walk out with a box of butter and cheese from the warehouse I work at, but for once that no-good God was on my side—trying to make up for the times He's stabbed me in the back, maybe. But if the coppers had had a word with me a few nights later they'd have found me loaded with high-class provisions.

My job is unloading cheeses as big as beer barrels off lorries that come in twice a week from the country. They draw in at the side door of the warehouse, and me and a couple of mates roll our sleeves up and shoulder them slowly down the gangplank into the special part set aside for cheeses. We once saw, after checking the lists, that there was one cheese extra, so we decided to share it out between a dozen of us and take it home to our wives and families. The question came up as to which cheese we should get rid of, and the charge hand said, "Now, all look around for the cheese that the rats have started to go for, and that's the one we'll carve between us, because you can bet your bottom dollar that that's the best."

He was right. It was a load of choice Dalbeattie, and I'd never tasted any cheese so delicious. For a long time my wife or kid would say, "When are you going to get us some more of that marvellous cheese, Tony?" And whatever I did take after that never seemed to satisfy them, though every time I went out with a chunk of cheese or a fist of butter I was risking my job, such as it is. Once for a treat I actually bought a piece of Dalbeattie from a shop, but they knew it wasn't stolen, so it didn't taste as good as the other that the rats had pointed out to us. It happens now and again at the warehouse that a bloke takes some butter and the police nab him. They bring him back and he gets the push. Fancy getting the push for half a pound of butter! I'd be ashamed to look my mates in the eye again, and would be glad I'd got the sack, so's I wouldn't have to.

The first thing I stole was at infants' school when I was five. They gave us cardboard coins to play with—pennies, shillings, half crowns, stiff and almost hard to bend—that we were supposed to exchange for bricks and pieces of chalk. This lesson was called "Buying and Selling." Even at the time, I remember feeling that there was something not right about the game, yet only pouting and playing it badly because I wasn't old enough to realize what it was. But when I played well I ended up the loser, until I learned quickly that one can go beyond skill. At the end of the next afternoon, I kept about half a dozen of the coins (silver, I noticed later) in my pocket when the teacher came round to collect them back.

"Some is missing," she said, in that plummy voice that sent shivers down my spine and made me want to give them up. But I resisted my natural inclinations and held out. "Someone hasn't given their money back," she said. "Come along, children, own up, or I'll keep you in after all the other classes have gone home."

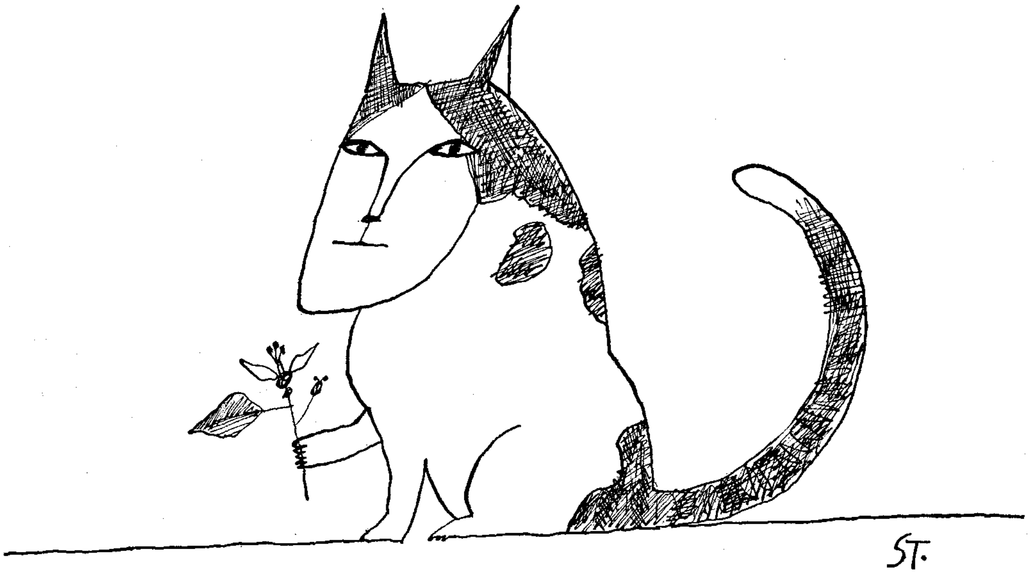
I was hoping she'd search me, but she kept us in for ten minutes, and I went home with my pockets full. That night I was caught by a shopkeeper trying to force the coins into his fag and chewing-gum machines. He dragged me home and the old man lammed into me. So, sobbing, up to bed, I learned at an early age that money meant trouble as well.

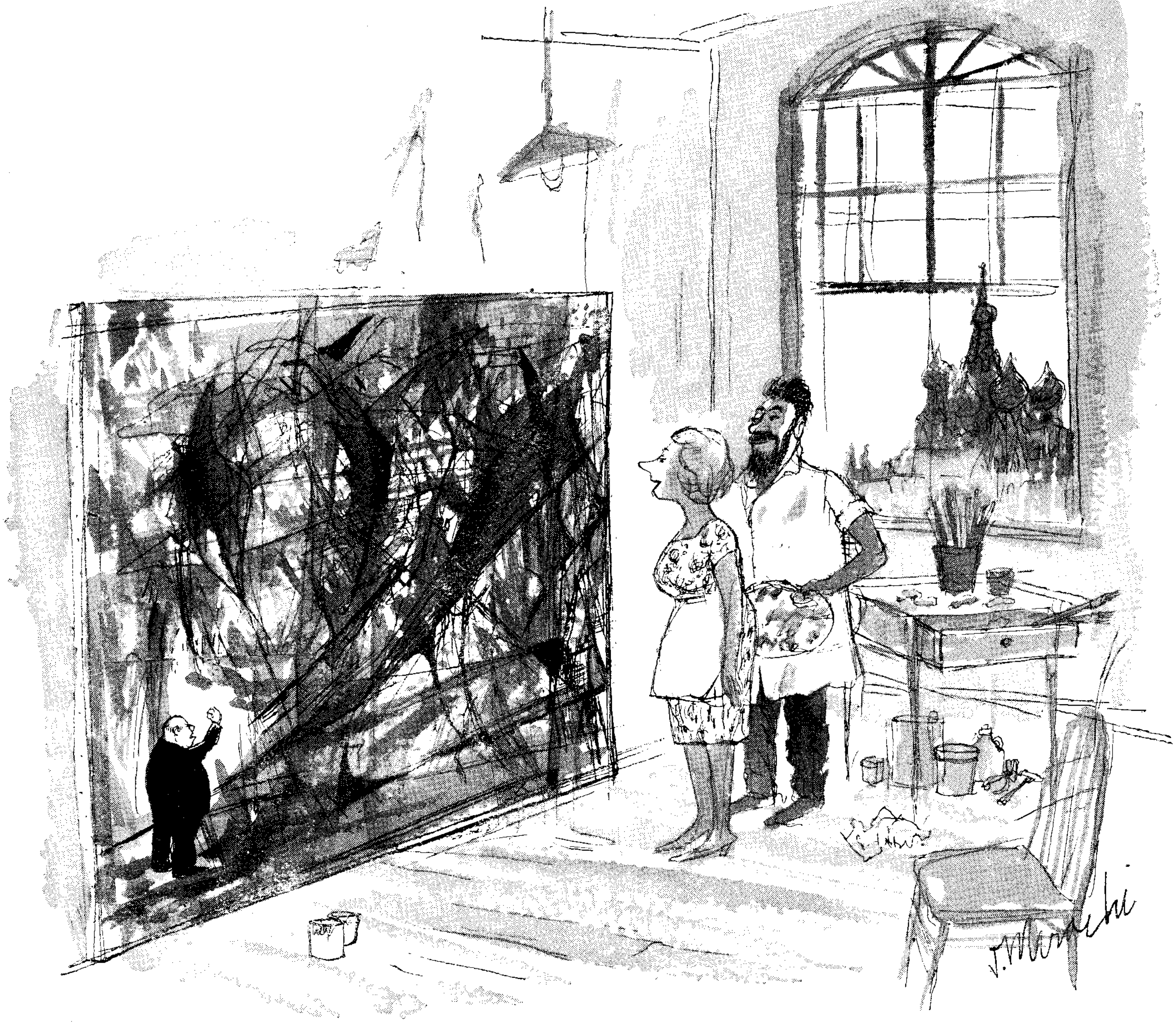
Next time at school I helped myself to bricks, but teacher saw my bulging pockets and took them back, then threw me into the playground, saying I wasn't fit to be at school. This showed me that it was always safest to go for money.

Once, an uncle asked what I wanted to be when I grew up, and I answered "A thief." He bumped me, so I decided, whenever anybody else asked that trick question, to say "An honest man" or "An engine driver." I stole money from my mother's purse, or odd coppers left lying around the house for gas or electricity, and so I got batted for that as well as for saying I wanted to be a thief when I grew up. I began to see that really I was getting clobbered for the same thing, which made me keep my trap shut on the one hand and not get caught on the other.

In spite of the fact that I nicked whatever I could lay my hands on without too much chance of getting caught, I didn't like possessing things. Suits, a car, watches—as soon as I nicked something and got clear away I lost interest in it. I broke into an office and came out with two typewriters, and after having them at home for a day I borrowed a car and dropped them over Trent Bridge one dark night. If the cops cared to dredge the river about there they'd get a few surprises. What I like most is the splash stuff makes when I drop it in; that plunge into water of something heavy—a TV set, a cash register and once, best of all, a motorbike—makes a dull exploding noise and has the same effect on me as booze (which I hate) because it makes my head spin. Even a week later, riding on a bus, I'll suddenly twitch and burst out laughing at the thought of it, and some posh trot will tut-tut, saying, "These young men! Drunk at eleven in the morning! What they want is to be in the army."

If I lost all I have in the





"You might just get away with it."

• •

world I wouldn't worry much. If I was to go across the road for a packet of fags one morning and come back to see the house clapping its hands in flames, with everything I owned burning inside, I'd turn my back without any thought or regret and walk away, even if my jacket and last ten-bob note were in the flames as well.

What I'd like, believe it or not, is to live in a country where I didn't like thieving and where I didn't want to thieve, a place where everybody felt the same way because they all had only the same as everyone else, even if it wasn't much. Jail is a place like this, though it's not the one I'd find agreeable, because you aren't free there. The place that fills my mind would be the same as in jail because everybody would have the same, but being free as well they wouldn't want to nick what bit each had got. I don't know what sort of system that would be called.

While as a youth I went out with girls, I used to like thieving more. The best of all was when I got a young girl to come thieving with me. The right sort was better than any mate I could team up with—more exciting and safe.

I met Doris outside a fish-and-chip shop on Ilkeston Road. Going in to get a supply for supper she dropped her purse, and a few obstinate shekels rolled into the road. "Don't worry," I said, "I'll find them, duck."

A couple of other youths wanted to help, but I got one by the elbow. "Bale out. She's my girl friend. You'll get crippled for life."

"All right, Tony," he laughed. "I didn't know it was you."

I picked her money up—"This is the lot"—and followed her into the light of the fish-and-chip shop where I could see what she was made of. "I'm going for some chips as well," I said, so as not to put her off.

"Thanks for getting my money. I have butterfingers sometimes." Her hair was the color of butter, yellow and reaching for her shoulders, where my hands wanted to be. We stood in the queue. I'd just eaten a bundle of fish-and-chips downtown, so even the smell in this joint turned my guts. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" I asked.

"You might, for all I know. I've been around nearly as long as you have."

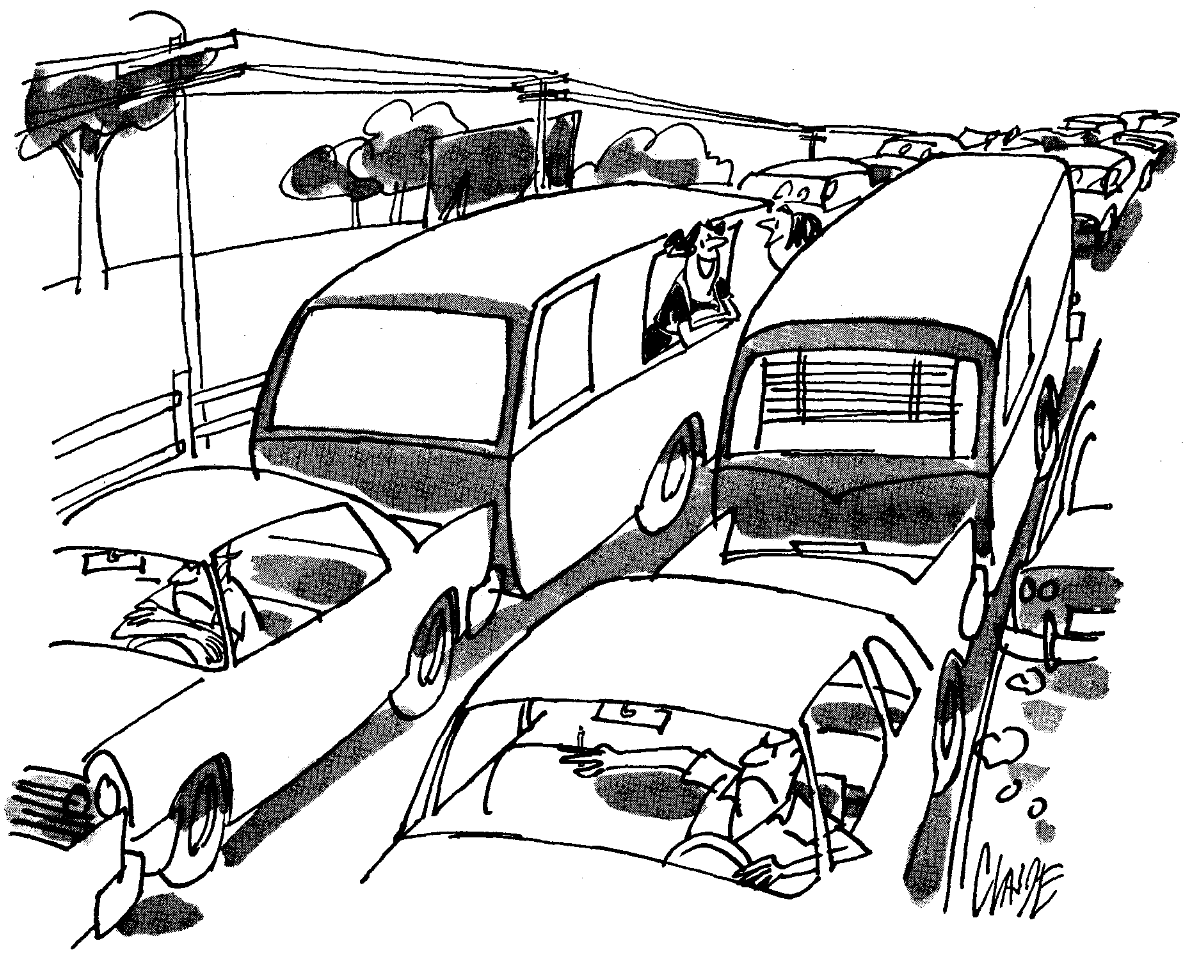
"Where do you live, then?"

"Up Churchfield Lane."

"I'll see you home."

"You won't."

She was so fair and good-looking that I almost lost heart, though not enough to stop me answering, "You might drop your purse again." I didn't know whether I'd passed her on the



"It's been so nice talking to you. If you're ever in Bloomfield, be sure to look us up."

street sometime, dreamed about her, or seen her drifting across the television screen in a shampoo advertisement between "Blood Gun" and "The Kremlin Strikes Again." Her skin was smooth, cheeks a bit meaty, eyes blue, small nose, and lips also fleshy but wearing a camouflage of orange-colored lipstick that made me want to kiss them even more than if it had been flag red. She stood at the counter with a vacant, faraway look in her eyes, the sort that meant she had a bit more thought in her rather than the other way round. She gave a little sniff at the billowing clouds of chip steam that were doubled in size because of mirrors behind the sizzling bins. It was impossible to tell whether or not she liked the smell.

"You're a long way from Churchfield Lane," I said. "Ain't you got chip shops up that part?"

"Dad says they do good fish here," she told me. "So I come to get him some as a favor."

"It's better at Rawson's though, downtown. You ought to let me take you there sometime—for a supper. You'd enjoy it."

It was her turn at the counter. "I'm busy these days. Two shillings' worth of chips and six fish, please."

"Where do you work, then?"

"I don't."

I laughed. "Neither do I."

She took her bundle—"Thank you very much"—and turned to me. "You won't be able to take me out then, will you?"

I edged a way back to the door, and we stood on the pavement. "You're a torment, as well as being good-looking. I've still got money, even if I don't go to work right now." We walked across the road, and all the time I was waiting for her to tell me to skid, hoping she would yet not wanting her to.

"Does it fall from heaven, then?"

"No, I nick it."

She half believed me. "I'll bet you do. Where from?"

"It all depends. Anywhere." I could already see myself talking her the whole way home—if I kept my trap flapping.

"I've never stolen anything in my life," she said, "but I've often wanted to."

"If you stick around I'll show you a few things."

She laughed. "I might be scared."

"Not with me. We'll go out one night and see what we can do."

"Fast worker. We could do it for kicks, though."

"It's better to do it for money," I said, dead strict on this.

"What's the difference? It's stealing."

I'd never thought about it this way before. "Maybe it is. But it's still not the same."

"If you do it for kicks," she went on, "you don't get caught so easily."

"There's no point in doing something just for kicks," I argued. "It's a waste."

"Well," she said, "I'll tell you what. You do it for money, and I'll do it for kicks. Then we'll both be satisfied."

"Fine," I said, taking her arm. "That sounds reasonable."

She lived in a big old house up Churchfield Lane, and I even got a kiss out of her before she went into the garden and called me a soft good night. "Doris," she had said. "My name's Doris."

I THOUGHT she was joking about stealing stuff for kicks, but I met her a few days later outside a cinema, and when the show was over and we stood by a pavement where five roads met, she said, "I suppose you just prowl around until you see something that's easy and quiet."

"More or less"—not showing my surprise. "It might be a bit harder than that though." I held up a jackknife that looked like a hedgehog, with every blade splayed out. "That one ain't for opening pop bottles, and this one ain't for getting stones out of horses' hoofs, either. A useful little machine, this is."

"I thought you used hairgrips?" She was treating it like a joke, but I said, deadpan, "Sometimes. Depends on the lock." A copper walked across the road toward us, and with every flat footstep I closed a blade of the knife, slipping it into my pocket before he was halfway over. “Come on,” I said, lighting a fag and heading toward Berridge Road.

The overhead lights made us look t.b., as if some big government nob had made a mistake on the telephone and had too much surplus milk tipped into the sea. We even stopped talking at the sight of each other's fag-ash faces, but after a while the darker side streets brought us back to life, and every ten yards I got what she'd not been ready to give on the back seat of the pictures—a fully-fledged, passionate kiss. Into each went all my wondering at why a girl like this should want to come out on nightwork with a lout called me.

“You live in a big house,” I said when we walked on. “What does your old man do?”

“He's a scrap dealer.”

“Scrap dealer?” It seemed funny, somehow. “No kidding?”

“You know—rag and metal merchant. Randall's, on Orston Road.”

I laughed, because during my life as a kid that was the place I'd taken scrap iron and jam jars, lead and woollens to, and her old man was the bloke who'd traded with me—a dead-beat skinflint with a pound-note sign between his eyes and breathing money all over the place. Dead at the brain and guts, the fat gett drove a maroon Jaguar while wearing an old lounge suit. I'd seen him one day scatter a load of kids in the street, pumping that screaming button-hooter before he got too close, and as they bulleted out of his way throw a fistful of change after them. He nearly smashed into a lamppost because such sudden and treacherous generosity put him off his steering.

“What's funny about it?” she wanted to know.

“I'm surprised, that's all.”

“I told a girl at school once that my dad was a scrap dealer, and she laughed, just like you did. I don't see what's funny about it at all.”

“Try matching wits with me, Jackson, and I'll cut you to ribbons!”

You stupid bastard, I called myself, laughing for nothing when before you'd been getting marvellous kisses from her. A black cat shot through the light of a lamppost, taking my good luck with it.

“He's better off than most people, so maybe you laugh because you're jealous.”

“Not me,” I said, trying to make amends. “Another reason I laughed, if you want to know the truth, is that I've always wanted to be a scrap dealer, but so far I've never known how to get started. It was just the coincidence.” While she was wondering whether to believe me I tried changing the subject. “What sort of a school did you go to where they'd laugh at a thing like that?”

“I still go,” she said. “A grammar school. I leave at the end of the year though.”

A school kid, I thought. Still, she's a posh one, so she can be nearly seventeen, though she looks at least as old as me, which is eighteen and a half.

“I'll be glad to leave school anyway. I want to be independent. I'm always in top class though, so in a sense I like it as well. Funny.”

“You want to get a job, you mean?”

“Sure. Of course. I'll go to a secretarial college. Dad says he'd let me.”

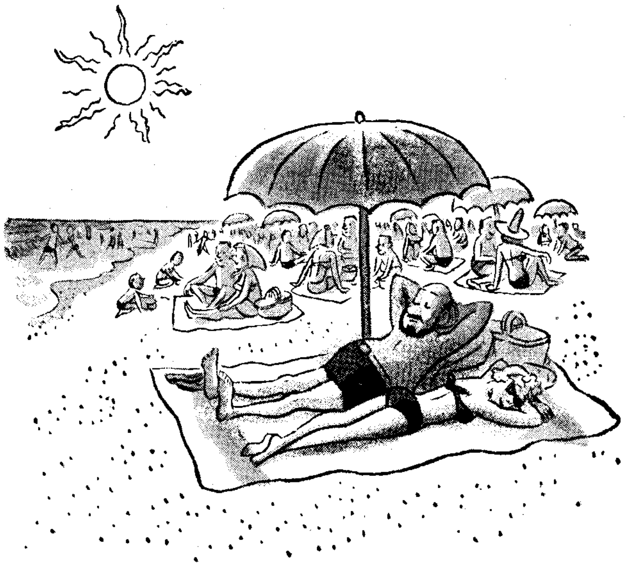
“Sounds all right. You'll be set for life, the way you're going.” We were walking miles, pacing innumerable streets out of our systems, a slow, arm-in-arm zigzag through the darkening neighborhood. It was a night full of star holes after a day of rain, a windy sky stretching into a huge flow over the rising ground of Forest Fields and Hyson Green and Basford, through Mapperley to Redhill, and carried away by some red double-decker loaded with colliers vanishing into the black night of Sherwood. We made a solitary boat in this flood of small houses packed together like the frozen teeth of sharp black waves, and as we went from one lighthouse lamppost to another the district seemed an even bigger stretch than the area I was born and brought up in.

An old woman stood on a doorstep saying “Have you got a fag, my duck? I'd be ever so grateful if you could manage it.” She looked about ninety, and when I handed her one she lit up as if ready to have a nervous breakdown. “Thanks, my love. I hope you'll be happy, the pair of you.”

“Same to you, Missis,” I said as we went off.

“Aren't old women funny?” Doris said.

We kissed at every corner, and whenever it seemed I might not she reminded me by a tug at my linked arm. She wore slacks and a head scarf, a three-quarter leather coat and flat-heeled lace-ups, as if this was her idea of a break-and-entry rig. She looked good in it, stayed serious and quiet for most of the walking, so that all we did now and again was move into a clinch for a good bout of tormenting kisses. She moaned softly sometimes, and I wanted to go farther than lipwork, but how could we in a solid



PARKING FIELD 9

wide-open street where someone walking through would disturb us? With the air so sweet and long-lasting, I knew it would be a stretch past her bedtime before she finally landed home that night. Yet I didn't care, felt awake and marvellous, full of love for all the world—meaning her first and then myself—and it showed in our kisses as we went at a slow rate through the streets, arms fast around each other like Siamese twins.

Across the main road stretched a wall covering the yard of a small car-body workshop. As soon as I saw it my left leg began trembling and the knee-cap of my right to twitch, so I knew this was the first place we'd go into together. I always got scared as soon as the decision was made, though it never took long for fright to get chased off as I tried to fathom a way into the joint.

I told Doris "You go to the end of the street and keep conk. I'll try to force this gate and I'll whistle if I do. If you see anybody coming walk back here and we'll cuddle up as if we're courting." She did as she was told, while I got to work on the gate lock, using first the bottle opener and then the nail file, then the spike. With a bit more play it snapped back, and I whistled. We were in the yard.

There was no word said from beginning to end. If I'd been doing it with a mate you'd have heard scufflings and mutterings, door rattlings and shoulder knocks, and the next thing we'd be in a cop car on our way to Guildhall. But now our limbs and eyes acted together, as if controlled by one person that was neither of us, a sensation I'd never known before. A side door opened and we went through a line of machines into a partitioned office to begin a quiet and orderly search. I'd been once in a similar place with a pal, and the noise as we pulled drawers and slung typewriters about, and took pot shots with elastic and paper clips at light bulbs was so insane that it made me stop and silence him as well after five minutes. But now there wasn't a scratch or click anywhere.

Still with no word, I walked to the door, and Doris came after me. In two seconds we were back on the street, leaning against the workshop wall, to fill each of our mouths with such kisses that I knew I loved her, and that from then on I was in the fire, floating, burning, feeling the two of us ready to explode if we didn't get out of this to where we could lie down. Nothing would stop us, not even if we fell into a river or a snowbank, because we already matched and fused together.

There was no gunning of feet from the factory so that a lawful passing pedestrian could suspect we were up to no good and squeal for the coppers. After five minutes' snogging we walked off, as if we'd just noticed how late it was and remembered we had to be at work in the morning. At the main road I said, "What did you get?"

She took a bundle of pound notes from her pocket. "This. What about you?"

I emptied a large envelope of postage stamps and checks. "Useless. You got the kitty then."

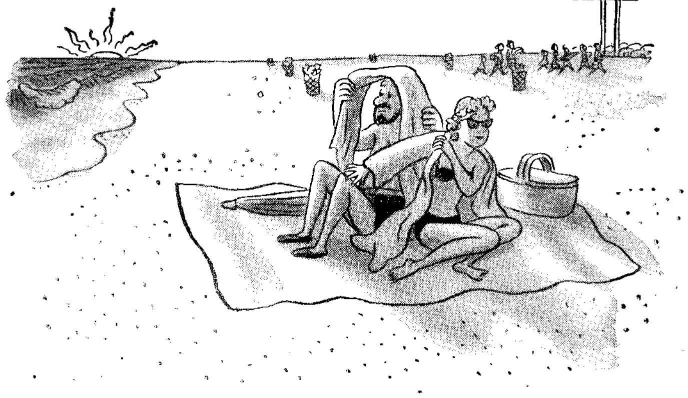
"I guess so," she said, not sounding too full of joy.

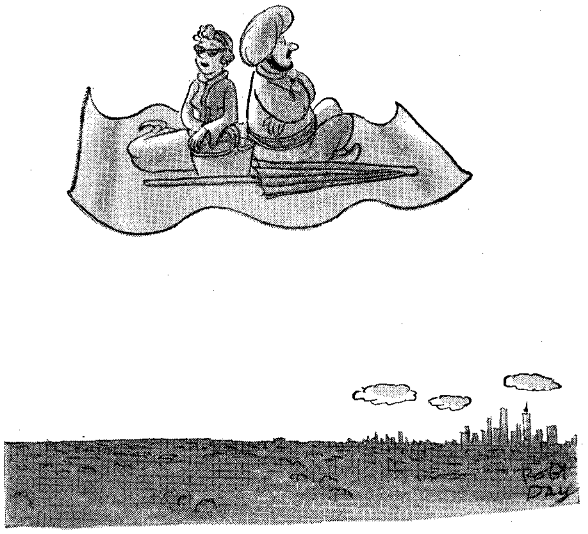
"Not bad for a beginner. A school kid as well!" I gave her half the stamps and she handed me half the money—which came to twenty quid apiece. We homed our way the couple of miles back, sticking one or two stamps (upside down) on each of the corners turned. "I don't write letters," I laughed. It was a loony action, but I have to do something insane on every job, otherwise there's no chance of getting caught, and if there's no chance of getting caught there's no chance of getting away. I explained this to Doris, who said she'd never heard such a screwy idea but that she was nearly convinced about it because I was more experienced than she was. Luckily the stamps ran out, otherwise the trail would have gone right through our back door, up the stairs, and into my bedroom, the last one on my pillow hidden by my stupid big head. I felt featherbrained and obstinate, knowing that even if the world rolled over me I wouldn't squash.

By the banks of the Leen at Bobber's Mill we got under the fence and went down where nobody could see us. It was after midnight, and quiet but for the sound of softly rolling cold water a few feet off, as black as heaven for the loving we had to do.

Doris called for me at home. She turned the corner and came down our cobbled street on a horse. My younger brother Paul ran in and said, "Come and look at this woman on a horse, our Tony," and having nothing better to do while waiting for Doris but flip through the *Mirror* I strode to the yard end. It was a warm day, dust in the wind making a lazy atmosphere around the eyes, smoke sneaking off at right angles to chimneys and telly masts. By the pavement I looked down the street and saw nothing but a man going across to the shop in shirtsleeves and braces, then, swivelling my eyes the other way I saw this girl coming down the street on a walking horse.

It was a rare sight, because she was beautiful, had blond hair like Lady Godiva except that she was dressed in





riding slacks and a white shirt that set a couple of my Ted mates whistling at her, though most stayed quiet with surprise—and envy when the horse pulled up at our yard end and Doris on it said hello to me. It was hard to believe that last night we'd broken into a factory—seemed even more far gone than in a dream, though what we'd done later by the river was real enough, especially when I caught that smell of scent and freshness as she bent down from the horse's neck. "Why don't you come in for a cup of tea? Bring your horse in for a crust as well."

It was a good filly, the color of best bitter, with eyes like priceless damsons that were alive because of the reflector light in them. The only horses we'd seen on our street—pulling coal carts or bread vans—had gone to the knackers' yards years ago. I took the bridle and led it up the yard, Doris talking softly from high up and calling it Marian, guiding it over the smooth stones. A man came out of a lavatory and had a fit in his eyes when he nearly bumped into it. "It wain't bite you, George," I laughed.

"I'll have it for Sunday dinner if it does," he said, stalking off.

"It wain't be the first time," I called. My mother was washing clothes at the scullery sink, and it pushed its head to the window for a good look—until she glanced up. "Tony! What have you got there?"

"Only a horse, Mam!" I shouted back. "It's all right, I ain't nicked it"—as she came out drying her hands.

"A friend of mine come to see me," I told her, introducing Doris, who dropped to her proper size on the asphalt. My mother patted the horse as if it were a stray dog, then went in for a piece of bread. She'd been brought up in the country and liked animals.

"We had a good time last night," I said to Doris, thinking about it.

"Not bad. What shall we do with the money?"

"Spend it."

"Funny," she said. "But what on?"

"How much does a horse cost?" I asked, tapping its nose.

Our fence was rickety, looked as if it would fall down when she tethered the horse to it.

"I'm not sure. Dad got me Marian. More than twenty pounds, though." I was disappointed, had pictured us riding in the country, overland to Langley Mill and Matlock Bath without using a road once, the pair of us making a fine silhouette on some lonely skyline. Then as on the film we'd wind our way far down into the valley and get lodgings at a pub or farmhouse. Bit by bit we'd edge to Scotland and maybe at the end of all our long wanderings by horse we'd get a job as man and wife working a lighthouse. It would be set on a rock far out at sea, the waves would bash at it like mountains of snow, and we'd keep the light going, still loving each other and happy even though we hadn't had a letter or lettuce in six months.

The sun shone over our back yards, and I was happy anyway. "I'll just get rid of my dough, enjoy myself. I'm out of work, so it'll keep me for a month."

"I hope we don't have to wait that long before doing it again," she said, brushing her hair back.

"We'll go tonight, if you like. I'll bet the coppers don't know we went into that factory yet." My mother came out with a bag of crusts for the horse. "I've just made a pot of tea," she said. "Go and pour it, Tony."

When we got behind the door I pulled Doris to me and kissed her. She kissed me as well. Not having to chase and fight for it made it seem like real love.

WE went on many "expeditions," as Doris called them. I even got a makeshift job at a factory in case anybody should wonder how I was living. Doris asked if it would be O.K. to bring a school pal with us one night, and this caused our first argument. I said she was loony to think of such a thing, and did she imagine I was running a school for bleeding crime, or summat? I hoped she hadn't mentioned our prowling nights to anybody else—though she hadn't, as it turned out, and all she'd wanted was to see if this particular girl at her school would be able to do this sort of job as cool as she could. "Well, drop it," I said, sharp. "We do all right by oursens, so let's keep it to oursens."

Having been brought up as the ragman's daughter and never wanting for dough she had hardly played with the kids in the street. She hadn't had much to do with those at school either, for they lived mostly in new houses and bungalows up Wollaton and would never come to Radford to call on her. So she'd been lonely in a way I never had been.

Her parents lived in a house up Churchfield Lane, a big ancient one backing its yards (where the old man still kept some of his scrap mountains) onto the Leen. Her dad had worked like a navvy all day and every day of his life, watching each farthing even after he was rich enough to retire like a lord. I don't know what else he could have done. Sucked ice cream at the seaside? Gardened his feet off? Fished himself to death? He preferred to stick, by sun, moon, or electric light, sorting metal or picking a bone with his own

1763
BTOBEY

"Hey! Here's a real oldie!"

• •

strength. Being a big and satisfied man, that was all he felt like doing, and who could blame him? Doris told me he was mean with most things, though not with her. She could have what she liked.

"Get a hundred, then," I said.

But she just smiled and thought that wouldn't be right, that she'd only have from him what he gave her because she liked it better that way.

Every weekend she came to our house, on her horse except when the weather was bad. If nobody else was in she fastened her steed to the fence and we went up to my bedroom and had the time of our lives. She had a marvellous figure, small breasts for her age, yet wide hips, as if they'd finished growing before anything else of her. I always had the idea she felt better out of her clothes, realizing maybe that no clothes, even if expensive like gold, could ever match her birthday suit for a perfect fit that was always the height of fashion. We'd put a few Presleys low on my record-player and listen for a while with nothing on, getting drowsy and warmed up under the usual talk and kisses. Then we'd sit and talk more before Mam or Dad came in and shouted up that tea was ready. When on a quiet day the horse shuffled and whinnied, it was like being in a cottage bedroom, alone with her and in the country. If it was sunny and warm as well and a sudden breeze pushed air into the room and flipped a photo of some pop singer off the shelf and fell softly at our bare skins, I'd feel like a stallion, as fit and strong as a buck African.

People got used to seeing her ride down the street and they'd say, "Hello, duck," adding, "He's in"—meaning me—"I just saw him come back from the shop with a loaf." George Clark asked when I was going to get married, and when I shouted that I didn't know, he laughed: "I expect you've got to find a place big enough for the horse as well." At which I told him to mind his own business.

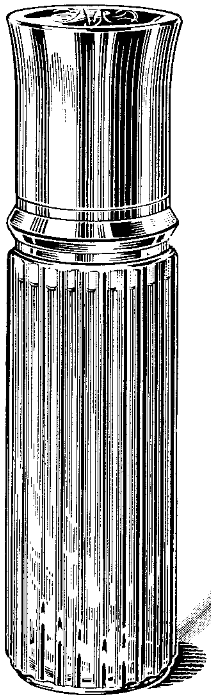
Yet people were glad that Doris rode down our street on a horse, and I sensed that because of it they even looked up to me more—or maybe they only noticed me in a different way to being carted off by the coppers. Doris was pleased when a man coming out of the bookies called after her, "Hey up, Lady Luck!"—waving a five-pound note in the air.

Often we'd go downtown together, ending up at the pictures, or in a pub over a bitter or Babycham. But nobody dreamed what we got up to before finally parting for our different houses. If

Royal Secret

SPRAY CONCENTRÉE

Sweetest way to start the day—robed in a golden fragrance that clings for hours to make your presence a sheer delight. Fluted glass aerosol holds two ounces of precious concentrated fragrance.



Germaine Monteil

© 1963, HARBURT, A DIVISION OF CHESTNUT HILL INDUSTRIES ALSO IN TORONTO, CANADA

When so much devotion is felt for certain clothes, there's a reason. These American classics are so true to themselves that not a seam, button or dart should ever be anything but what it is. Wool kiltie culotte. 8 to 18. About $15. Full-fashioned, imported Shetland wool sweater. 34 to 40. About $12. Fortrel® polyester and cotton blouse. Sizes 6 to 18. About $7. At B. Altman & Co., New York and branches, or write, Harburt, 1407 Broadway, New York 18.

we pinched fags or food or clothes we'd push what was possible through the letter box of the first house we came to, or if it was too big we'd leave good things in litter bins for some poor tramp or tatter to find. We were hardly ever seen and never caught on these expeditions, as if love made us invisible, ghosts without sound walking hand in hand between dark streets until we came to some factory, office, lockup shop or house that we knew was empty of people, and every time this happened I remember the few seconds of surprise, not quite fear, at both of us knowing exactly what to do. I would stand a moment at this surprise—thankful though waiting for it to go—until she squeezed my hand and I was moving again, to finish getting in.

I was able to buy a motorbike, a second-hand powerful speedster, and when Doris called she'd leave her horse in our back yard, and we'd nip off for a machine spin toward Stanton Ironworks, sliding into a full ton—a hundred miles per flying hour—once we topped Balloon House Hill and had a few miles of straight and flat laid out for us like an airport runway. Slag heaps looked pale blue in summer, full triangles set like pyramid targets way ahead, and I'd wing toward them between leaf hedges of the country road, hoping they'd keep that far-off vacant color, as if they weren't real. They never did though, and I lost them at a dip and bend, and when next in sight they were gray and useless and scabby, too real to look good any more.

On my own, I rode with learner's plates and took a test so as to get rid of them on the law's side of the law, but I didn't pass, because I never was good at examinations. Roaring along, with Doris straight as goldenrod behind, and hearing noises in the wind tunnel I made whisper sweet nothings into our four earholes was an experience we loved, and I'd shout, "You can't ride this fast on a horse!"—and listen to the laugh she gave, which meant she liked to do both.

She once said, "Why don't we go on an expedition on your bike?" and I answered, "Why don't we do one on your hoss?"—adding, "Because it'd spoil everything, wouldn't it?"

She laughed. "You're cleverer than I think."

"No kidding," I said, sarcastic. "If only you could see yoursen as I can see you, and if only I could see mysen as you can see me, things would be plainer for us, wouldn't they?"

I couldn't help talking. We'd stopped the bike and were leaning on a canal bridge, with nothing but trees and a narrow lane round about, and the green-glass water of the canal below. Her arm was over my shoulder, and my arm was around her waist. "I wonder if they would?" she said.

"I don't know. Let's go down into them trees."

"What for?"

"Because I love you."

She laughed again. "Is that all?"—then took my arm. "Come on then."

We played a game for a long time in our street, where a gang of us boys held fag lighters in a fair wind, flicking them on and off and seeing which light stayed on longest. It was a stupid game because everything was left to chance, and though this can be thrilling you can't help but lose by it in the end. This game was all the rage for weeks, before we got fed up, or our lighters did, I forget which. Sooner or later, every lighter goes out or gives in, or a wind in jackboots jumps from around the corner and kicks it flat—and you get caught under the avalanche of the falling world.

One summer's weekend we waited in a jukebox coffee bar for enough darkness to settle over the streets before setting out. Doris wore jeans and sweatshirt, and I was without a jacket because of the warm, clear night. Also due to the warmth we didn't walk the miles we normally did before nipping into something, which was a pity because a lot of hoofwork put our brains and bodies into tune for such quiet jobs, relaxed and warmed us so that we became like cats, alert and ready at any warning sound to duck or scram. Now and again the noise of the weather had hidden us—thunder, snow, drizzle, wind, or even the fact that clouds above seemed to make enough noise for us to operate more safely than on this night of open sky with a million ears and eyes of copper stars cocked and staring. Every footstep deafened me, and occasionally on our casual stroll we stopped to look at each other, stand a few seconds under the wall of a sidelit empty street, then walk on hand in hand. I wanted to whistle (softly) or sing a low tune to myself, for though I felt uneasy at the open dumb night, it was also the kind of night that left me confident and full of energy, and when these things joined I was apt to get a bit reckless. But I held back, slowed my heart, and took in every detail of each same street—so as to miss no opportunity, as they drummed into us at school. "I feel as if I've had a few," I said, in spite of my resolution.

"So do I."

"Or as if we'd just been up in my room together."

"I don't feel like going far, though," she said.

"Tired, duck?"

"No, but let's go home. I don't feel like it tonight."

I wondered what was wrong with her, and I said, "I'll walk you back and we'll call it a day."

In the next street I saw a gate leading to the rear yard of a shop, and I was too spun up to go home without doing anything at all. "Let's just nip in here. You needn't come, duck. I wain't be five minutes."

"O.K." She smiled, though my face was already set at that loot barrier. It wasn't very high, and when I was on top she called, "Give me a hand up."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am." It was the middle of a short street, and lampposts at either end didn't shed radiance this far up. I got to the back door and, in our usual quiet way, the lock was forced and we stood in a smell of leather, polish, and cardboard boxes. "It's a shoeshop," Doris said.

I felt my path across the storehouse behind the selling part of the shop, by racks and racks of shoeboxes, touching paper and balls of string on a corner table. We went round it in the dark like blind people a couple of times, just to be sure we didn't miss a silent cashbox cringing and holding its breath as our fingers went by. People on such jobs often miss thousands through hurrying or thinking the coppers are snorting down their necks. My old man insists I get the sack from one firm after another because I'm not thorough enough in my work, but if he could have seen me on this sort of task he'd have to think again.

There was nothing in the back room. I went into the shop part and in ten seconds flat was at the till, running my fingers over them little plastic buttons as if I was going to write a letter to my old man explaining just how thorough I could be at times. To make up for the coming small clatter of noise I held my breath—hoping both would average out to make it not heard. A couple of no-good night owls walked by outside, then I turned the handle and felt the till drawer thump itself into my guts. It's the best punch in the world, like a tabby cat boxing you with its paw, soft and loaded as it slides out on ball-bearing rollers.

My hand made the lucky dip, lifted a wad of notes from under a spring

WHERE THE WORLD MEETS... *INTERCONTINENTAL* STYLE

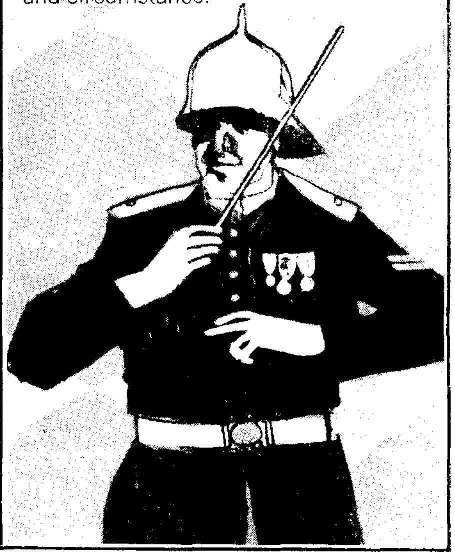
Among the reasons our 22 Intercontinental Hotels have won renown are their sites, and sights. Below, a look at just 4:

WAY UP IN PONCE TOWN. Awash with a soft Caribbean breeze, our *El Ponce Intercontinental* commands a hilltop over the old-world elegance of Ponce... breakfast by the pool, Latin rhythms in the evenings, and a leisurely pace that is truly a vacation.

AFTER THE BULLFIGHTS IN BOGOTÁ ...matadors retire to the Chispas Bar at our magnificent *Hotel Tequendama.* There, amid the glitter of old coins, they talk of the bulls, veronicas, and the soul.

5 O'CLOCK IN SANTO DOMINGO. At the poolside terrace of our *El Embajador Intercontinental,* the rum is chilled, the breeze is from the Caribbean, and the orchestra warms to the setting sun.

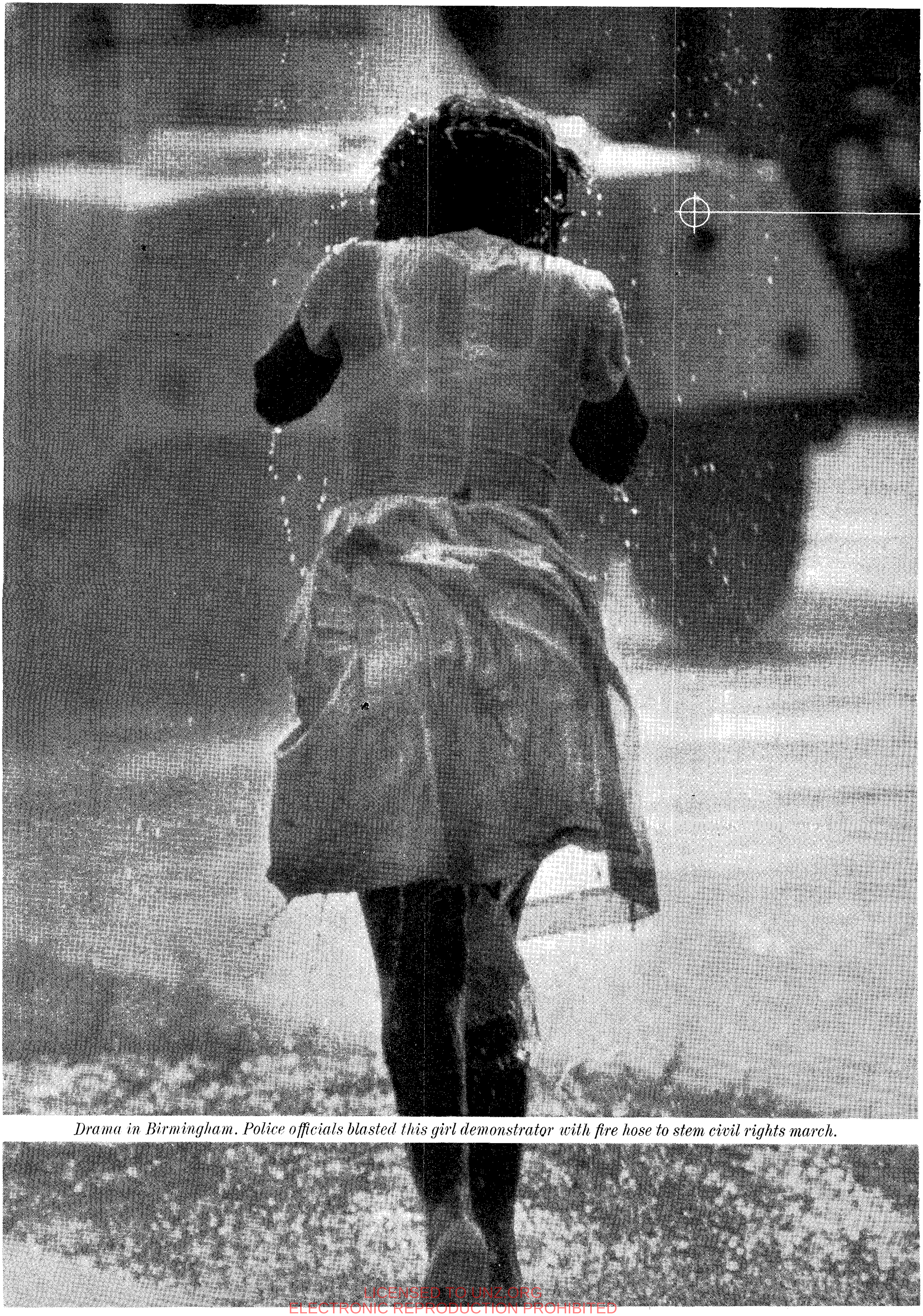
IN THE MIDST OF MELBOURNE. Drive into our *Southern Cross* if you like—the parking is free and underground. Above, there's that free-wheeling Australian spirit with just a touch of English pomp and circumstance.



Where in the world does Intercontinental greet you with such exotic pleasures and familiar comforts? Abidjan, Barranquilla, Beirut, Belém, Bogotá, Caracas, Cork, Curaçao, Djakarta, Dublin, Frankfurt, Hong Kong, Limerick, Maracaibo, Melbourne, Mexico City, Monrovia, Montevideo, Ponce, San Salvador, Santo Domingo, Singapore. RESERVATIONS: Call your Travel Agent, Intercontinental or Pan Am; for brochure on any Intercontinental Hotel, write Joan Sanders, Intercontinental, 200 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS

Robert Huyot, President



Drama in Birmingham. Police officials blasted this girl demonstrator with fire hose to stem civil rights march.

It matters...

When the Negroes revolt

The Negro Revolution—1963—has been reported in depth and with courage by the Post, because the editors believe it matters. It is among the most profound social upheavals in our history. Beyond the bloodshed and violence, its impact has been felt in less dramatic, but no less important, ways: in living habits and working conditions, manufacturing and marketing concepts, in the education of our children. It may be the overriding issue in the 1964 presidential campaign. Post editors were aware of the now flaming Negro militancy before it reached tinder point. Well in advance of the fury, the Post pinpointed the key battlefronts, then moved behind the scenes to reveal the battle plan and review the shock troops who would execute it: zealous youth groups; Martin Luther King; the fanatical Black Muslims and their chief, Malcolm X. When trouble started, the Post explained it with vivid, but judicious, articles by gifted writers who stressed the historical perspective, rather than the sporadic unfolding of news events. The Post added thrust to these articles with a series of tough-minded editorials urging light, not heat: understanding and moderation, rather than revolution and violence. The Post will continue to shed light on this social upheaval. Because it matters.

POST

300 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, San Francisco.

Hoover's Collar

VILLAGER's shift . . . with
Hoover's collar, upright, tidily
rounded. It adds an air of
alert and unimpeachable
rectitude to the otherwise
easygoing shift. Vycron polyester
with cotton creates the sleek
and liquid motion, effortless
as a cat walking. Olive, Blue,
or Cranberry . . . *matching*
non-essential spaghetti sash.
Sizes 6 to 16.

About eighteen dollars at
good stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York

©THE VILLAGER INC., 1963

weight, and the other scooped up silver, slid it into my pocket as if it were that cardboard money they used to lend us at infants' school to teach us how to be good shoppers and happy savers—not rattling good coin ready for grownups to get rid of. I went to the back room and stood by the exit to make sure all was clear.

The light went on, a brilliant blue strip light flooding every corner of the room. I froze like a frog that's landed in grass instead of water. When I could speak I said to Doris, "What did you do that for?"—too scared to be raving mad.

"Because I wanted to." She must have sensed how much I felt like bashing her, because she said, "Nobody can see it from the street"—which could have been true, but even so.

"Kicks are kicks," I said, "but this is a death trap."

"Scared?" she smiled.

"Just cool"—feeling anything but. "I've got about fifty quid in my pocket."

She stood against a wall of shoeboxes, and even a telly ad couldn't have gone deeper into my liver than the sight of Doris now. Yellow arms of light turned full on her left me in the shade—which was fine, for I expected to see the dead mug of a copper burst in at any moment. Yet even at that I wouldn't be able to care. I felt as if music was in my head wanting to get out, as if it had come to me because I was one of those chosen to spin it out to the world.

She didn't speak, stood to her full fair height and stared. I knew we were safe, that no copper would make any capture that night because the light she had switched on protected us both. We were cast-iron solid in this strongbox of shoes, and Doris knew it as well because when I couldn't help but smile she broke the spell by saying "I want to try some shoes on."

"What?"

"Maybe they've got some of the latest."

The idea was barmy, not so that I wanted to run like a shot stag out of the place but so that I could have done a handstand against the wall of boxes. I lifted out an armful and set them on the floor like dominoes. She chose one and opened it gently. I took up a box and split it down the middle. "Try these."

They were too small, a pair of black shiners with heels like toothpicks. "I wish the shopkeeper was here," she said, "then he could tell me where the best are. This is a waste of time."

I scoffed. "You don't want much, do you? You'd have to pay for them then. No, we'll go through the lot

THE
PERSIAN
ROOM

presents SUMMER...
with
Dorothy Sarnoff
as a midsummer night's dream
August 5 thru August 17
Mon. thru Thurs. 10 P.M.
Fri. & Sat. 9 & 11:45 P.M.
For reservations call:
PLaza 9-3000

THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

The definitive
portrait
is by Bachrach

48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233
Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men.

VIRTUTE NON VERBIS

Internationally Famous
Restaurant
with a tradition
of Elegance

HOTEL Shelburne

BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY
N.Y.C. DIRECT PHONE REctor 2-6586
2½ hours from N.Y.C., via
Garden State Pkway., exit 40

Fall and winter vacationers: if the Spring-like temperatures and low prices in Spain & Portugal don't tempt you...

skip No.1

1

Iberian Holiday. $525. 16 exciting days of sun and sightseeing in Spain and Portugal—for hardly more than you'd spend on an ordinary vacation "down South." The one low price covers everything: round-trip air fare on luxurious Swissair DC-8 Jetliners, first-class hotels, superb meals, sightseeing, tips, everything. Little wonder our Iberian Holiday has become the most popular fall-winter tour ever offered.

You start with a Swissair DC-8 jet flight to colorful, old world Lisbon. You visit famous monasteries, explore a tenth century Moorish castle, motorcoach to Estoril, famed beach and casino resort, stroll through tile-bedecked palaces. Then on into Spain. To the medieval walled city of Cáceres. To noble Madrid. (Shop for inlaid jewelry in nearby Toledo.) To Granada of the famed Alhambra. To Torremolinos on the blue Mediterranean for sunbathing, swimming. To Algeciras for a look at Gibraltar. To old Seville with its Arab minarets and ironwork gates. And much more! (November and January departures, $515.)

2

Italian Holiday. $649. 17 days of sightseeing and sun-following in Switzerland and Italy. Like the Iberian Holiday above, and like all Swissair European Holidays, the one low price covers every expense: jet flights, first-class hotels, superb meals, trips, tips. You start with a spectacular crossing of the Alps at St. Gotthard Pass to Milan of the Last Supper, and the La Scala Opera. To Florence with its Medici Chapel and tombs of Machiavelli and Michelangelo. To Assisi where you see the frescoes of Giotto and on to the Eternal City itself. Several days of feasting on the ancient and modern glories of Rome ... artistic, historic, religious. Cruise to Capri, famous island playland of Europe, and visit the Blue Grotto. Walk through the pages of ancient history at Pompeii and see Naples, Cassino, Pisa, Genoa, too.

3

Canary Islands Holiday. From $739. 17 days of touring, cruising and resorting... on the Holiday Islands that Europeans choose for their winter vacations. First, you wing by jet to Europe and pastel-colored Lisbon. Its echoing castles take you back to the Middle Ages. Its seaside resorts ring with today. You sail. Your ship, the M/V Funchal, parts the blue of the Atlantic to the island of Madeira. You call here to capture its beauty. (And shop for its famous lace.) Then you sail again. To the island of Tenerife, a semitropical bloom in the midst of a fantastically blue sea. Six full days here. Swimming. Golf. Tennis. Deep-sea fishing. Even skiing. And a bright sun for tanning and cool sweet shade for just lazying. Afterwards, you fly on to Madrid—to a small café and a Spanish finale to this memorable trip.

4

Holiday Cruises. From $794. Our Mediterranean Cruise gives you 17 days circling the Mediterranean from Italy to Israel and round through the Greek Isles. First by Swissair jet to Geneva; then to Nice and the French Riviera. To Marseilles, where you board the air-conditioned cruise ship, SS Cesaree, for a 12-day cruise with all the pleasures of shipboard life. Deck games, parties, films, dances, deck-chair sunning. Fascinating ports of call and sightseeing at Genoa, Naples, Pompeii, Crete, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Haifa, Nazareth, Athens, the Italian Riviera. Priced from $794.

Our African Sunshine Cruise, a 20-day land-sea trip, starts at Geneva. By air to Nice and the French Riviera. To Marseilles where you board the brand-new air-conditioned M/S Ancerville, and sail down the Spanish coast. To Casablanca. Canary Islands. Dakar. Inland excursions. Deck games. Sunning. Swimming. Excellent French cuisine. From $969.

5

Greek Holiday. $921. 16 days of discovery in Greece and Switzerland. You begin in Zurich, with time for shopping on the famous Bahnhofstrasse. You visit Lucerne, with its 14th century covered bridge and then on to Athens. You see the Acropolis and the Parthenon, the Temple of Zeus, the Byzantine Museum and the Stadium. At Sounion you visit the Temple of Poseidon overlooking the Aegean, travel on to Corinth, where St. Paul established a mission. To Olympia and Delphi, site of the famous oracle. Then a two-day excursion to the beautiful island of Rhodes... with a friendly sun, white sand beaches, a preserved walled city and relics of a Byzantine past.

6

Moroccan Holiday. $785. And will you ever wow the folks back home! A 17-day motorcoach caravan to the casbahs, market places and lush desert oases of Morocco. To Tangier and Casablanca, modern cities growing up side by side with ways of life unchanged for 1000 years. Exotic palaces and the splendor of Moorish architecture are everywhere. To Fès. To Marrakech. Cities out of the Arabian Nights. You see the magnificent Sahara Desert, bordered by snow-capped mountains. Watch colorful jugglers, storytellers and snake charmers in the teeming squares. Visit native potters and weavers; shop for carpets, mosaics, embroidery.

Three-week vacationers: you can make these 16- and 17-day European Holidays into magnificent three-week vacations with the simple addition of our low-cost Tour Extensions. Riviera, Paris, Mallorca, Venice—these and many more are included. For complete details, see your travel agent or mail coupon below.

SWISSAIR
SWISSCARE • WORLDWIDE

Swissair, 10 West 49th St., New York, N.Y.
I'd like to know more about your budget-priced Holidays to European and African sunlands, starting at $525 complete. Please send me illustrated brochures and day-to-day itineraries for the numbers circled.

1 Iberian Holiday
2 Italian Holiday
3 Canary Islands Holiday
4 Holiday Cruises
5 Greek Holiday
6 Moroccan Holiday

Name____________________

Address____________________

City & State____________________

____
(Name of your travel agent, if any.) N-83

All prices based on 21-day round-trip economy-class excursion fares from N. Y. effective Oct. 1. Departures from Chicago are priced slightly higher.

Whatever you wear,

wear it with

Flair
Flair
YARDLEY

The new fragrance by Yardley

and find a few pairs of Paris fashions."

"Not in this shop"—contemptuously slinging a pair of plain lace-ups to the other side of the room, enough noise to wake every rat from under the skirting board. From the ladder I passed down a few choice boxes, selecting every other, on the off chance of picking winners.

"I should have come in skirt and stockings," she said. "Then I could have told which ones suit me."

"Well, next time we go into a shoeshop I'll let you know. I'll wear evening suit, and we'll bring a transistor to do a hop with. Try these square-toes. They'll go well with slacks."

They fitted, but being the wrong color were hurled out with the other misfits. The room was scattered with shoes, looked as if one of them Yank hurricanes—Mabel or Edna or whatever you call them—had been hatched there, or as if a meeting of cripples and one-legs had been suddenly broken up by news of the four-minute ICBM warning. She still hadn't found the right pair, so went on looking as if she lived there, ordering shop-assistant me about, though I didn't mind, because it seemed like a game we were playing. "Why don't you find a pair for yourself?" she said.

"No, we'll get you fixed. I'm always well shod."

I knew that we were no longer safe in that shop and I sprang to switch off the light.

"You silly fool," she cried.

Darkness put us into another world, the real one we were used to, or that I was used to anyway, because it was hard to tell which sort of world Doris felt at home in. All she wanted, I sometimes thought, was a world with kicks, but I didn't fancy being for long at the mercy of a world in hobnail boots. Maybe it wore carpet slippers when dealing with her—though I shouldn't talk like this now that it's been over for so long.

"Why did you switch off the light?" she yelled.

"Come on, let's get outside."

We were in the yard, Doris without any pair of shoes except those she'd come out in that evening. The skyline ended for me at the top of the gate, for a copper was coming over it, a blue-black tree trunk bending toward us about twenty yards away. Doris was frozen like a rabbit. I pushed her toward some back sheds so that she was hidden between two of them before the copper, now in the yard, spotted the commotion.

He saw me, though. I dodged to another space, then ricocheted to the safe end of the yard, and when he ran at me, stinking of fags and beer, I made a nip

The Danish "Lige ud!" signals a driver to go "Straight there!" In enchanting Copenhagen, hasten through lanes of flowering parks, right to our door, where fine furs are always in bloom.

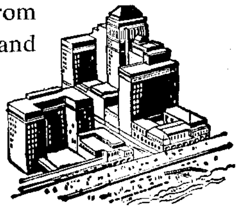
BIRGER CHRISTENSEN

COPENHAGEN'S LEADING FURRIERS SINCE 1869

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

LOCATION

We're an hour from Philadelphia, two hours from New York, and a thousand years from care. Care to join us?



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.

Leeds & Lippincott Co. . . . Progressive Innkeepers for 73 Years

For Reservations: Ask operator for 609-344-5131 collect

COOLIE BEACH JACKET

from the Orient

FINE COMBED COTTON $6. *Ppd.*

send for catalogue

Tel. JUDSON 2-3622

Coral
Gold
Red
Aqua
Black
White
Turquoise
Lime
Sand

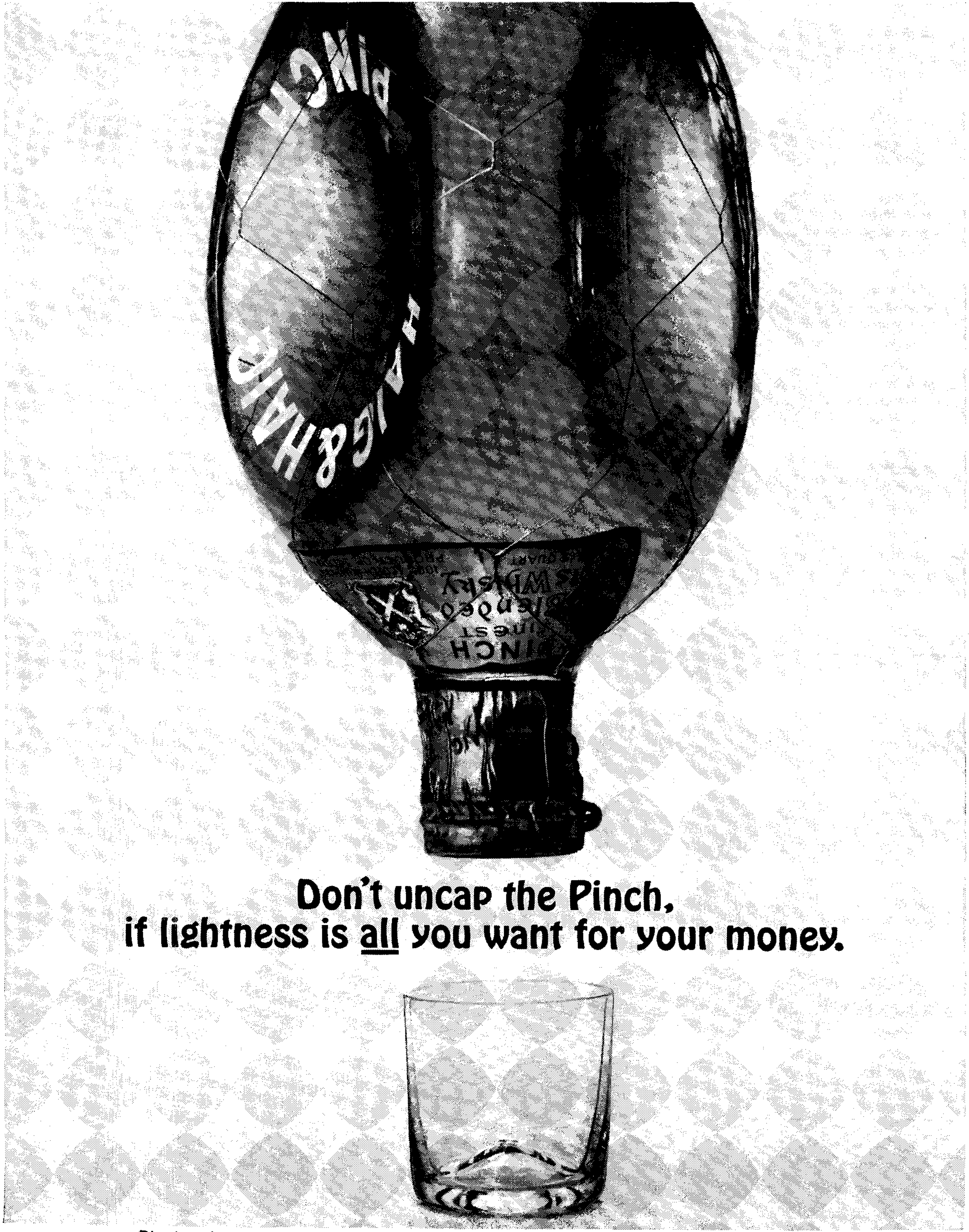
S-M-L

Tote basket . . . $4. ppd.

Penthouse Gallery

15 W. 55th St., Dept. 212, N.Y. 19, N.Y.

PINCH BY HAIG & HAIG, LTD., BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

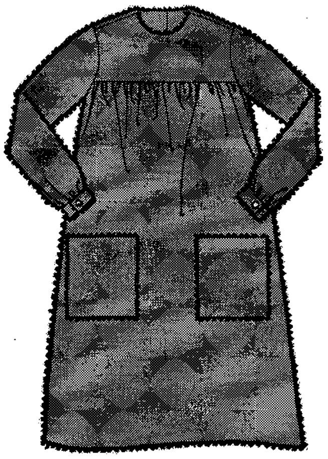


Don't uncap the Pinch, if lightness is all you want for your money.

Pinch refuses to follow the fad for lightness too far. So Pinch never loses character. With Pinch, you pay more; you get more of a Scotch. You get the fullness of body, the richness of character, the presence, that good Scotch was meant to have.

But then, what else would you expect from Pinch? Our distillery has been at it for more than 300 years. (People who prize Scotch pay the price for Pinch®.) $\$8^{90}$

Price elsewhere higher or lower depending on local taxes, etc. 4/5 Qt. N.Y. Price.

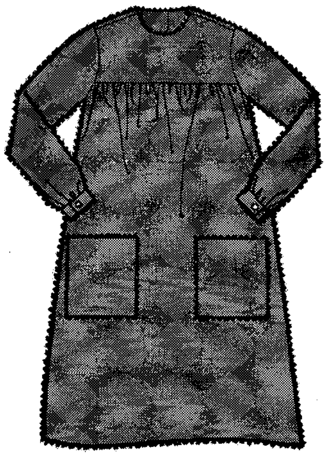


the honeybug

LADYBUG® expresses the Inner You. This relieves tension and depression caused by suburbia, urbia, exurbia, and the 20th century. They do exceptionally nice things for the Outer You too. Junior sizes. Write for your nearest shopkeeper. About $15.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 18



the honeybug

The feeling of it is artlessly innocent, with its long folds falling from a high yoke, demure as a little girl in a Swiss lycée. The look of it, however, is pure zingo. Blue chambray denim, with a madras sash for sometimes. 5 to 15. At your LADYBUG® shopkeeper. About $15.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

out of his long arms and was on the gate saddle before he could reach me.

"Stop, you little bogger!" he called. "I've got you!"

But all he had was one of my feet, and after a bit of tugging I left my shoe in the copper's hand. As I was racing clippity-clop, hop-skip-and-a-jump up the street I heard his boots rattling the boards of the gate as he got over—not, thank God, having twigged that Doris was in there and could now skip free.

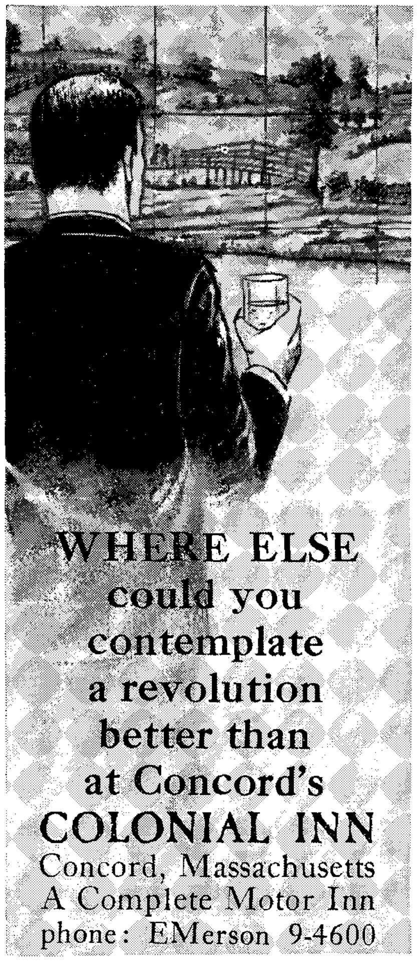
I was a machine, legs fastened to my body like nuts and bolts, arms pulling me along as I ran down that empty street. I turned each corner like a flashing tadpole, heart in my throat as I rattled the pavement so fast that I went from the eye of lamppost to lamppost in what seemed like no seconds at all. There was no worry in my head except the need to put a mile of zigzags between that copper and me. I'd stopped hearing him only a few yards from the shoeshop gate, but it seemed that half an hour passed before I had to give up running in case I blew to pieces from the bombs that seemed to be smoking in fifty different places of my flesh and blood.

Making noises like a crazy elephant, I walked, only realizing now that one of my shoes was missing. The night had fallen apart, split me and Doris from each other, and I hoped she'd made a getaway before the copper gave me up and went back to check on what I'd nicked.

I threw my other shoe over the wall of an old chapel and went home barefoot, meaning to buy myself some more next day with the fifty quid still stuck in my pocket. The shoe, by the sound of it, landed on a heap of cinders and rusting cans, and the softness of my feet on the pavement was more than made up for by the solid ringing curses my brain and heart played ping-pong with. I kept telling myself this was the end, and though I knew it was, another voice kept urging me to hope for the best and look on the bright side—like some mad, deceiving parson on the telly.

I was so sure of the end that before turning into our street I dropped the fifty-pound bundle through somebody's letter box and hoped that when they found it they'd not say a word to anybody about such good luck. This in fact was what happened, and by the time I was safe for a three-year lap in Borstal the old woman who lived there had had an unexpected good time on the money that was, so she said, sent to her by a grateful and ever-loving nephew in Sheffield.

Next morning two cops came to our door, and I knew it was no good lying



WHERE ELSE could you contemplate a revolution better than at Concord's COLONIAL INN

Concord, Massachusetts

A Complete Motor Inn

phone: EMerson 9-4600

KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES

1055 MADISON AVE. (cor. 80th St.) N. Y.

EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE & DRAWINGS BY AMERICAN ARTISTS

Thru Sept. 6

GALLERY HOURS 10 TO 5 MON. THRU FRI.

Garden Ornaments

Wheeler Williams' "Diana" is one of a set of 8, cast in lead, copyrighted and signed by the sculptor. Many other lovely figures, fountains, bird baths. Send for Catalogue (25c, please), Erkins Studios, Dept. 332, 8 W. 40th St., New York 18, or visit our galleries.

Erkins Studios

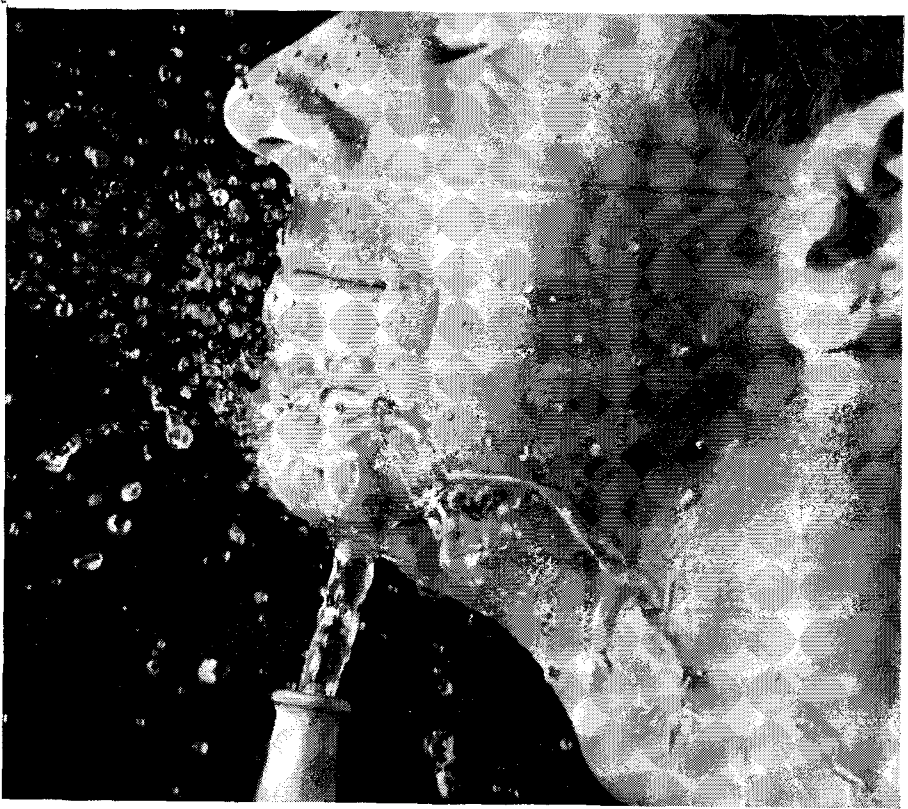
because they looked at me hard, as if they'd seen me on last night's television reading the news. One of them held my shoes in his hand. "Do these fit you?"

A SHORT while before my capture Doris said, when we were kissing good night outside her front door, "I've learned a lot since meeting you. I'm not the same person any more." Before I had time to find out what she'd learned I was down at the cop shop and more than halfway to Borstal. It was a joke, and I laughed on my way there. They never knew about Doris, so she went scot-free, riding her horse whenever she felt like it. I had that to be glad about at least. As a picture it made a potbellied stove inside me those first black months, and as a joke it made me laugh over and over again, because it would never go stale on me. I'd learned a lot as well since meeting Doris, though to be honest I even now can't explain what it is. But what I learned is still in me, feeding my quieter life with energy almost without my noticing it.

I wrote to Doris from Borstal but never received an answer, and even my mother couldn't tell me anything about her, or maybe wouldn't, because plenty happened to Doris that all the district knew of. Myself, though, I was kept three years in the dark, suffering and going off my head at something that, without this love and worry, I'd have sailed through laughing. Twenty of the lads would jump on me when I raved at night, and gradually I became low and brainless and without breath like a beetle, and almost stopped thinking of her, hoping that maybe she'd be waiting for me when I came out and that we'd be able to get married.

That was the hope of storybooks, of television and B.B.C.; it didn't belong at all to me and life and somebody like Doris. For three solid years my brain wouldn't leave me alone, came at me each night and rolled over me like a wheel of fire, so that I still sweat blood at the thought of that torture, that waiting, waiting without news, like a dwarf locked in the dark. No Borstal could take the credit for such punishment as this.

On coming out I pieced everything together. Doris had been pregnant when I was sent down, and three months later married a garage mechanic who had a reputation for flying around on motorbikes like a dangerous loon. Maybe that was how she prolonged the bout of kicks that had started with me, but this time it didn't turn out so well. The baby was a boy, and she



how to soften up a summer beard

how to soften up a summer beard

Save the hose for gardening. Instead, pat on a palmful of Remington Pre/Shave. Two things happen. Both good. (1) A new glycerine ingredient offsets perspiration drag, keeps your beard moist (2) A new silicone lubricant keeps cutters free-running. Your shaver glides slick as a new skate, gets closer with comfort.

Sounds great? Feels even better. What else would you expect from the people who know the most about electric shaving? Remington Pre/Shave only costs $1.00. Available almost everywhere.

ELECTRIC PRE/SHAVE

urban or suburban...
swing along with

Serbin

Every continental touch that means so much... when Serbin whips up a shirtwaister® supreme! The winged collar? Italian. The cuffs? French. The gold crown studs and buttons? English. The result? Great! In silky-textured Setaron®... 50% silk; 50% polyester. Highly crease-resistant and spot-resistant. Blue, red, green, gold, black. Sizes 8-18 . . $30.
Slightly higher on west coast.

Serbin, Inc., 1280 S.W. First St., Miami 35, Florida

named it after me. When it was two months old she went out on Christmas Eve with her husband. They were going to a dance at Derby on the motorbike and, tonning around a frosty bend, met a petrol tanker side on. Frost, darkness, and large red letters spelling "PETROL" were the last things she saw, and I wondered what was in her mind at that moment. Not much, because she was dead when the bowser man found her, and so was her husband. She couldn't have been much over eighteen.

"It just about killed her dad as well," my mother said. "Broke his heart. I talked to him once on the street, and he said he'd allus wanted to send her to the university, she was so clever. Still, the baby went back to him."

And I went back to jail, for six months because I opened a car door and took out a transistor radio. I don't know why I did it. The wireless was no good to me and I didn't need it. I wasn't even short of money. I just opened the car door and took out the radio and, here's what still mystifies me, switched it on straightaway and listened to some music as I walked down the street, so that the bloke who owned the car heard it and chased after me.

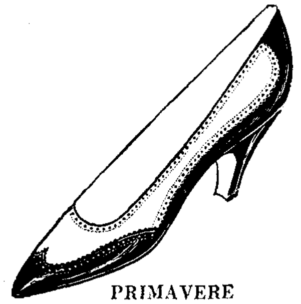
But that was the last time I was in the nick—touch wood—and maybe I had to go in, because when I came out I was able to face things again, walk the streets without falling under a bus or smashing a jeweller's window for the relief of getting caught.

I got work at a sawmill, keeping the machines free of dust and wood splinters. The screaming engine noise ripping through trunks and planks was even fiercer than the battle shindig in myself, which was a good thing during the first months I was free. I rode there each morning on a new-bought bike, to work hard before eating my dinner sandwiches under a spreading chestnut tree. The smell of fresh leaves on the one hand, and newly flying sawdust on the other, cleared my head and made me feel part of the world again. I liked it so much I thought it was the best job I'd ever had—even though the hours were long and the wages rotten.

One day I saw an elderly man walking through the wood, followed by a little boy who ran in and out of the bushes whacking flowers with his stick. The kid was about four, dressed in cowboy suit and hat, the other hand firing off his six-shooter that made midget sharp cracks like invisible twigs splitting high up between the trees. He was pink-faced with gray eyes, the terror of cats and birds, a pest for the ice-cream man,

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years

Belgian Shoes
Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere



PRIMAVERE
$55

The elegance of simplicity, completely and exquisitely handmade to insure long wear and superb fit. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL Owner-President

BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56 St., New York 22, N. Y.
IN CALIFORNIA: I. MAGNIN & CO.
San Francisco

A DINING PLACE OF
Distinction
Serving Palate Tempting Dishes
CLAMS ASPIC
VICHYSSOISE
LUNCHEON -- DINNER
Banquet Facilities
GIOVANNI
RESTAURANT
66 EAST 55th ST. — PLaza 3-1230
Open All Summer Except Sat. & Sun.
AIR CONDITIONED

GOING OVERSEAS FROM IDLEWILD?
TAX AND DUTY FREE
CIGARETTES & CIGARS

The Cost of American Cigarettes overseas is extremely high . . . and the amount varies with each country. We advise the amount permitted . . . and deliver purchase directly to plane. Thru the courtesy of your Airline it is . . .

NOT WEIGHED AS BAGGAGE!
Write, Call or Visit
WORLD TOBACCO CO., Dept. 7
Room 2119, Arrivals Bldg. N. Y. International Airport
Jamaica 30, N. Y. Area Code 212-656-5060

Philadelphia • Washington, D.C. • Dallas
Marriott MOTOR HOTELS

the sort of kid half stunned by an avalanche of toys at Christmas, spoiled beyond recall by people with money. You could see it in his face.

I got a goz at the man, had to stare a bit before I saw it was Doris's father, the scrap merchant who'd not so long back been the menace of the street in his overdriven car. He was gray and wax in the face, well wrapped in topcoat and hat and scarf and treading carefully along the woodpath. "Come on," he said to the kid. "Come on, Tony, or you'll get lost."

I watched him run toward the old man, take his hand and say, "Are we going home now, Grandad?" I had an impulse, which makes me blush to remember it, and that was to go up to Doris's ragman father and say what I've already said in most of this story—to say that in a way he was my father as well, to say, "Hey up, Dad. You don't know much, do you?" But I didn't, because I couldn't. I leaned against a tree, feeling as if I'd done a week's work without stop, feeling a hundred years older than that old man who was walking off with my kid.

My last real sight of Doris was of her inside that shoeshop trying on shoes, and after that, when I switched off the light because I sensed danger, we both went into the dark and never came out. But there's another and final picture of her that haunts me like a vision in my waking dreams. I see her coming down the street, all clean and golden-haired on that shining horse, riding it slowly toward our house to call on me, as she did for a long time. And she was known to men standing by the bookies as Lady Luck.

That's a long while ago, and I even see Doris's kid, a big lad now, running home from school. I can watch him without wanting to put my head in the gas oven, watch him and laugh to myself because I was happy to see him at all. He's in good hands and prospering. I'm going straight as well, working in the warehouse where they store butter and cheese. I eat like a fighting cock, and take home so much that my wife and two kids don't do bad on it either.

—ALAN SILLITOE

•

The texts, filled with attacks against Yugoslavia and indirect references to Premier Khrushchev, were suppressed by the East German press service and newspapers.

A Pole said he was informed that similar restrictions existed only in Alabama and Communist China.—*The Times*.

Aw, you can't believe everything you hear.

SOUTH AFRICA

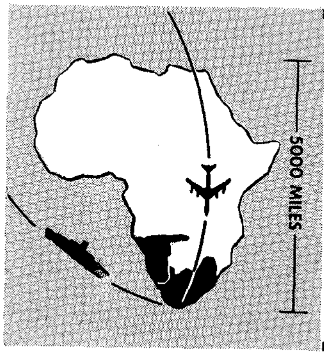
Kruger Park's elephants have the right-of-way

...see it yourself!

"Those are diamonds!"—a thrilling moment at Kimberley

Elephants and gold mines, cloud-capped mountains and lush vineyards, smart supper clubs and ancient tribal ceremonies – so many thrilling contrasts will greet you along the pleasant, comfortable miles of your South African tour. Travel is remarkably inexpensive, with *"Less cost per day the longer you stay,"* so take time to see *everything.*

Plan to visit our country soon. No description can compare with the experience of *seeing for yourself* this most rewarding of all world travel goals.



SOUTH AFRICAN
TOURIST CORPORATION
New York 20, N. Y. – 610 Fifth Avenue
Beverly Hills – 9465 Wilshire Boulevard
Please send your literature to:
NAME ....
STREET ....
CITY .... ZONE.... STATE............
My Travel Agent is.................................(W)

A&F

The A&F Look

The comfortable, yet well-turned-out look so typical of A&F has become a classic. Here is a fine example: a softly tailored dress of luxurious Viyella, a wool/cotton blend, in a handsome check. Perfect for town or country. Black and white or brown and white check. Sizes 10-20. . 50.00

Imported fur hat, black or white. 8.80*

*Federal tax included

Come in, write or phone

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
COLORADO SPRINGS BAY HEAD
SOUTHAMPTON HYANNIS

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Disneyworld

WALT DISNEY is the most assiduous anthropomorphist since Beatrix Potter. His cartoon animals bubble with sadism, violence, stupidity, greed, and fear, while his nature films—their often marvellous boudoir photography notwithstanding—separate the animal kingdom neatly into showoffs, comedians, and villains. In both forms, the immorality easily outweighs the goodness (or sappiness) of the always victorious hero or heroine. Disney's pictures involving human beings are altogether different. The people in these are divided into good and bad, too, but their characters are so pale and witless that one gets the impression their creator has misspent all his inspiration and emotion on his animals, leaving nothing for his own kind. In short, Disney reverses the usual order of things: His animals are consciously perverse, and his human beings are unconsciously predictable. None of this would matter if Disney were not widely emulated. Indeed, his shadow now appears to have crossed the Pacific, for it is unmistakable in a curious Japanese picture called "My Hobo." The hero is a coy tramp named Junpei (Keiju Kobayashi), who travels about with an umbrella, his own supply of condiments, and eighty thousand yen, which are fastened to his stomach with adhesive paper. Junpei is expert at using society. He buys short-trip train tickets for long-distance rides, he finds flies in his noodles in restaurants and indignantly refuses to pay his bill, he poses as a government fruit inspector and collects generous free samples. All this is meant to be comic and is embellished by two small orphans who are thrust upon Junpei midway on a trip from Kyushu to Tokyo and by a female hobo named Komako (Hideko Takamine), who robs him of his money and uses it as a lever to force him into marrying her and getting a job. Disney's human-being pictures have a cheek-of-tan sureness, but "My Hobo" coughs and sputters. Kobayashi's interpretation of the tramp wavers between Gene Kelly and Chaplin. The editing is abrupt and bewildering, and the photography either arty or flat. And the sound effects are uncommonly odd—shoes on pavement sound like clicking teeth, and golf balls being hit suggest cap pistols. Ticking away underneath, along with a children's-hour score rich in bassoons and xylophones, is a morality that has to do with freedom, honesty, love, and loyalty, but it is inaudible most of the time.

THE ingredients of "Donovan's Reef," out of Hollywood, are producer-director John Ford; a cast made up of John Wayne, Jack Warden, Lee Marvin, Elizabeth Allen, Cesar Romero, Dorothy Lamour, Mike Mazurki (he and Wayne are the last survivors of the old John Ford repertory company, which after a time took on a familial resemblance), and countless singing, swaying, swimming South Sea Islanders (the picture was filmed in Hawaii); a mistaken-identity story about an American Navy doctor (Jack Warden) who stays on the island after the Second World War, fathers three children by an island princess, and then has to face the music seventeen years later, when his legitimate, stiff-necked daughter (Elizabeth Allen) arrives from Boston and discovers the terrible truth, forgives her father, and falls in love with his old Navy buddy, Donovan (John Wayne); plenty of ham-fisted fights between Wayne—paunchy, hound-eyed, and tough as timber—and Lee Marvin; plenty of leg-thrashing, spank-you-on-your-Boston-bottom disagreements between Wayne and Miss Allen; a comic priest; and the comic French governor of the island (Cesar Romero). No one handles a camera with more aplomb than John Ford, and no one, begorra, cares less about what he trains it on. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

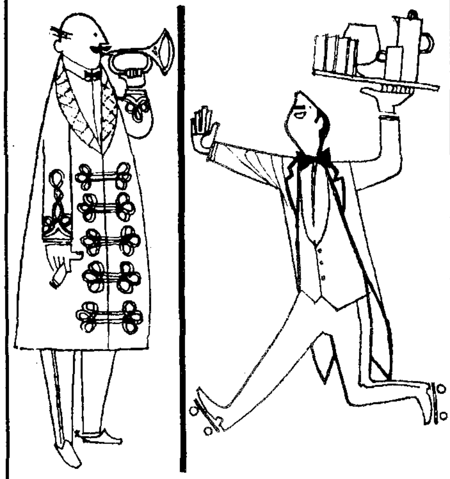
•

THE CREATIVE LIFE

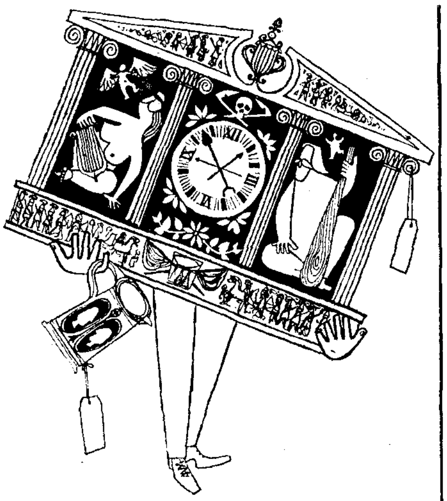
[*From "Famous Songs and Their Stories," by James J. Geller*]

The idea for this song ["Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie"] suggested itself to Von Tilzer one night in 1905 while reading a newspaper in the lobby of the old Breslin hotel in New York City. His eyes lit upon a news item of a family that perished in a fire, leaving the father and his youngest child as the sole survivors. The former was reported as accepting his misfortune as predetermined by an inexorable fate and holding that his dreadful loss would be followed by a spell of happiness—an admirable outlook to say the least. Von Tilzer took this idea and, after tinkering with it, constructed an episode of two young lovers who looked forward eagerly to a day's recreation one Sunday, only to have their plans frustrated by inclement weather. The young man consoles his sweetheart with a "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie."

go international stay Hilton anywhere in the world



ROOM SERVICE INTERNATIONAL STYLE



STROLL TO THE FINEST SHOPS

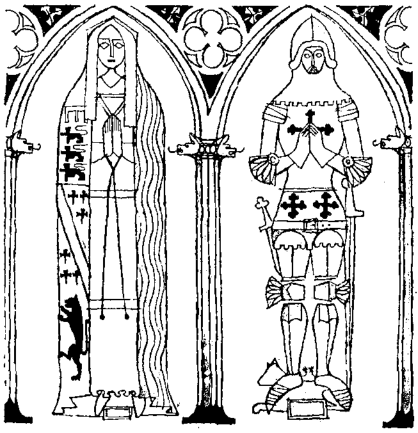
Perhaps 'anywhere' is an overstatement—Ibiza hasn't a Hilton yet—but as the Hilton organisation expands beyond this hemisphere into Europe, with hotels either built or being built in almost every capital and key commercial center, 'anywhere that matters' becomes a valid Hilton claim.

The **London Hilton** has already established itself as Park Lane's sparkling new personality. And the Greeks have a new word for luxury since the **Athens Hilton** opened on April 21. Most recent additions to the growing chain—the **Cavalieri Hilton,** Rome, and the **Rotterdam Hilton,** Holland's second great Hilton Hotel.

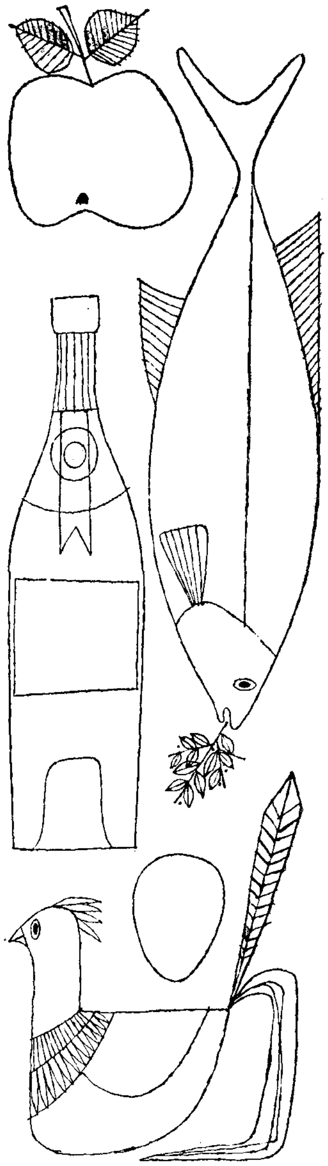
What does Going International mean to travellers in Europe? It means an almost incredibly comprehensive room service for one thing. Want a four-minute egg at the **Berlin Hilton**? A baby-sitter at the **Amsterdam Hilton**? Or a clean shirt in a hurry at the **Castellana Hilton** in Madrid? Or perhaps a stenographer in five minutes time at the **Nile Hilton** in Cairo? Room service will provide, wherever you are, be it the **Istanbul Hilton** or the **Royal Tehran Hilton.**

Quickly. Efficiently. Just think of anything you want. Betting is, Room Service can get it for you. And you can stroll from every Hilton to fine shops. Shopping convenience is just one of the things that's built into a Hilton Hotel at the blueprint stage. And if you're in a hurry, then Hilton have shops inside their hotels. If you don't see what you want, they'll get it for you. And every European Hilton is well positioned for visits to the theatre, ballet, opera, art galleries and all the tradition and culture that the country it represents has to offer. You want to hire a car or go on a tour? Just ring reception.

No European Hilton has fewer than three restaurants; for the international gastronome this means innumerable flavours in food and wine to match all moods. The Hilton organisation is renowned for combining all that is best in continental hotelier tradition with the kind of matchless service that can only be learnt from worldwide experience in the management of hotels.



HISTORY IS ON YOUR DOORSTEP



WIDEST CHOICE OF FOOD

HILTON HOTELS IN

Amsterdam • Athens • Berlin
Cairo • Istanbul • London • Madrid
Rome • Rotterdam • Tehran

Also in the Caribbean, the Pacific and Latin America and in twenty-eight cities in the United States.

For reservations: see your travel agent or call any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office. In New York—LOngacre 3-6900.

HILTON HOTELS INTERNATIONAL

THE SPORTING SCENE

THUNDER ON THE LEFT

IN the summer of 1913, a few weeks before their American tour took them to the Country Club in Brookline for the Open championship and their fateful rendezvous with Francis Ouimet, the two English masters Harry Vardon and Ted Ray played an exhibition four-ball match in Chicago in which one of their opponents was a left-hander. Vardon and Ray won the match with something to spare, although the left-hander, enjoying one of those rare days when he could do no wrong, gave an excellent account of himself. Fishing for a compliment from Vardon after the game, he asked him whom he considered the best left-handed golfer he had run across during his long career. "Never saw one who was worth a damn," Vardon replied.

What brings this story to mind is, of course, the recent exploit of Bob Charles, the lean twenty-seven-year-old New Zealander who, by winning the British Open after a thirty-six-hole playoff with Phil Rodgers, of California, became the first left-handed golfer ever to win a major championship. Charles' victory, while somewhat unexpected, was far from astonishing. Last December, when he captured the Open championship of the National Association of Left-Handed Golfers on the difficult DeSoto Lakes course, in Florida, he was ten under par for his four rounds and finished twenty-one strokes ahead of the runner-up. Last April, he proved himself a golfer of the calibre that even a Vardon would have endorsed by leading the entire professional pack in the Houston Classic, becoming, *en route*, the first left-hander ever to win a Professional Golf Association circuit tournament. Before Charles came along, there had been a fair number of competent left-handed golfers—among the amateurs one thinks first of P. B. Lucas, who played for Britain in two Walker Cup matches, and, among the pros, of Loddie Kempa, of Kansas City, who qualified for our Open on quite a number of occasions and once, in 1950, finished as high as forty-sixth—but none of them really came close to scaling the heights. This was an odd thing, in a way, since in nearly every other sport being left-handed is no handicap whatever and, if you want to explore all the nuances, possibly an advantage. In tennis, golf's companion sport, the Wimbledon championship first fell to a left-hander—Norman Brookes—as far back as 1907, and in baseball, to cite just one other example, most of the outstanding hitters, including the two greatest—Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb—have been left-handed. Just why golf has been so much harder than any other game for lefties to master has always remained something of a mystery, despite the researches in depth conducted by tireless golfer-scholars—invariably left-handers who couldn't play a lick. (These investigations have tended to make far too much out of the difficulty of obtaining good left-handed equipment and good left-handed instruction, and they have gone way out of bounds in asserting that golf courses are constructed to suit right-handers.) In any event, with Charles' victory all this folderol is behind us now, and it is clear, as cooler heads have always suspected, that golf militates no more against the man who addresses the ball from the left side than against the man who addresses it from the right. In the final analysis, talent will out.

In baseball, no right-handed batter looks as crisp, as smooth, as elegant as the best left-handed batters. In golf, on the other hand, most left-handers, even those who score well, appear awkward and unpolished to the right-hander's eye. It is pleasant to report that the new British Open champion is exceptional in this respect, too. Charles is not only a solid player but an extremely graceful one. The feature of his style is its simplicity. Built more along the lines of a tennis player than a golfer—he is six feet one and a half inches tall and weighs only a hundred and sixty pounds—he stands quite erect at address, his knees flexed hardly at all, his shoulders tipped just a shade toward the ball. He takes the club back slowly in a rather upright arc, using a tight pivot, and then his long, strong arms sweep the club emphatically through the ball and on into an inordinately high follow-through. Basically an arms-and-hands swing, with a minimum of coördinated body movement, it has a slightly old-fashioned look, but what makes it impressive is Charles' fluid, legato rhythm and his splendid balance. While he is not a power-hitter, he has increased his length considerably since he turned professional, late in 1960, and now hits a fairly long ball—from 250 to 260 yards on his average drive. He makes precise contact on his iron shots, and has an extraordinarily fine touch on and around the greens. (I keep waiting for some enterprising golf magazine to run a series of "reversed" photos of Charles in action, transforming him into a right-hander, as it were, so that all of us expert technicians can study his method to better advantage and relate it more easily to that of the other top golfers.) On the whole, I would think that the highest praise one could bestow on Charles would be to describe him as being not a wonderful left-handed golfer but simply a wonderful golfer. I have a feeling, though, that the left-handed golfers of the world will make this impossible. For years, they have carried on like a downtrodden minority, seeking solace for their sense of inferiority in holding a wide variety of tournaments open only to left-handers, and crowning their own kings. The Jacobites of golf, they are now in a position where, not a

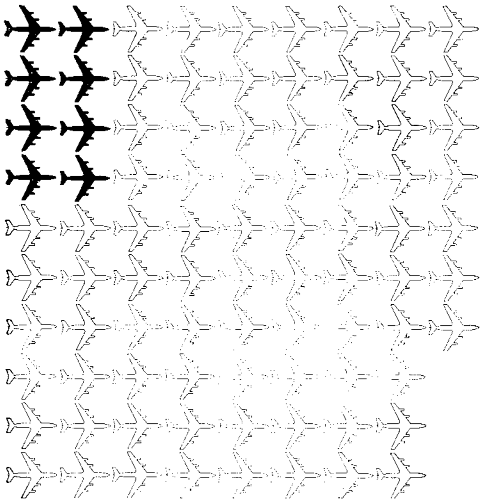
What's the score on fan-jets?

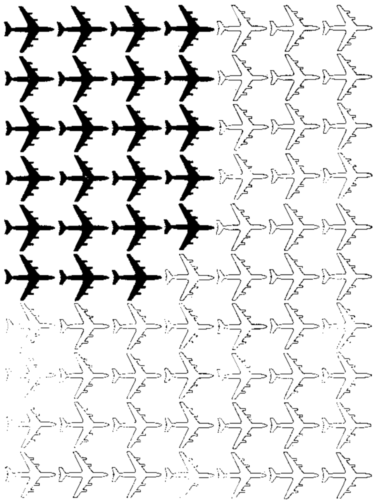
The American Airlines fan-jet story

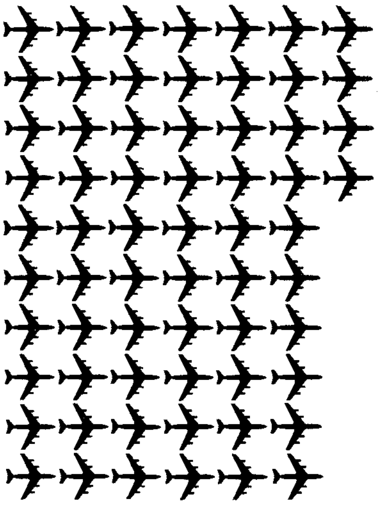
There seems to be quite a bit of talk about fan-jets these days. It isn't surprising.

Fan-jets are 30% more powerful than ordinary jets.

They take off faster and they climb faster.


United's jet fleet. 8 of them are fan-jets.


TWA's jet fleet includes 23 fan-jets.


American's entire jet fleet: 64 fan-jets.

[Fan-jet engines take in twice as much air as ordinary jets. This gives the thrust twice as much body.]

There's just one thing about fan-jets. You may not get one.

There are 24 airlines in this country. Yet only 2 have fan-jets on every jet flight.

One is Western.

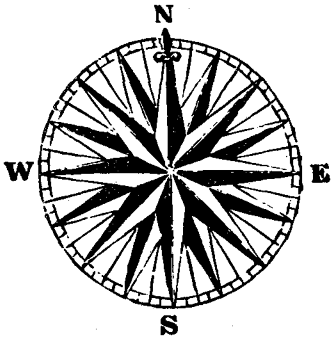
The other is American. [We call our fan-jets Astrojets.]

The chart above will show you how many fan-jets the 3 major airlines have today.

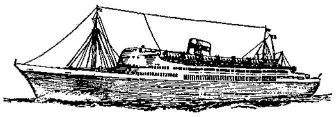
It will also show you which airline guarantees you a fan-jet on every jet flight you take.

ASTROJET IS A SERVICE MARK OF AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.

We're cruising westward around the world this autumn.



How about you?



The Ship is the *Oslofjord,* as delightful a world cruise liner as you're likely to find. The sailing from New York is Sept. 26 (fall is the ideal season . . . last year we had only half a day of rain the whole cruise). The total time is 83 days; you'll be home for Christmas. **Ah, but** it's the ports that count. Cristobal, Balboa, Los Angeles (if you happen to be on the coast, you can board at L. A. on Oct. 8). Then Honolulu, Yokohama at chrysanthemum time, Kobe, Hong Kong (bargains galore for Christmas shopping!), Manila, Singapore, Colombo, Bombay, in the cool season, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Beirut, Haifa, Athens, Naples, Tangier. Great! All shore arrangements are handled by good old reliable Thos. Cook & Son. Min. fare: $1,800.

43 Days to the Mediterranean in the equally pleasant *Bergensfjord.* Another unique cruise opportunity. We sail from New York on Oct. 9 to Cadiz, Malta, Alexandria, Beirut, Haifa, Istanbul, Athens, Venice, Messina, Naples, Villefranche, Palma, Lisbon. Min. fare: $875.

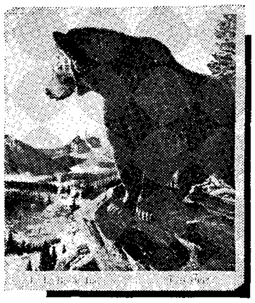
If You're Smart (and we know you are) you'll make your reservations now while there's still space at moderate rates. Just see your Travel Agent.

Norwegian America Line
AGENCY, INC.
24 State St., N.Y. 4, N.Y. WH 4-6900
Also: CHICAGO, MINNEAPOLIS, MONTREAL, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE

little to their own amazement, their Bonnie Prince Charlie has, in effect, swept the field before him at Culloden Moor, and so, if they prove hard to live with for a while, we must be understanding and we must be patient.

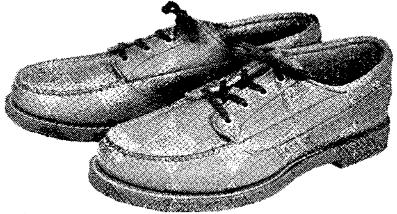
IT was fitting, in a sense, that Charles should have scored his breakthrough in the British Open, the oldest of the game's championships. Inaugurated in 1860, the British Open enjoyed its most glamorous era between 1894 and 1914, when the "Great Triumvirate" of Vardon, J. H. Taylor, and James Braid accounted for sixteen victories among them. In the nineteen-twenties, it was still the most coveted championship in golf, and Walter Hagen's reputation was made once and for all when he became, in 1922, the first American to win it. Hagen went on to take three more British Opens, Bob Jones took three, and American golfers came to dominate the tournament—so thoroughly, in fact, that by the early nineteen-thirties, when there was no longer any question that the Americans had superseded the British as the best in the world, our Open had become, *ipso facto,* the world's most important golf event. After that, fewer and fewer of our players bothered to go over to Britain, and in the years following the Second World War, though technically the British Open remained one of the world's four major championships (together with our Open, the Masters, and the PGA championship), it had sunk, along with British golf in general, to a relatively low estate. It was the rising golf stars of the Commonwealth nations who first breathed new life into the old Open—Bobby Locke, of South Africa, and Peter Thomson, of Australia, each won it four times between 1949 and 1958—but what really restored the British Open to its former prominence was Ben Hogan's decision to take a crack at it in 1953, after he had carried off the Masters and our Open earlier in the season. Nearly all the super-champions, from Vardon on, had won the British Open, and it was Hogan's aim to nail down his position as one of the great players of all time by demonstrating that he could handle the problems presented by British terrain and British weather no less authoritatively than he had those at home. His dramatic victory that July on the links of Carnoustie—undeniably the climactic point of his career—in turn made it imperative that any later American champion seeking a similar status include the British Open on *his* schedule. Accordingly, it came as no surprise when Arnold Pal-

Bean's Free Fall Catalog
Ready August 8



Hunters and campers will find many practical items in our 116 page fully illustrated Fall Catalog. Shows hunting footwear, clothing and over 410 items of interest to both men and women. 140 items are of our own manufacture.

Bean's Ranger Oxford



Made of soft, durable Steer Hide Leather, which is the best for Moccasins. Hand sewed moccasin toe, four eyelet blucher. Unlined. Neolite crepe sole and heel. Color: Mocha. Sizes 6 to 13, whole and half sizes. Widths B and D. Price $12.85 postpaid. Send for sample of leather and Free Fall Catalog.

L. L. Bean, Inc., 334 Main Street, Freeport, Maine
Mfrs. Hunting and Camping Specialties

"SEASON'S BEST MUSICAL!"
—Chapman, News
BARBARA COOK DANIEL MASSEY
BARBARA BAXLEY in
SHE LOVES ME!
also starring
LUDWIG DONATH
with JACK CASSIDY
ORIGINAL CAST ALBUM ON MGM RECORDS
PRICES: Evenings: Orch. $8.60; Mezz. $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.60. Wed. & Sat. Matinees: Orch. $5.75; Mezz. $4.80; Balc. $4.30, 3.00.
EUGENE O'NEILL THEATRE 230 W. 49 St., N.Y.C.

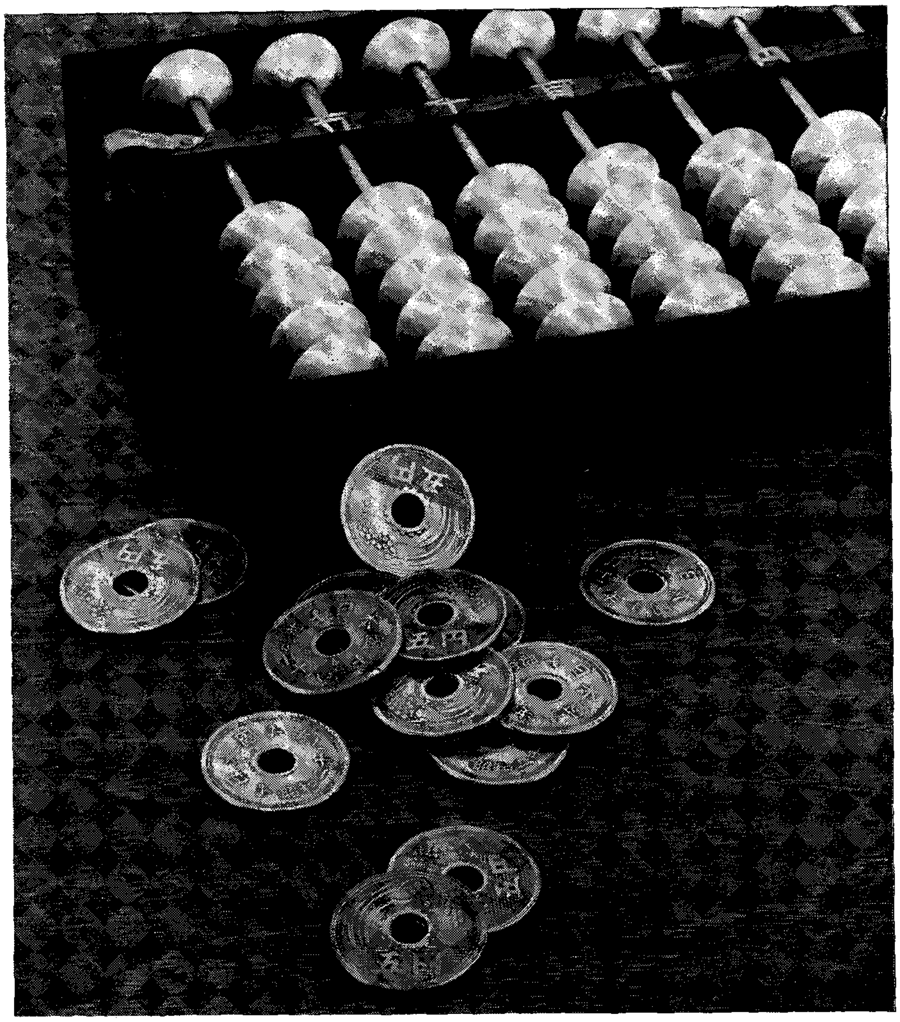
"FIRE A SALUTE FOR THIS WRITER OF INTENSITY AND POWER." —Taubman, N.Y. Times
SHELLEY WINTERS JACK WARDEN in CAGES
by LEWIS JOHN CARLINO Directed by HOWARD DA SILVA
MAIL ORDERS: Evgs.: Tues. thru Fri. 8:40; Sat. 7:00 & 10:00; Sun. 3:00 & 8:40. All Perfs.: $4.95, 4.25, 3.75.
AIR-COND. YORK PLAYHOUSE, 64 St. & 1st Ave., TR 9-4130

"Furiously funny." N.Y. Times
♠♠♠
THE LIVING PREMISE
♡♡
AIR-CONDITIONED
LF 3-5020 • 154 BLEECKER ST.

WEEK-END JAZZ FRI. & SAT., AUG. 2-3
DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCH.
LAMBERT, HENDRICKS & BAVAN
BASIN STREET East
137 East 48th St. • PL 2-4444

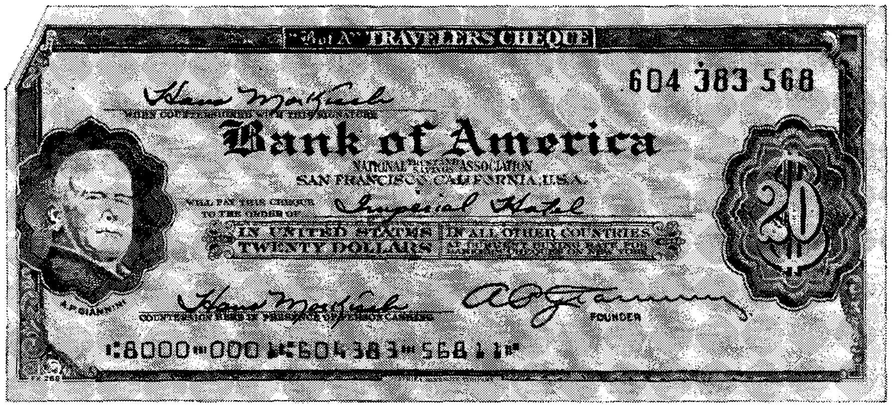
mer, after sweeping the Masters and our Open in 1960, went over to see if he could add the British title to his string. On that first invasion, Palmer finished a shot behind the winner, Kel Nagle, of Australia, at St. Andrews, but the following summer he fought his way through rain and gale to a tremendous victory at Birkdale, and last year he made a brilliantly successful defense of his title at Troon, setting a new record score of 276 for the championship in the process of playing what he regards as the finest golf of his life. The British, who know a remarkable man and a remarkable golfer when they see one, have taken Palmer to their hearts no less warmly than the home guard of his celebrated army of fans. On the eve of the recent British Open, held at the Royal Lytham and St. Annes course in Lancashire, the whole island, one gathered, was pulling for a third consecutive Palmer triumph. I noticed this as soon as I reached England—in fact, while going through passport inspection at the London airport en route to Lytham. After I had stated the nature of my business, the inspector immediately dropped his official manner and confided, with an edge of anxiety in his voice, "I hear that our Arnie is a bit under the weather with a cold." *Our* Arnie! His and mine.

Looking back now at what happened at Lytham, I think there were, apart from the epochal nature of Charles' victory, two fairly significant items that deserve comment in some detail. The first of these was Palmer's exceedingly disappointing performance. Play had hardly begun when it became clear that he would not be a factor in this year's championship. The secret to scoring at Lytham, as at the Country Club in our 1963 Open, was to forget about hitting the ball vast distances and concentrate on keeping it in the narrow fairways and out of the thick, punishing rough. On his opening round, a 76, Palmer had a good deal of difficulty controlling his tee shots, and this was costly, but there was more to it than that. There seemed to be something wrong with his frame of mind, and as he struggled on through three similarly lacklustre rounds to finish seventeen shots off the winning score, he never did seem his usual decisive, confident self. In a way, this failure was unexpected, for he was hitting the ball superbly on his tune-up rounds. (Before the tournament, Jack Nicklaus felt that under windy conditions Palmer might win by as many as twelve strokes if he held his practice form.) In another way, the failure was not at all unexpected. This season, although Palmer has won five circuit tournaments and a record



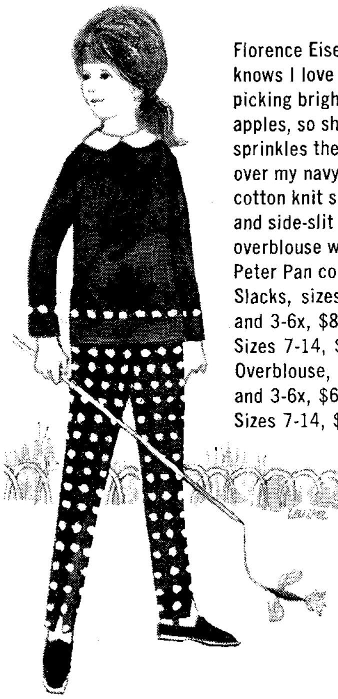
The yen is local currency in Japan.

So is this.

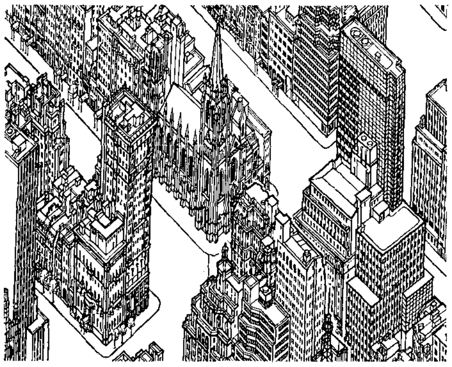


In Kyoto, Yokohama, Kobe and on the Ginza, you can use **BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES** just like money. They are money: money only you can spend. Because only your signature makes them valid. That means they're loss-proof, theft-proof. Local currency the world over—sold the world over.

BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION • MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION


Florence Eiseman knows I love picking bright red apples, so she sprinkles them all over my navy cotton knit slacks and side-slit overblouse with its Peter Pan collar. Slacks, sizes 2-4 and 3-6x, $8. Sizes 7-14, $9. Overblouse, 2-4 and 3-6x, $6. Sizes 7-14, $7.

Pattee-Anne
SHOP
131 ESSEX ST., SALEM, MASS. PIONEER 4-4964


We think it's the most beautiful map of New York City you'll ever see

Created from 67,000 aerial and ground photographs, every building in 8 square miles of mid-Manhattan is shown in apparent 3-dimension and in full color. This 7 sq. ft. masterpiece of map-making identifies streets, rivers, buildings in true perspective.

Indispensable for office, den, schools. A thoughtful gift for out-of-town or overseas business people and friends. FREE! A colorful 48-page booklet of a multitude of places to visit. Order today—Money Back Guarantee.

Only $1.25 post paid.

Pictorial Maps Inc., 97 Warren St., N.Y.C.
Gentlemen: Enclosed find check or money order for $1.25. Please rush my map post paid.
Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________
N

amount of prize money, he has not been able to summon anything like his best golf in the major championships—and this is the man who used to be able to rise almost infallibly to the big occasion. His practice rounds have generally been auspicious—and in the Open at Brookline he also played sharp, steady golf on the first two days of the tournament—but it seems that now when the pressure is on in a "big one," and he calls on himself for that special effort, his timing and control desert him. Palmer is, to be sure, a phenomenal athlete and he will be winning championships for at least another decade, but his trouble at the moment, if I may hazard a concerned guess, is that, for all his rare physical endurance and mental stamina, the pace he has kept up for the last three years has worn him down to the point where his remaining supply of nervous energy is quickly expended, along with his powers of concentration, when he attempts to subdue a tough, penalizing course with a major title at stake. If his army of admirers have come to expect too much of him, so has Palmer himself. At Lytham, one had the feeling that he had somehow got into his mind the fixed idea that he could win only if his drives and long irons hugged the ground with the same rifle-shot trajectory that had distinguished his play at Birkdale and Troon. He managed it in practice without forcing it. However, when the tournament started and he found he was not getting this trajectory on his shots, instead of settling for serviceable, effective driving—sheer length, to repeat, was not the key to Lytham, and the wind, for that matter, was never a problem—he kept trying to force that low, hard-boring flight. At length, as some of us saw it, he was altering his natural hand action to keep the ball low, and at the same time, to guard against hooking it, he was also trying to get rid of the ball early, to keep it out a shade to the right of his line. No wonder he looked exhausted and pale beneath his tan or that he eventually made such uncharacteristic errors as being so overintent on holing a twenty-five-foot chip for a birdie that he rapped it nine feet past the hole and ended up with a bogey. At the moment, it is my notion that it is probably easier for Palmer to keep going than to attempt to modify the whirligig tempo of his professional life, but when this present campaign ends, I hope he will consider treating himself to a long, refreshing vacation and return next year resolved to play in only a limited number of tournaments and to undertake only a sensible amount of extra-

it's always a Summer festival at newly air-conditioned
TRADER VIC'S
7 East 58th St.
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · SUPPER
Open daily including Sunday
SAVOY HILTON
For reservations call
ELdorado 5-2600

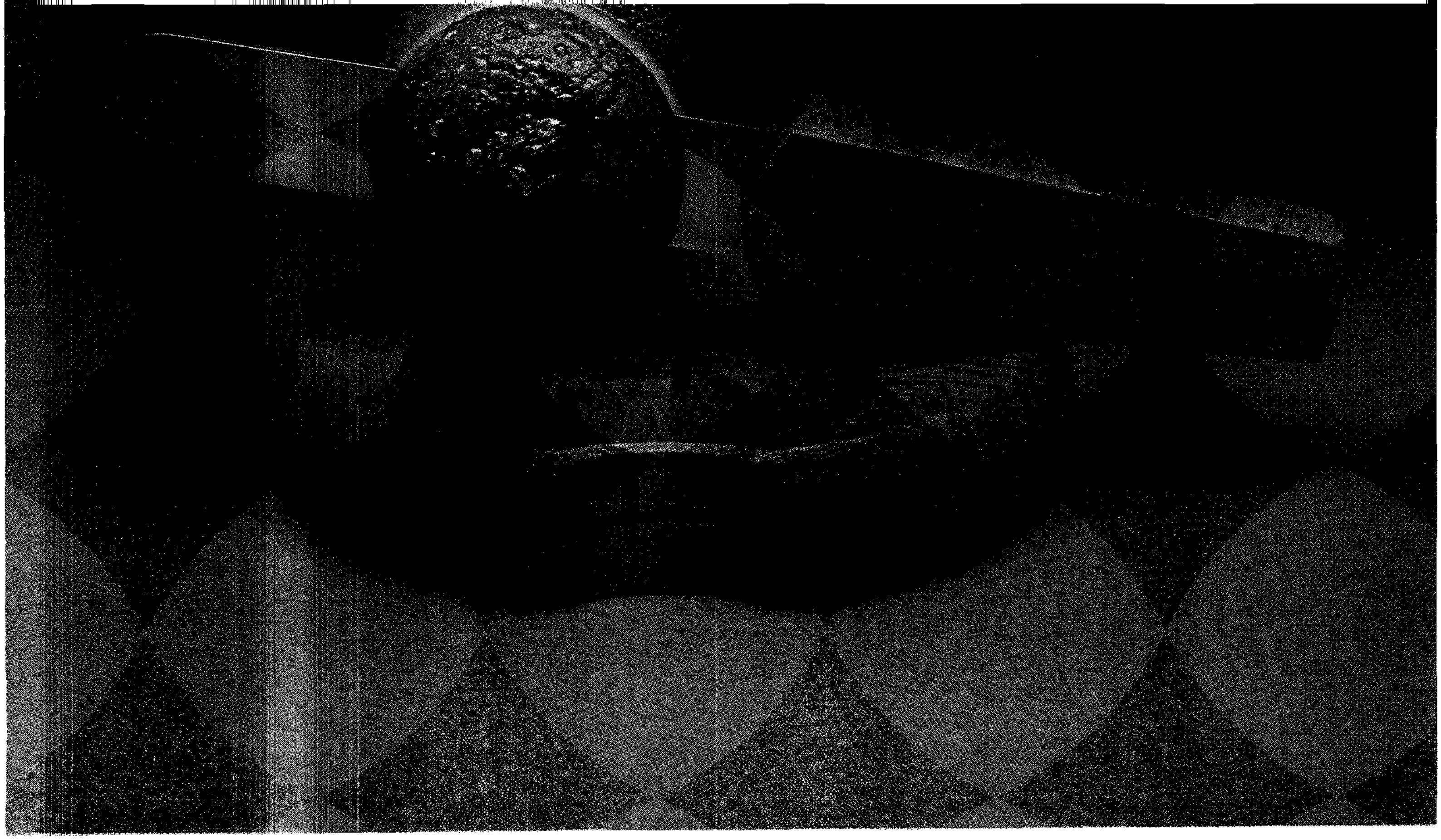
Stratton Mountain Inn
At the Base of Stratton Mountain, Vermont
A 3-hour drive from most points

YEAR 'ROUND PLEASURE HAVEN
Offers vacationers a variety of recreational facilities in a picturesque, Swiss-inspired setting. Ideal for travelling men.
- Swimming • Golfing • Tennis
- Riding • Fishing • Hunting
- Scenic Chair Lifts adjacent

Luxurious Guest Rooms or Rustic Bunk Rooms. Gourmet Cuisine. Choice of American, European or Family Plans.
Write or call: Dave Boise
Stratton Mountain Inn
Stratton, Vermont (Area Code 802) VAlley 4-5571
(Off Rt. 30 from all points)

HO-HO CHINESE RESTAURANT
Specializing in
Mandarin & Cantonese Cooking
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS
DINNER • AFTER THEATRE
Diners' & Am. Express CI 6-3278
789 7th Ave. Nr. 52nd St. N.Y.C.

PARRISH ART MUSEUM
Southampton, Long Island, N. Y.
FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS
and
CONTEMPORARY MASTERS
Aug. 4-27
from the collection of Findlay Galleries, Inc.
Chicago *Palm Beach*



Pick it up. Turn it over. Run the blade into its slot.

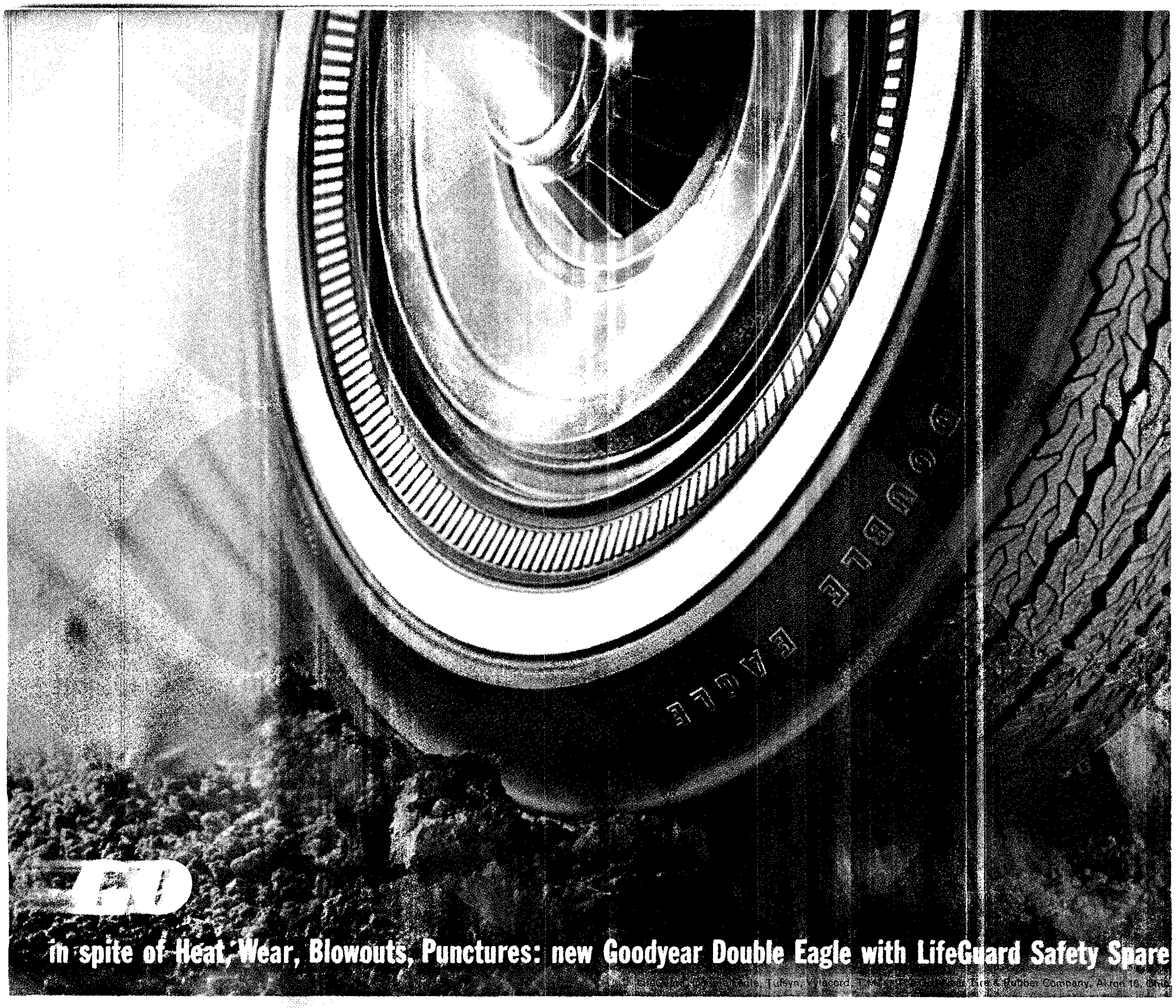
You've never seen a cutting board like this. Jens Quistgaard built it out of end-grain blocks. The way you build a butcher block. And where it's different, he designed it different. For a reason.

Take the size. Too small for cleaving beef. But just right to slice a lime or lemon on. And the top's concave, so it won't spill the juices. Take the wood. It's Siamese teak. The stuff, not of butcher blocks, but sailing ships. (Jens chose it because it stands up so well to water.)

Then how is this board like a butcher block? Pick up the knife and start to cut. Decisively. Forget your inhibitions. You won't dull the knife or gouge the wood. You're cutting as your butcher cuts. Into end-grain. Not across the fibers. As to the knife itself: the blade's the same tough Finnish stainless steel that prows the Finnish ice-breaker fleet. (The Finns would be ice-bound ten months of the year without it.) And there are two more intelligent bits. A nylon bushing—inside the scabbard slot—to keep the knife blade snug, and safe, and sharp. And the thoughtful price—just $7.95 for board and knife together.

(If you've read this far, you'd probably also be interested in some of the 515 other well-thought-out designs in the Dansk "Top of the Table" collection. Write for a free catalog to: Department G. Dansk Designs, Great Neck, New York.)

DANSK DESIGNS



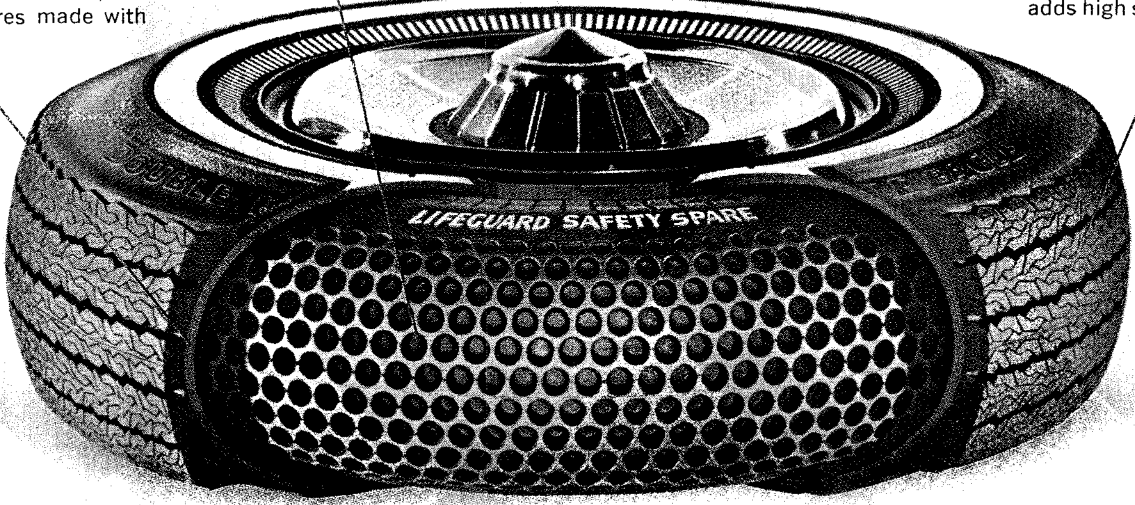
GO in spite of Heat, Wear, Blowouts, Punctures: new Goodyear Double Eagle with LifeGuard Safety Spare

LifeGuard, Double Eagle, Tufsyn, Vytacord, T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron 16, Ohio

New Vytacord, only in new Double Eagle, gives added protection against heat, a tire's worst enemy. At today's high, hot turnpike speeds, tires made with Vytacord run cooler, are stronger than tires made with nylon or rayon.

New LifeGuard Safety Spare is a complete inner tire. Not just a shield or tube, but a fully-inflated tire with tread, cord and bead. Spare inner tire keeps going even if outer tire is damaged. 965 round safety cells ride over puncturing objects.

New — Widest tread made. With Tufsyn rubber. Wrap-around design. Outwears any other auto tire made. **New radial whitewall pattern** adds high styling to your car.



Place your order now — new Double Eagle still in short supply.

GO GO GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Africa Anyone?

Now! fly

ETHIOPIAN BOEING
720B FAN JETS

From 6 famous gateways Madrid, Athens, Frankfurt, Accra, Nairobi, Cairo . . . FLY ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES Imperial Jets for speed, quiet, comfort, to and across Africa . . .

Visit Ethiopia . . . an ancient culture surviving into the jet age — adventure of a lifetime!

ETHIOPIAN JETS

See your Travel Agent
TWA General Agents in U.S. and Europe

LANCERS
Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

Imported from Portugal. A Light-bodied Rosé wine—slightly effervescent—delightfully different in taste. Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.

SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 W. 54th St N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Stepping Out!

Date for Dinner...mayhap the Drama? Make an Evening of it before you call it a night...with an hour or three of Dancing Delight...at New York's most fabled, most fabulous, most fascinating dance rendezvous. Everybody's Doing It Now!

All Included In One Modest Admission Charge—NO EXTRAS! NO TICKETS! NO HOSTESSES!

Roseland

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLROOM

DANCE CITY

TERRACE RESTAURANT
ROSE ROOM BAR

CONTINUOUS DANCING TO 2 GREAT BANDS NIGHTLY EXCEPT MONDAY
MATINEES THURSDAY & SATURDAY • SUNDAY CONTINUOUS FROM 3:30 P.M.
52ND STREET WEST OF BROADWAY

curricular activities. He will not only enjoy his golf more but he will also win many more championships that way.

The other point that should be made about the Open at Lytham is that before Charles could win it, Nicklaus first had to lose it. In a curious way, when you watch a golf tournament you get the very definite feeling, generally on the second or third round, that a particular player—he may not be ahead at that time—is almost certain to win. At Lytham, nearly everyone felt that way about Nicklaus, and, sure enough, on the final round he finally overhauled the leaders, Rodgers and Charles, and, surviving a few mishaps, came to the last two holes holding what appeared to be a secure two-stroke lead over his two pursuers. Those two strokes, you could say, were the ones he had picked up by eagling the par-5, five-hundred-and-fifty-three-yard seventh, where, in one of his most awesome displays of power, he cracked a prodigious drive three hundred and fifty yards down the fairway, and followed it with a 5-iron that finished a scant yard to the left of the flag on the punch-bowl green. On the seventeenth, the seventy-first hole of the tournament, however, he lost both strokes of his lead when he bogeyed that rigorous par 4 at the same time that Rodgers and Charles, paired together and playing one hole behind him, were birdying the sixteenth, which is a drive and pitch par 4. Nicklaus made two errors on the seventeenth. The first was an error of judgment: he took a 2-iron, much too much club, for his approach, and flew it over the back of the green. The second was an outright error of execution: he fluffed his wedge recovery from the heavy rough and barely got the ball onto the green. On the eighteenth, a three-hundred-and-eighty-nine-yard par 4 that is essentially a tee-shot hole—seven bunkers hem in the target area on the drive—he played another very poor shot, a low hook that caught the last bunker along the left-hand edge of the fairway. After that he had no chance for his par, and the door was open wide for Charles and Rodgers. Each had an airtight 4 on the seventeenth. Each hit the eighteenth fairway and got his 4 there handily, to finish with four-round totals of 277 to Nicklaus' 278. One seldom sees the whole complexion of a tournament change at the very last moment with such stunning speed, and on these rare occasions it is always a temptation to seek out subtle explanations. None, I think, are necessary. Charles and Rodgers simply had it in the clutch, and on this day Nicklaus did not. (Nine days

GORDON-FORD

man tailoring
is wonderful—but

it must be customed to feminine proportions. Precisely, this is what we do to these Gordon-Ford pants of imported cotton suede; to this Activair striped oxford shirt. Autumn shades of red, blue, green. Pants about $16, shirt about $7.

Lord & Taylor, all stores
The Country Store, Concord, Mass.
Surrey, Pittsburgh
Gun & Tackle, Cleveland
Sakowitz, Houston

GORDON-FORD, 350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1

Write or phone for our new Fall-Winter Maternity Booklet and our new Layette-Nursery Furniture Booklet.

For all mothers-to-be who love the outdoors— the culotte, the shirt

Perfect for walking, ideal for relaxing—our wool and nylon culotte with easy action center pleats and a stretchy front inset in camel or grey, **11.00.** *Marvelous company with a cotton print shirt of blue and green on red grounds,* **8.00.** *Both in 6-16 sizes, Maternity Shop Collections.*

Saks Fifth Avenue

"FAREWELL! I just can't **SLEEP!** He snores too much!"

HOLD ON LADY! —Needn't go that far, use—

FLENTS* *Anti-Noise* **EAR STOPPLES**

Comfortable, easy to use. Recommended by doctors.

Ideal For Swimmers! 1 pr. 40¢ ppd.

SHUT OUT DISTURBING LIGHT!

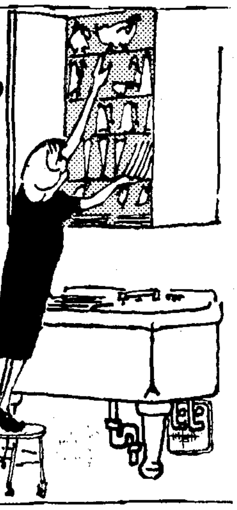
FLENTS* LIGHT SHIELDS

Nap anytime! Soft padding for snug fit. Black Satin. $2.00 ppd.

At Drug or Dept. stores—or send check or M.O. to:

FLENTS PRODUCTS CO., Inc., Dept. N
103 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

*TM



TIP TOE KITCHEN?

"Julian Hess Can Make It A Showplace"

JULIAN HESS, INC.
Engineered Kitchens®

Manhattan Showroom:
514 W. 181 St.,
N. Y. 33, N. Y.
TEL:
WAdsworth 8-6300
(Code #212)

later, incidentally, in the final round of the PGA championship, at Dallas, he did. Tied with Dave Ragan and Bruce Crampton for the lead with six holes to play, he finished with a wonderful closing burst to win by two shots.)

GRANTING that most playoffs are a letdown and that thirty-six-hole playoffs are exactly eighteen holes too long, you could not hope for a more fascinating duel than the one Charles and Rodgers put on. To begin with, the vivid contrast between the two men added a great deal of zest to the long day's journey. Down one side of the fairway walked Charles, a former bank clerk—tall, spare, dark, and aquiline, the proper reserved New Zealander. (As long as there is a New Zealand, there'll always be an England.) He went about his business with scarcely a word or a grimace, acknowledging the gallery's applause with a little upward flick of his forefinger. Down the other side of the fairway rumbled Rodgers, a twenty-five-year-old former Marine who stands a little under five feet eight and packs a hundred and ninety pounds. (His standard evening meal during the tournament, by the way, consisted of some smoked salmon, a double order of filet of sole, a filet mignon, and a triple order of chocolate ice cream.) Blond, freckled, garrulous, and likable, Rodgers has grown up in the television-golf era, which has brought back vaudeville, and on the greens he trots out a wide repertoire of sight gags, comic steps, and patter. He can also play golf—forceful golf—and in the playoff he had to, in order to stay in the game, for Charles went off on the most sensational putting spree I can recall in a major event since Billy Casper's exhibition at Winged Foot in our 1959 Open. On the morning round, Charles had no less than eleven one-putt greens, and these included twenty-five-footers on the third and thirteenth, a seventeen-foot uphiller on the fifteenth, and a sliding twenty-foot downhiller on the sixteenth. He had a 69 and led by three strokes at lunch. In the afternoon, he dropped only two really sizable putts, but they were the cruelest kind of all. The first, for a birdie, came on the fourth and cancelled out a much longer birdie putt (and an excellent rendition of the old spiked shoe) by Rodgers. The second came on the eighth, a medium-length par 4 where both men were on in two—Charles thirty feet away, and Rodgers, who had fought back admirably to be only a stroke behind at this point, some fifty feet beyond and above the cup.

"disagreeable"

A New Jersey client writes: "House-*hunting* is a disagreeable chore at best. Couple to this the fact that we were moving to a new unknown town and the task becomes almost impossible. The help of your organization together with the personal touch of your office helped us not only in screening the different locations but also in eliminating a lot of tedious work. We found a house exactly suited to our needs in only 10 days." Homerica has all pertinent facts on all major cities and prime suburbs of the U.S., Caribbean Islands, Europe, and elsewhere; knows the desirable sections and the undesirable. Just tell us your requirements—economic, educational, medical, religious, social and special—and we'll screen the homes you should inspect. Homerica safeguards your interests, satisfies your requirements. Ask Clark de Lima for details.

HOMERICA INC.

New York
200 Park Avenue
661-3111

Los Angeles
3460 Wilshire Blvd.
387-3111

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA

136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

R-N-U-ASHAMED
—Not to Have Enjoyed—
FIRE ISLAND
FLYNN'S HOTEL—516 JU 3-5000

LE VALOIS
45 EAST 58th ST. • MUrray Hill 8-7630

LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER

Also Superb Private Facilities (Parties of 40 or Less)

Rodgers holed that monster, and then Charles broke his heart by holing right on top of him again. That was the play-off. Charles' final margin was eight strokes.

As you can see, Bob Charles has the temperament needed in his unnerving profession. It is rooted in his deep confidence that he can play golf as well as anyone in the world. Earlier in his career, when he was new to our pro circuit, he could be as sour as de Gaulle when he felt that he was being viewed more as a curiosity than as a serious candidate for top honors. He has never felt that he was an oddity, possibly because he is naturally right-handed. He started to play golf from the "wrong side" as a boy because his parents were both left-handed golfers and their clubs were the only ones readily available. I don't know where all this leads us, but I have an idea that it will be only a matter of time now before a major title falls to the world's greatest cross-handed golfer—Sewsunker Sewgolum, a South African of Indian descent who is the current Natal Open champion. This is not as farfetched as it might seem. At Lytham, Sewgolum finished a laudable thirteenth with a total of 290, four shots ahead of Palmer. And he wasn't putting at all.
—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

"Poems of Dublin," contained in this collection, represent a shining example of this poet's sensitivity: like the "luminous chandelier" that she writes of, she hangs exposed, drawing up the warm sludge of lingering commonplaces, transforming it into glittering beads which she shakes off in a shower of feeling.

Throughout Miss Webb's work there is evidence of resignation pitted with coals of outrage that constantly threaten but manage, happily, to resist burning through to over-exposure.—*Review of a book of poems in the Montreal Gazette.*

Thing to do is put the coals in the chandelier and drain off the sludge.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Wall Street Journal*]

OIL COMPANIES launch splashy promotions to stimulate summer sales.

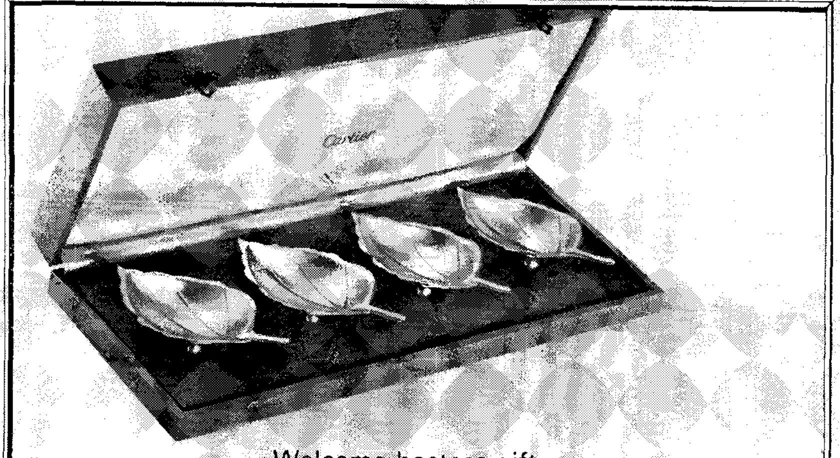
"Marketing competition among gasoline producers has never been hotter," states a New York advertising agency executive whose oil company client is spending 20% more on summer promotions than last year. Sunray DX Oil Co. conducts a jingle contest in the Midwest with prizes totaling $190,000. Tidewater Oil Co. holds weekly drawings for 25 expense-paid trips for two to Paris. Richfield Oil gives away packets of wild-flower seeds, with instructions on where to drive to see the blooms in their native habitat.

?

Tanqueray
is the gin in the
Antique Green Bottle.
English of course.
Uncompromisingly dry.
Engagingly smooth.
Enticingly superior
in Martinis.
Distilled English Gin,
Strength: 94.6 proof.

DISTILLED, BOTTLED AND
SHIPPED FROM LONDON FOR
J. M. McCUNN, INC., N.Y.C.
100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

what is Tanqueray
(TANKER-RAY)


Cartier

Welcome hostess gift...
A Cartier exclusive. Four hand-wrought, sterling silver ivy leaf candy or nut dishes, and for many other purposes.
In our own handsome case. $40 the set.
MAIL ORDERS—ADD 50c POSTAGE. FED. TAX INCLUDED

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK, PLAZA 3-0111

Bravo!~the great Numero Uno has done it again!

With avid anticipation they waited as the two mingled in a swirl of graceful excitement . . . Kahlúa, coffee liqueur number one in all the world and Arandas, the tequila authentica.

Then, the breathtaking moment of truth . . .

the taste . . .

¡OLE!

Bravo Toro – magnifico!

THE BRAVE BULL COCKTAIL

Once you have mastered El Bravo Toro you will dominate the cocktail hour:

KAHLÚA COFFEE LIQUEUR AND ARANDAS TEQUILA

. . . EQUAL PARTS OVER THE ROCKS.

Send for free Kahlúa and Arandas recipe books.

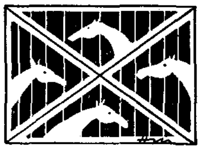
Jules Berman & Assoc., Inc.
9025 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Kahlúa 53 Proof • Arandas 80 Proof

Facing the moment of truth is Emmy award winner, Carl Reiner

THE RACE TRACK

Long Haul

THE longest race meeting ever held at a major track in this country ended at Aqueduct last Saturday. Beginning on March 20th, it ran for one hundred and twelve days. (Senior racegoers say that back in the nineties, Guttenberg, just across the Hudson River from Forty-second Street, used to run the year round, but that really doesn't count because The Gut, as it was known, was an outlaw track.) The session at the Big A was not only the longest but the dullest I can remember, and I have the memory of an elephant. Except for a few high moments—Chateaugay's race in the Belmont Stakes, Kelso's in the Suburban, Cyrano's in the Brooklyn, and Cicada's finish in the Sheepshead Bay Handicap—it seemed an almost interminable procession of second-class horses running in claiming races, most of them at six furlongs. Actually, it wore out the track. (And some horseplayers, too.) Not to go deeply into details, a racing strip is built with nearly as much care as is given to the acoustics in a concert hall. A bed of crushed rock, to start with, is covered with a layer of sand, to furnish good drainage, and over the sand goes at least six inches of clay or marl, to provide a firm footing for the runners. Track superintendents pay special attention to the composition of this base, as they call it. The one at Aqueduct is of a special clay found near Albany, mixed with sand to make it more resilient. This is topped with three inches of sand and a leavening of clay, called a cushion, which lessens the jar to the joints and the strain on the tendons of horses galloping over it. Well, it seems that the tractors and heavy watering carts that have been going round and round the track before every race day after day for four months have done things to the base and reduced the effective depth of the cushion. While the horses are taking the waters at Saratoga Springs, the Aqueduct track will be reconditioned and made ready for eighty-four more days of racing.



SARATOGA's celebration of its centennial of racing began last weekend with open house at the course on Union Avenue, a parade, fireworks at the lake, and other high jinks. I'm told that the grandstand at the track has been decorated with bunting and red-and-white pennants—the colors of the old Saratoga Association; sounds very gay indeed. All last week, motor vans full of horses were rolling out of Belmont Park bound for the Spa, so there should be enough racers on the grounds to fill the fourteen stakes on the flat and all the lesser races listed for the meeting. By the way, the Saratoga Cup, inaugurated in 1865 and discontinued when the New York Racing Association streamlined its programs in 1955, has been revived—for the centennial, no doubt. It will be run on August 23rd, not at a mile and three-quarters, which was the distance when it was won by such notables as Kentucky, Longfellow, Parole, Beldame, Exterminator, Gallant Fox, Dark Secret, and Stymie, but at a mile and five furlongs, and over the turf course instead of the main track. Other fixtures I wish the management would bring back are the United States Hotel Stakes and the Grand Union Hotel Stakes, for two-year-olds; the Saratoga Handicap, which used to follow the Flash Stakes on opening day; and another oldie, the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, for which—and this is hard to believe—the merchants and citizens of Saratoga used to put up the purse.

Kelso is expected to run for the Whitney Stakes on Saturday, and should win it. Other coming events are the Alabama Stakes on August 10th; the Saratoga Special on the 12th; the Travers on the 17th (there's talk that Candy Spots will come East for it and have another go at Chateaugay); and the Hopeful on August 24th, the closing day of the meeting.

IF *you're going to a dude ranch instead of Saratoga, it is suggested that* you put "Your Western Horse, His Ways and His Rider," by Nelson C. Nye (A. S. Barnes) in your bedroll. It is a consistently entertaining account of what the beast is, where he came from, and what he can do, together with advice on how to handle him. Mr. Nye, an authority on the subject, also tells how to train one for quarter-horse races.
—AUDAX MINOR

•

GOOD MORNING:
What have you always longed for? The A.Y.S.C. can make it possible. Is it an English or an American bicycle, a 4 Transistor Tape Recorder, an Air Rifle . . . —*Letter received by a man on West Eighty-first Street.*

Don't be silly. It's Mary Pickford.

Tiparillo
by Robt. Burns
Tiparillo

What does she mean "cigars...cigarettes...Tiparillos"?

What is the story on this remarkable new smoke by Robt. Burns?

You'll be hearing that chant more and more —now that Tiparillos have arrived. And arrived they have. In all the right places. With all the right people.

The new Tiparillo has a neat, trim shape. It looks young and debonair. And its pearly, pliable tip pays more than lip service to your smoking pleasure.

And never before such mildness! The most careful blending of choicest imported tobaccos has seen to that. So, too, has the exclusive, veinless Ultra Cigar Wrapper* that burns so evenly and smoothly it insures complete mildness.

You can even see the mildness. The surprisingly whiter ash is visible evidence. Smoker's proof. Here is flavor you don't have to inhale to enjoy.

"Cigars...cigarettes...?" Who knows, maybe someday it will be just "Tiparillos!" *T.M. GENERAL CIGAR CO.

No other cruise experience can give you the grace and charm of the SOUTH SEAS

Follow the sun and the stars—and your dreams—to the South Seas with Matson, and you will relish 42 of the most delightful, restful days you have ever known.

In the relaxed elegance of your beautiful white ship, SS Mariposa or SS Monterey, cruise the world's widest seas, to the world's most enchanting ports-of-call—visited regularly *only* by Matson.

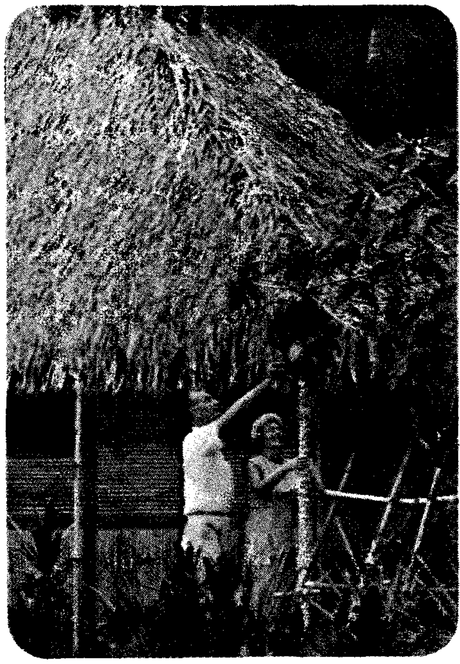
Make new friends—charming, lovely people—wonderful companions for this matchless adventure.

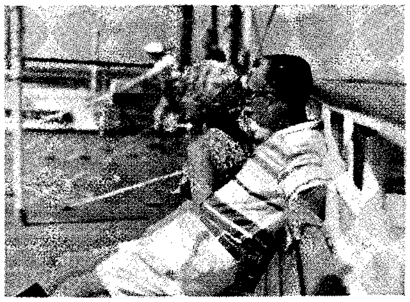
Enjoy pastimes which refresh but never tax you. Laze in the sun, feast your eyes on the open sea, and realize you never were more at peace with the world.

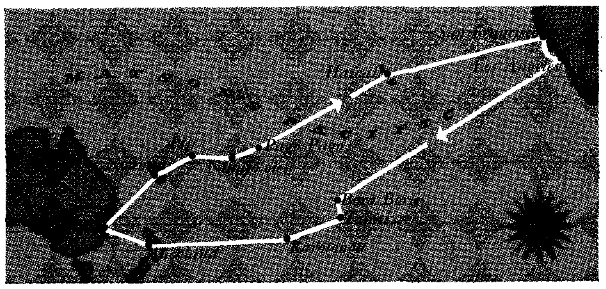
Be pampered by magnificent Matson services, always at hand, but never obtrusive.

Relax in a spacious stateroom with private bath, in a completely air-conditioned, gyro-stabilized ship. You will love the food—it's marvelous.

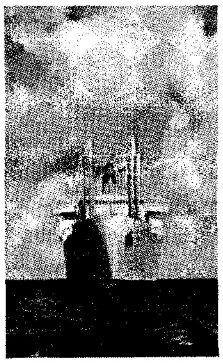
This unsurpassed cruise begins every third week from San Francisco and Los Angeles. See your travel agent or write Matson Lines, 215 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California.







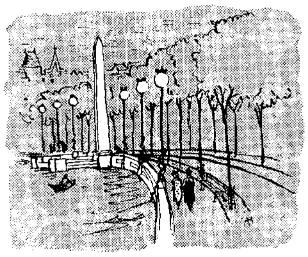
Matson Lines®



LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 23

THE one solid, if awkwardly shaped, fact that stands out from the backwash of the Profumo affair and the new situation it has made for the Government is that Mr. Macmillan is still the man in possession and has indicated that he has no intention of quitting in unseemly haste—or maybe even, as some of his Party suspect, with varying degrees of approval, of quitting at all during the life of this Parliament. He chose to give the answer to the big question with typical throwaway casualness in a television interview on an evening when the papers were splashing the first day's court evidence of the world of Dr. Stephen Ward and the antick goaty shapes who moved in it. In the three weeks since then, the arguments have gone on unabated, nevertheless, in the Party and the press. Many of the commentators have hinted that if an agreement emerges from the Moscow test-ban talks, it would then be a good moment for the Prime Minister to withdraw gracefully to his earldom and "another place"—the Parliamentary synonym for the House of Lords—on a note of success and congratulation, which has lately been little heard. Should a breakthrough in Moscow lead to the first of a range of summit meetings, however, nobody can rule out the strong probability that Mr. Macmillan, as the most experienced and convinced summit-scaler in sight, may think that he should be on hand to attend it, and doubtless to improve his position by doing so. The Conservatives are thus in the uneasy attitude of a party gathered to say goodbye to an honored friend who will eventually depart on one of several possible trains, and some of the loyal platform smiles, coupled with furtive glances at the clock, are becoming a trifle fixed.



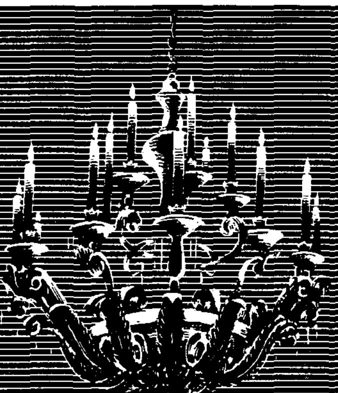
The central figure in the guessing game is showing no signs of strain, it should be added, but rather the reverse. When he made his speech to the House of Commons defending his position over his late Secretary of State for War and his security service, he showed marks of the wear and tear of the affair, but the powers of physical and mental resilience he has displayed since then may have given pause to some of those who think that his elderly image will not galvanize the Party into fighting for its life at the general election when it comes. In his Commons speeches and in his replies to questions put to him in the House, he has been in superabundantly good form, as though carelessly demonstrating to everybody how the various would-be riders sitting thinking their thoughts behind him on the Government front bench can pale into insignificance beside his elegant, easy mastery in the saddle. Certainly a wave of popular support for him from loyal Conservative outposts up and down the country, which resented the back-bench sniping at Westminster, has greatly strengthened his hand and weakened that of his critics. It is also probable that the extremely anti-Macmillan press has had the strange effect of helping him. The public's feelings toward the journalistic profession have not been exactly admiring since the more sensational sections of Fleet Street were unbecomingly exposed in the Vassall spy-case inquiry; to judge by some of the hard things being said, even the responsible press suffered some diminution of authority. The spectacle of Mr. Macmillan's being interred alive by practically every journal after the Profumo debate doubtless added to the instinctive sympathy of many of their readers, who subsequently exploded into indignant letters in the newspaper correspondence columns.

There are many other Conservatives, clearly, who are staunch to Mr. Macmillan and would have objected strongly if he had looked likely to be shaken out of office by Miss Keeler. But the Profumo affair—which diminishes in interest as a topic, incidentally, the farther you go from London, and in the North was apparently discussed without much criticism as the quite predictable goings on of rich Southerners, rightly of less importance than the real stuff of having a job and finding a house to live in—was, after all, only the sudden flare-up of the discontent with the Government that has been smoldering for long months in the public-opinion polls. Especially the younger Conservatives had come to feel that a modernizing change at the top, made in good time to present a tidy, contemporary-looking solution to the voters, would be necessary to their chances of getting home again at the general election. Now nobody can be sure that Mr. Macmillan sees things in this way, and many people are convinced that he does not. All that is clear is that he has blandly dished the people who

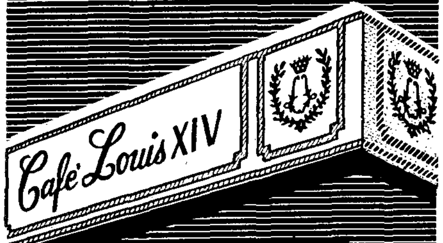
for the American Scene:
Wamsutta® &
Lady Manhattan®

One, two, three...go! You can't own enough of a classic shirt like this. Wamsutta "Pacibel"™ 100% combed cotton with the renowned Belfast® finish that drips, tumbles or spins dry without a crease. Done to Lady Manhattan perfection, in white or colors. Sizes 8 to 18. About $6.00. Available at fine stores everywhere.

WAMSUTTA MILLS, 1430 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y. MAKERS OF FAMOUS SUPERCALE® SHEETS AND WAMSUTTA HERITAGE TOWELS.

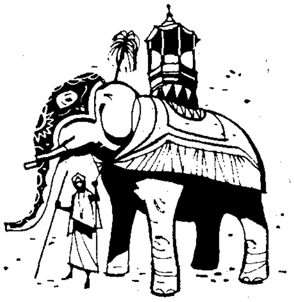


MOOD ELEGANTE...
IN THE TRADITION OF
LA CUISINE MAGNIFIQUE
DINNER • LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS



reservations: Circle 6-5800
open Sundays from 4:30 p.m
15 West 49th St., at Rockefeller Plaza
(Closed Sundays—August)

ENCHANTING
Ceylon



IS CLOSER THAN YOU THINK

One day's flying time from New York . . . Ideal base for exploring Asia. A two week's holiday is inexpensive in Ceylon, the fabled Garden of Eden.

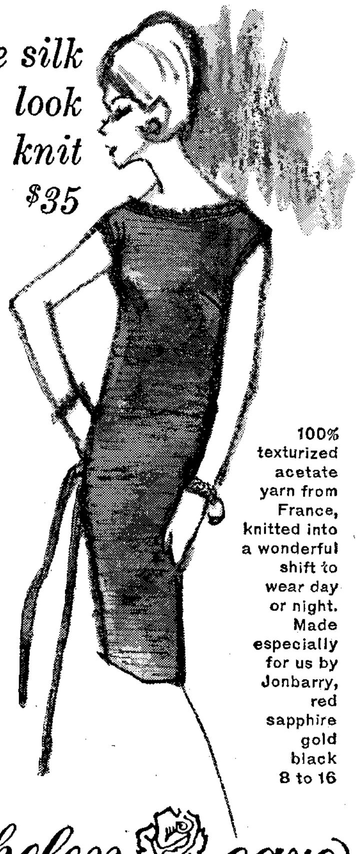
Ask your Travel Agent or write to: Ceylon Embassy, 2148 Wyoming Avenue, N.W., Washington 8, D.C., or Ceylon Government Tourist Office, Colombo 1, Ceylon.

ALL THAT IS NEW ORLEANS!

Commander's Palace SINCE 1880
FRENCH AND CREOLE CUISINE
Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

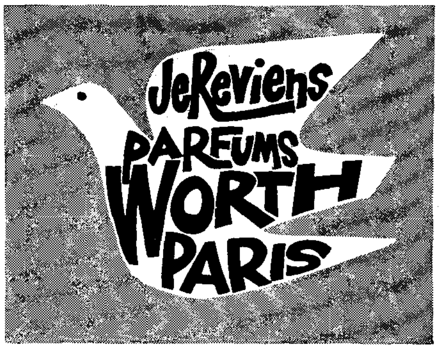
prophesied his early departure, and already in the constituencies (which do not necessarily think the same way as their representatives in Westminster) one hears a lot of surprisingly complacent comment to the effect that it is quite in the cards that he will be able to defeat Mr. Harold Wilson, too.

The question of who will eventually succeed the Prime Minister is not clear at all. If it were, the internal pressure for a change would probably be stronger than it is. The Ministers whose names are now most frequently mentioned are Mr. Reginald Maudling, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. R. A. Butler, the Deputy Prime Minister, who a short time ago was being passed over by most of the political pickers because it was assumed that he had been too long in the public eye, and that many Conservatives, touchily aware that its regard had become steadily more jaundiced, would prefer an entirely fresh start with a comparatively young man. The strange, traditional Tory method of choosing a leader—also coming in for criticism from many as being out of date and not canvassing the true wishes of the Party at all levels—is not to elect one by a ballot among their M.P.s, as the Labour Party does, but to sound out the general feeling in Westminster and the country by various complicated means, and perhaps, if the final choice between two candidates is very close, to rely on the ripe advice of one or two elder statesmen. Mr. Maudling, who seems to be the favorite of the bulk of the Parliamentary section of the Party, is forty-six and extremely able, a pleasant rather than a forceful personality, and no orator at all. It may be that he is now being viewed as a likely Conservative Prime Minister because he is so entirely different from Harold Macmillan, who goes back recognizably to the grand design of Tory policymaking against a Trollopean background of great houses and grouse moors—the outward image, at any rate (for even his critics cannot complain that his attitude toward reforming winds of change has ever been anything but forward-looking), that the modernists in the Party would like to replace with something nearer the middle-class norm. Rab Butler would be preferred, reportedly, by the Tory Party Establishment, and certainly by a large section of thoughtful Conservatives who have always admired him as the chief builder of the new-style reforming conservatism after the crushing defeat of 1945. Sixteen months ago, he was put in charge of the prickly special assignment of Central African Af-



100% texturized acetate yarn from France, knitted into a wonderful shift to wear day or night. Made especially for us by Jonbarry, red sapphire gold black 8 to 16

helen caro
mail orders
please add 50c
box 136
wyncote, pa.
cheltenham



FOR A PACKET OF SCENTED BLOTTING PAPER
WRITE TO: WORTH, DEPT. B, 5 EAST 57TH ST., N. Y. C.

Re-Opening July 30th
. . . After vacation for your dining pleasure.
Your host
ROGER CHAUVERON
Café Chauveron
"The Ultimate in French Cuisine"
FOR RESERVATIONS PHONE
PL 1-6480
139 E. 53 St., N.Y.C.

AUCTION: EVERY THURSDAY
FURNITURE, DECORATIVE & ART OBJECTS
Exhibitions Monday, Tuesday & Wednesday
PLAZA ART GALLERIES, INC.
406 EAST 79th STREET
N.Y.C. 21—TR 9-1800

fairs. While the arguments about Mr. Macmillan's successor were raging at home early this month, Mr. Butler was presiding over the conference at Victoria Falls that gathered to discuss the breakup at the end of this year of the Central African Federation of the two Rhodesias, North and South, and Nyasaland. His brilliantly successful handling of the various unreconciled elements, black and white, who had been expected to explode in angry, dangerous disagreement over the details of their political and financial reorganization turned out to be a British and (significantly, at this moment) a Butler triumph. In the post-Profumo disarray, there may be many more Conservatives who will feel that, as leader in power or in opposition, Mr. Butler's mind and experience would be restoring.

THE circles widening out from the half brick heaved into the political life of Britain have obviously not stopped yet, and some of them are fascinating to observe. Yesterday, the Labour Party staged a big House of Commons attack on the iniquitous property profiteering that they claim goes on through a hole in the much disliked Rent Act of 1957, and that has been brought to the public's indignant notice not through the alertness of the Minister of Housing or of the Opposition but through the sudden national notoriety of its murkiest operator—a dead Pole called Peter Rachman, who, when alive, provided mink and Jaguars to Christine Keeler's friend Mandy Rice-Davies. He was already sufficiently notorious and infamous, it appears, in the seedy districts of London—not so many miles from the spruce parade of babies' prams and exercising dog owners in Kensington Gardens—that have now suddenly been revealed to startled Londoners as the so-called Rachman Empire, which includes squares and crescents of once dignified, now sadly peeling, slatternly big houses left over from the heyday of the Forsytes. Rachman bought them up and cleared them of their remaining respectable "statutory tenants" (those who had been there before the Rent Act was introduced, and who consequently still paid low controlled rents). This he did, the Opposition maintained, by the simple process of filling the other rooms with noisy colored immigrant families and white prostitutes, who were encouraged to let all hell loose on their neighbors until they could stand it no longer and quit to give room to more profitable tenants or allow Rachman to sell the site to property speculators. If

PEAK OF CHIC

Way back when art was nouveau, Bazaar predicted its impact on fashion. Here, a Vionnet in Bazaar, '25. This season fashions will be equally gala and the smart entrepreneur will want to join the galaxy in pre-holiday, November Bazaar—mecca for sneak previews.

THE TASTE THAT Harper's BAZAAR SETS THE TREND

ESPRESSO COAT The continental look in red or blue striped terry. Vertical stripes for slimness—crosswise for pockets, collar, narrow back sash. Blue/white or red/white striped terry. Sm(8-10), Med(12-14), Lg(16-18). **$12.95**

LEISURE COAT The newest look of at-home elegance! Softly fitted in front . . . flowing back tied with the narrowest sash. Textured buttons circled in gold. In stark white terry. Sm(8-10), Med(12-14), Lg(16-18). **$13.95**

Add 35c each for shipping. *Color catalog on request.*

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—$7

☐ TWO YEARS—$12

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America and Spain—$1.00 per year; Other foreign—$3.00 per year.)

NAME

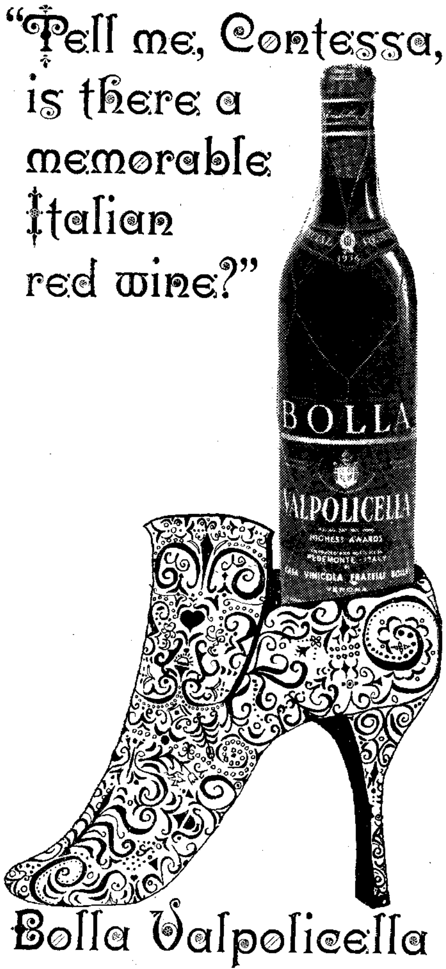
ADDRESS

(Please include postal zone number)

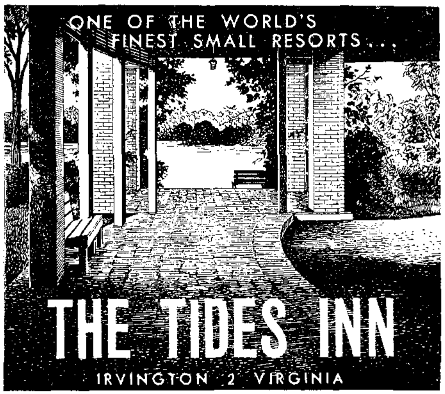
they protested, they were beaten up, as a last, gentle eviction order. Because of the private behavior of a Secretary of State for War, Parliament yesterday resounded with angry cries to the Government to stop the alleged operations of the still alive and kicking inheritors of Rachman's territory, about which the protesters had apparently been as ignorant as the Prime Minister acknowledged himself to be about the company his War Minister had rashly kept. The Opposition, for all yesterday's powerful assault, had not known, either, it should be pointed out. What everybody wants to know is why the local authorities and the police have apparently been powerless all these years to locate and destroy the Rachman organization. The answers given—for instance, that the victims were too terrorized or too simple to complain, and that the transactions kept on disappearing behind a smoke screen of different names—have not seemed very reassuring to most citizens.

It is ironic, and obviously highly damaging to the Government, that Miss Keeler and her friends have been made to appear not as purveyors of pleasure but almost as high moralists and puritanical reformers, asking the startled country to look through the doors they have in unexpected ways helped to open on various aspects of British life, all unflattering. The Government has announced yet another inquiry, this time into the state of London housing. The inquiry that Lord Denning was appointed to make into security and the Profumo case will not be ready before October or thereabouts, it has been stated. This is unfortunate in the opinion of many who think that until it is out of the way and the speculations revolving about it are settled, there can be no clearing of the political air. Some feel that there is likely to be none even then, until this present peculiar and unsatisfactory patch of governing on the brink is also settled one way or another.

THE second summer season of the Chichester Festival, down in Sussex, directed by Sir Laurence Olivier, has opened with three productions—two old plays and one new—in its controversial theatre, which from the outside looks something like a flying saucer come to rest among the town's fine trees and charming little eighteenth-century houses. The controversy last year concerned its open, semicircular stage—a strangely archaic throwback in a modern playhouse, it seemed to the critics, who complained of bad acoustics


"Tell me, Contessa, is there a memorable Italian red wine?"
BOLLA
VALPOLICELLA

Bolla Valpolicella
Sole U.S. Distributors: Fontana Hollywood Corp., N.Y.C.



FAMOUS FOR PRIME STEAKS, SUPERB ROAST BEEF AND AUTOGRAPHED LOBSTER. CAESAR OR TOSSED SALAD INCLUDED WITHOUT CHARGE WITH MORE THAN 30 ENTREES.
LUNCHEON - DINNER - SUPPER. OPEN FROM 11:30 A.M.-1 A.M. DINERS' CLUB.
NEW YORK—49 E. 49th St.—PL 1-1960
MIAMI BEACH—21st St. Off Collins Ave.—JE 8-0523
CHANDLER'S

JAPANESE RESTAURANT
SAITO
TEMPURA BAR • TATAMI ROOM
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
70 W. 55th ST. Closed Sun. JU 2-7809

and inevitable views of actors' backs, not to mention the company's having to speak what should have been soft asides in such heightened tones that they often came over like something hallooed in a stiff breeze from one of the sailing dinghies moored in Chichester harbor. This year, one can only report once again that the proscenium arch was an excellent invention. Even so, the production of "Uncle Vanya," with practically the same cast as last year—Michael Redgrave as poor Vanya; Sir Laurence, in pince-nez and the heights of truly great acting, as the doctor with whom Vanya's homely niece (beautifully played by Joan Plowright) falls in love; and Dame Sybil Thorndike making something moving and unforgettable out of the small part of the old nurse—is the best English production of Chekhov that anyone can remember on a stage of any shape. In the fine "Saint Joan" with which the festival opened, Joan Plowright, with her round, black eyes and her sturdy country build and accent, was a properly common-sense Maid—a girl in love with military strategy, but rather less successful in suggesting that she was in love with God. In the trial scene, though handicapped by makeup as chalkily white as a Pierrot's, she was very touching.

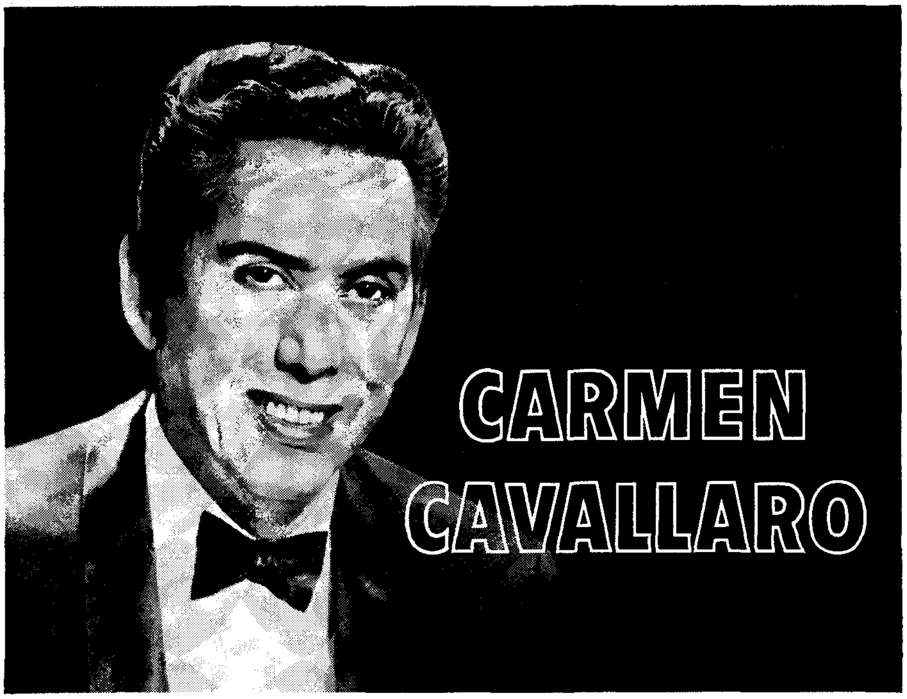
Much advance curiosity had been aroused by "The Workhouse Donkey," by John Arden, considered to be one of the most interesting young British playwrights. Most of the critics crossly took a stick to it. It begins as a rambling satire on corruption in a northern town (portraits, none surprising, of comic Labour mayor and councillors, and of comic Conservative bigwigs), to which a new Chief Constable from London is sent to clean up local vice. Occasionally, the actors burst into little songs and dances, and later, embarrassingly, into blank verse, for the piece turns out to have weighty symbolic intentions, no less, as well as such witty inspirations as a police sergeant caught scrambling frantically into his trousers while visiting the town's madam. The donkey of the title, a demagogue alderman who was born in a workhouse, is excellently played at great pace by Frank Finlay. Harnessed to Vanya and Joan, however, he seemed a bewildering third choice.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

LAWRENCE, Donald, Flossie, Smith reunion Aug. 19, Roseland Park. 1:00 in front of train.—*Personal in the Rochester (N.Y.) Democrat & Chronicle.*

And then no more reunions.



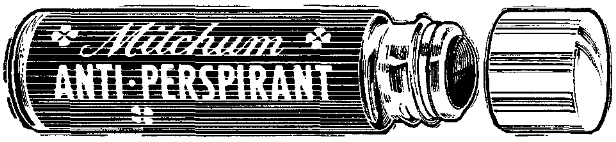
THE POET OF THE PIANO

AT THE
ROYAL BOX
nightly at 9:30 and 12:15 except Sundays

americana
OF NEW YORK

Dinner & Supper Dancing
Entertainment Charge:
$2.50 per person / $3.00, Fri. & Sat.
Reservations: Peter / LT 1-1000

NOW THROUGH AUGUST 17
AUGUST 19 • PHYLLIS DILLER



An intimate friend*

Copyright 1963
The Mitchum Co.

$3.00* plus tax

distinctive
and unusual
CHRISTMAS CARDS

A new group of the famous Metropolitan Museum of Art cards. Paintings from early Italian and Flemish masters to Renoir and Van Gogh, medieval tapestries and ivories, Persian manuscripts, Byzantine gold and enamels, primitive woodcuts, prints and drawings by Rembrandt, Dürer, and Tiepolo, and a festive variety of designs from ancient Greece, China, India, Japan, and pre-Inca Peru. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions under supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The 40 page catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September 1.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 28

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N10

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

SUPERLATIVE SCIENCE FICTION
SPECTRUM II
Edited by KINGSLEY AMIS and ROBERT CONQUEST
Stories by
Wyman Guin...James Blish...
Brian W. Aldiss...Philip K. Dick...
Isaac Asimov...Mark Clifton...
A.E. van Vogt...Henry Kuttner
$4.50 HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

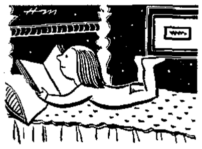
Be an angel to your hostess. Give her
Occupation: Angel
By MARGUERITE CULLMAN. "A zestful book about a glamorous world."—Boston Herald. $3.95 NORTON

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Night and Silence Who Is Here: An American Comedy, by Pamela Hansford Johnson (Scribners). An Englishman of no great attainments finds himself invited over here to one of those institutions, lately proliferating on American campuses, where scholars are invited to think for a year and perhaps write something. (Miss Johnson suggests that Cobb University's visiting fellowships are exotic, but their undemanding routine resembles that of a number of Oxbridge chairs.) Her hero, Matthew Pryar (the name is Miss Johnson's academic little joke), develops a lasting fondness for Cobb, and a still more lasting attachment to an American millionairess. Given this book's geniality, a happy ending is never in doubt. The one striking piece of originality in it is a theory, propounded by one of the thinking Fellows, about the source of Emily Dickinson's imagery. It's a dandy.



A Man Survives, by Vladimir Maximov, translated from the Russian by Anselm Hollo (Grove). A youngish man, Sergei Zarev, lies in a small Siberian hospital, just conscious enough to know how badly off he is. He recalls his past—a career in outlawry, marked by cunning and hate—and he takes note of the life of the hospital around him. He is tended by people who pity him without caring who he is, and one man risks his life to get him a doctor during a blizzard. So much love, freely offered, redeems Zarev. This book's novelty, for Russian readers, lies in its absence of Party cant; it shows identifiable aspects of life—criminality, war, kindness—without any of the formerly compulsory references to revolution or counter-revolution. For Americans, Maximov's literary craftsmanship is a pleasure.

The Death of Achilles, by Victor Price (Doubleday). Hugh Barbour, a subdued Irishman of thirty-eight, is working in Cyprus as a British interrogator in the campaign against the terrorist nationalists when he falls in love with Rodi, a handsome Greek librarian. Rodi's young brother, Nikos, is a nationalist and an assassin, and one day he comes before Barbour for questioning. Barbour is a vacillating man who believes himself to be as much in sympathy with the Greeks as he is with the British, and these new strains on his loyalties put him on the horns of a dilemma—where, it is only fair to add, he seems as much at home as he would be anywhere. Mr. Price's first novel is competently planned, and it is written in a quiet, ordinary, readable style.

GENERAL

Francis Bacon: The Temper of a Man, by Catherine Drinker Bowen (Atlantic-Little, Brown). The subtitle of this book exactly describes its nature. It is only in form a biography of Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Alban, Lord Chancellor of England. Mrs. Bowen is far less concerned with Bacon's career—his thirty agonizing years of frustrated ambition, his sudden mighty rise to power, and his equally sudden impeachment and disgrace—than with the qualities of mind, the perfections and imperfections of character, that were in every instance responsible. Bacon was a complex of extraordinary contradictions—brilliant and erratic, candid and dissembling, proud and groveling, courtier and scholar, eager to leave the rigid past and investigate the "causes and secret motions of things," and an intractable believer in the divine right of kings—and Mrs. Bowen leads us through this fascinating labyrinth with grace, excitement, and affection. Photographs. A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Under a Colored Cap, by Sean O'Casey (St. Martin's). The Green Crow, as O'Casey likes to call himself, is well up into his eighties now, and his cawing, though undiminished in strength, is often neither very melodious, even by a crow's standards, nor very apt. No matter—let the cranky, opinionated old wonder go on railing against his perennial enemies (the Church, contemporary literary and drama critics, the Irish bourgeoisie), for he has been a giver of great gifts, and reverence alone would require us to provide him with an audience. Fortunately, there's a more fruitful reason to heed him: one of the pieces in this collection—a

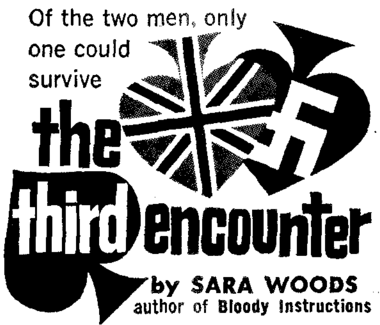
Imported Turtleneck

Imported from Europe for every member of your family, our soft cotton turtleneck jerseys have lightly elasticized collars and cuffs. Children's in white, red, sky blue, black, navy, forest green; sizes 6-14, $3.00. Women's in black, white, forest, yellow, Swiss blue, red, navy, beige; sizes S, M, L, $4.00. Men's in black, white, forest, yellow, Swiss blue, red, navy, charcoal; sizes S, M, L, XL, $4.00. Postpaid.

Write for FREE CATALOG.

The Talbots
Hingham 12, Mass.

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE


Of the two men, only one could survive
the third encounter

by SARA WOODS
author of Bloody Instructions

Anthony Maitland, the young London barrister — and beautifully civilized hero of Sara Woods' earlier novel — turns up again, stalked by a relentless enemy from the past. $3.50

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

Special Mid-week Rates
at
FLYNN'S HOTEL
Fire Island—516 JU 3-5000

Chateau Madrid
Nightly exc. Sun.
Mr. PEDRO VARGAS
Latin America's Most Famous Singing Star
42 W. 58 • PL 3-3773

threnody on the death of a beloved young son—is a perfect little work of art, immeasurably moving.

STUDIES IN FRONTIER HISTORY, by Owen Lattimore (Oxford). The frontier is that between China and the Soviet Union. Professor Lattimore, who has travelled extensively in Manchuria, Mongolia, and Sinkiang, and speaks Russian, Mongolian, and Chinese, apparently knows more about it than any other American. This collection of papers written over three decades makes it clear that if he is a partisan of any un-American way of life, it is that of Mongol nomadism, about which he writes with knowledge and passion. Maps. Twelve dollars.

BYZANTINE EMPRESSES, by Charles Diehl, translated from the French by Harold Bell and Theresa de Kerpely (Knopf). The author briefly recounts the lives of thirteen Basilissas (from Athenais, the converted pagan consort of Theodosius, to Anna of Savoy), but he is primarily interested in establishing the point that, contrary to the theories held by Gibbon and Montesquieu, the Byzantine empresses before the period of Mohammedan influence upon Constantinople were neither secluded nor powerless. In some cases—notably that of Irene, who blinded her own son Constantine—the empresses were more than the equals of their emperors. As a great Byzantine scholar, Professor Diehl quite ably makes his point, but as a storyteller he is hampered by a certain priggishness (he repeatedly finds himself so embarrassed by the details of his narrative that he omits them, and yet he resorts to endless abstract speculations about the morality of his heroines), by his very involvement with his subject (fifth-century Byzantium is so immediately present to him that he frequently scrambles his tenses), and by his heavy and repetitious style.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES, by William Goldhurst (World). A barren academic study about the "influence" on Fitzgerald and his work of such friends and colleagues as Edmund Wilson, H. L. Mencken, Ring Lardner, and Ernest Hemingway. Mr. Goldhurst's theme is largely a projection of his ambition as a literary critic—a suspicion of which he seems constantly aware—and it forces upon him a style that is half assertion ("He [Hemingway] had also become the ultimate judge and arbiter of Fitz-

Take your vacation at a great resort...

and cruise the West Indies too!

From New York City

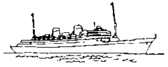
SEP. 20	STATENDAM	7½ DAYS	FROM $195 To Bermuda, Nassau
SEP. 30	STATENDAM	12 DAYS	FROM $330 To San Juan, St. Thomas, Montego Bay, Nassau
OCT. 4	NIEUW AMSTERDAM	5½ DAYS	FROM $165 To Bermuda
OCT. 11	NIEUW AMSTERDAM	9½ DAYS	FROM $270 To Bermuda, Montego Bay, Nassau
OCT. 23	NIEUW AMSTERDAM	12 DAYS	FROM $335 To St. Thomas, La Guaira, Curacao, Nassau
NOV. 6	STATENDAM	12 DAYS	FROM $330 To San Juan, Curacao, Montego Bay, Nassau
NOV. 20	STATENDAM	14 DAYS	FROM $380 To St. Thomas, Curacao, Cristobal, Kingston, Nassau
DEC. 6	NIEUW AMSTERDAM	12½ DAYS	FROM $355 To Nassau, Montego Bay, Curacao, St. Thomas
DEC. 20	ROTTERDAM	15 DAYS	FROM $495 To St. Thomas, Trinidad, Grenada, La Guaira, Curacao, Montego Bay, Nassau
DEC. 21	NIEUW AMSTERDAM	12 DAYS	FROM $385 To Nassau, Curacao, Martinique, St. Thomas
DEC. 23	MAASDAM	11 DAYS	FROM $280 To St. Thomas, San Juan, Nassau
JAN. 3	NIEUW AMSTERDAM	11½ DAYS	FROM $325 To Nassau, Curacao, St. Thomas
JAN. 6	ROTTERDAM	15 DAYS	FROM $465 To San Juan, St. Thomas, Martinique, Barbados, Trinidad, Curacao, Montego Bay, Nassau

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS
S.S. ROTTERDAM ....JAN. 25, 1964
Explore 22 of the world's most romantic cities . . .
rates from $2,700

P.S. If you live outside New York, why not combine your cruise with a visit to the world's most exciting city. Your travel agent will arrange everything.

If you missed our coupon on page 17 here's another chance!

SAIL A HAPPY SHIP



Holland-America Line
609 Fifth Avenue (Corner 49th St.)
New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me a batch of brochures about your Fall and Winter cruises to the West Indies.

Name____________________

Address____________________

Travel Agent____________________

25W8

EXOTERIC

These are the days of the specialist, the man who, according to the late Nicholas Murray Butler, "knows more and more about less and less." There are many fields and careers so esoteric that their principles and terms are Greek to the layman—crystallography, for example, or nucleonics, or binary numbers.

There's one field that many people regard as esoteric that we've done our best to make exoteric. That is the stock market. Our most popular booklet, year in and year out, is the pocket-sized 22-page *"What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business,"* which explains the market in language that *must* be easy to understand because there are several million copies in print and the demand goes on and on.

If you've always thought the stock market was esoteric, this booklet should disabuse you of the notion. There's a copy for you if you want one. Just ask for it. A post card with the letters *WEOTK* on it will do.

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

gerald's ability") and half immediate retraction ("Still, it would be a mistake to overemphasize Fitzgerald's dependence on Hemingway's judgments, aesthetic or otherwise").

SAINTE-BEUVE: SELECTED ESSAYS, translated and edited by Francis Steegmuller and Norbert Guterman (Doubleday). A sample of the work of the influential and prolific nineteenth-century French critic. Messrs. Steegmuller and Guterman have done their work well, but it's yes-and-no whether Sainte-Beuve is worth it. For the negative, he is the kind of critic who assumes that when he tells his readers what he thinks he has thereby told them what they should think—that Racine was a gifted lyric poet, that Stendhal was a useful but outdated critic, that "Madame Bovary" failed to show the bright side of rural life. He has a genius for not getting the point: he admires Montaigne's style, reprobates (with awesome stuffiness) what he thinks was his impiety, and totally misses the skeptic's humaneness. For the positive, Sainte-Beuve is a good writer, who sets down the biographical and historic data surrounding a chosen author or work with deftness and tact, and he is capable of sound, close textual analyses. He isn't a good guide to French literature; he has a place in it.

HEREDITY AND HUMAN LIFE, by Hampton L. Carson (Columbia). Genetics is one of the most complex and fascinating branches of modern science, and one in which enormous progress has been made in recent years. (It is only in the last decade that the organic molecule DNA—desoxyribose nucleic acid—has been definitely established as the fundamental chemical structure that transmits the hereditary pattern.) Professor Carson, a zoologist at Washington University, has written a lucid, careful, popular introduction to the subject, his book embracing not only gene chemistry but also the role of the hereditary mechanism in the evolution of man. Many readers will want to learn more, and for them Professor Carson has provided a detailed reading list.

•

Miss April O'Malley, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, attired in an emerald green silk sheath. She carried a colonial bouquet of legal tender.—*Scranton (Pa.) Times.*

That's our girl!

The Westbury is a way of life!

For overnight visits or an extended stay in New York, seasoned travelers return to The Westbury. Here, your every whim or need is anticipated and catered to—luxurious rooms, suites, superb cuisine, flawless service. Company Suites, magnificently furnished, from 1 to 6 rooms, also available on lease or monthly rental.

Home of the famous POLO BAR and new MAYFAIR DINING ROOM
reservations or information: Mr. C. L. O'Connor, Mgr.

KNOTT HOTELS

THE Westbury
Madison Ave. at 69th St. N. Y. C.
LE 5-2000 • Teletype: NY 1-138

Grow Wings!

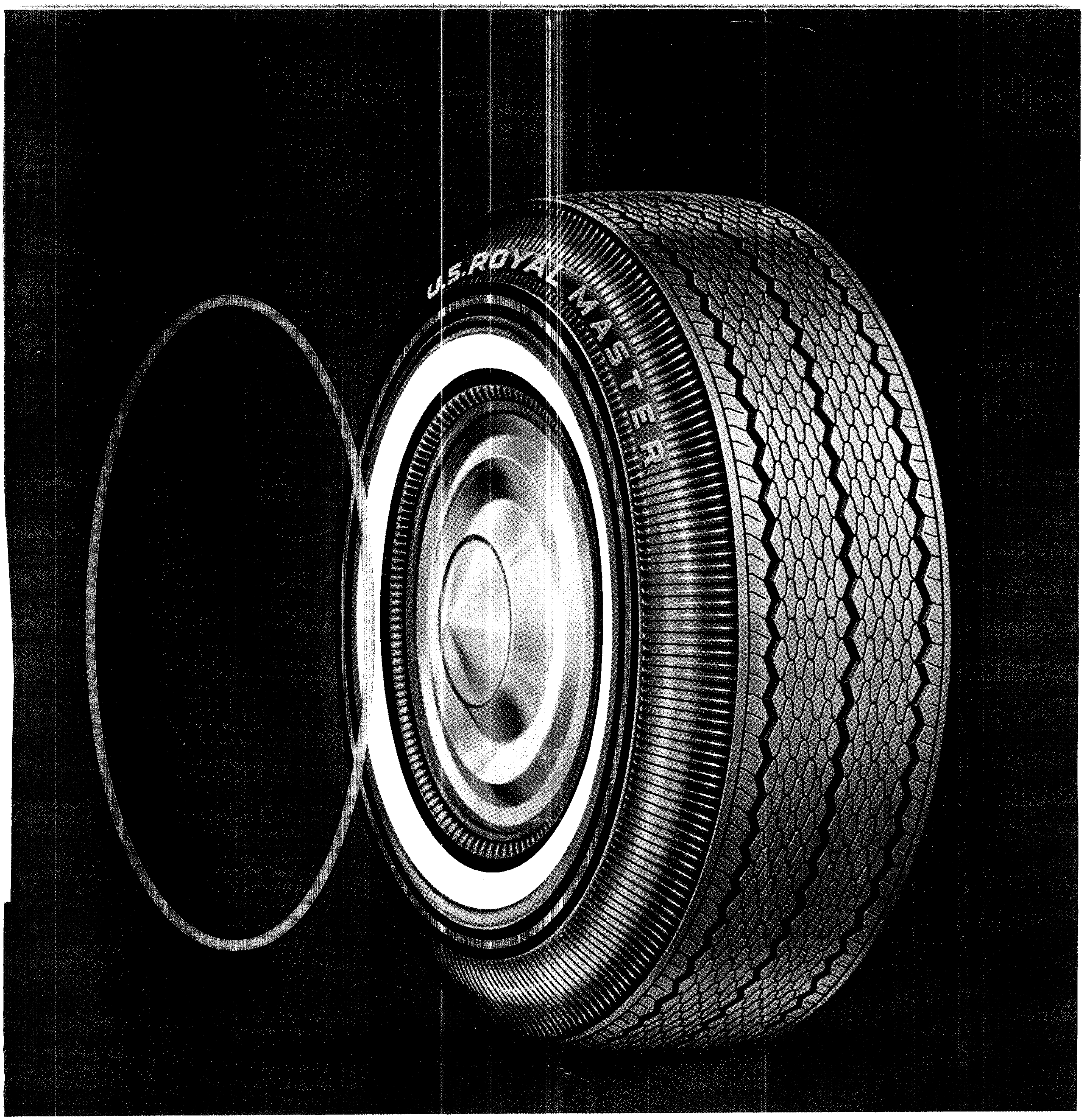
Give your spare time to the patients at Metropolitan Hospital. Volunteers are needed day and evening. Grow wings just by giving a few hours a week.

Please call MRS. RUTH REISSFELD
Director of Volunteers
METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL
1901 First Avenue New York 29, N.Y.
EN 9-6300—EXT 376

BOOK HUNTING?

Any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. No obligation. Write:
BOOKS-ON-FILE
DEPT. NY-13 UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.



Why did they ever put a red circle on a tire?

To mark it as the ultimate tire. Newly designed with the strength, the stopping power, and the wear that give you and your family the margin of protection you need. The "red circle of security" doesn't add to these qualities. But it does enable you to recognize at a glance the tires that deliver them. They are the ultimate premium tires—the very best you can buy.

ENGINEERED TO MEET THE UNEXPECTED

U.S. ROYAL MASTER®

Product of United States Rubber Company

"White Label"

DEWAR'S

SCOTCH WHISKY

Dewar Highlander

Famed are the clans of Scotland
. . . their colorful tartans worn in
glory through the centuries.
Famous, too, is Dewar's White
Label quality, with its genuine
Scotch flavor. Forever and
always a wee bit o' Scotland
in its distinctive bottle!

Dewar's never varies!

Dewar's
SCOTCH WHISKY
White Label
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons
DISTILLERS
PERTH

Available in quart, fifth, tenth, half pint
and miniature — in states where legal.

SET OF 4 COLOR PRINTS OF CLANS MacLaine, MacLeod, Wallace and Highlander, shown in authentic full dress regalia, 9½" x 12", suitable for framing. Available only in states where legal. Send $5 to Cashier's Dept. #3, Schenley Imports Co., 1290 Avenue of The Americas, N.Y. 19, N.Y. © 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky.